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October 30, 1937

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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SMART GIRL A NEW NOVEL **BY GEORG**

Oct 30 1937

HIGHWAY ACCIDENTS CAN BE AVOIDED!

with

Firestone

TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES

Driving more than a million and a half miles, over all kinds of roads, on Firestone Tires, without tire trouble or an accident of any kind, is the enviable record of Ab Jenkins, world's safest driver. You, too, can avoid highway accidents by driving carefully and equipping your car with Firestone *Triple-Safe* Tires. By *Triple-Safe* we mean:–

1. PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS. Firestone Tires run up to 28 degrees cooler because every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber by the Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process. This counteracts the internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

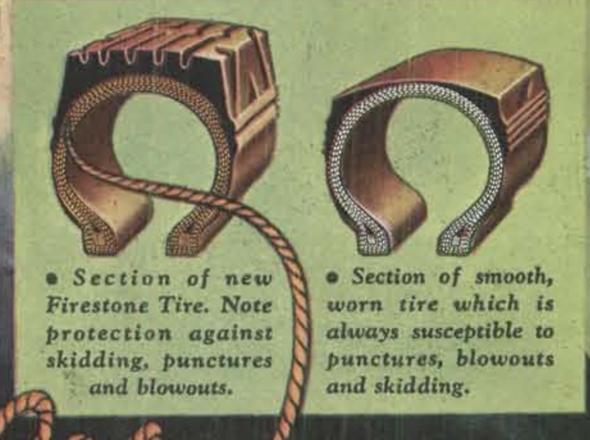
2. PROTECTION AGAINST PUNCTURES. Two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread add strength to the tire and give extra protection against punctures.

3. PROTECTION AGAINST SKIDDING. The scientific tread design gives longer non-skid mileage and stops your car up to 25% quicker.

Go to your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today and join the Firestone SAVE-A-LIFE Campaign by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone *Triple-Safe* Tires — *the safest tires that money can buy!*

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO DRIVE WITHOUT FIRESTONE TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES



• Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts.

• Section of smooth, worn tire which is always susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding.

Ab Jenkins broke 72 world records on Firestone Tires. For 18 consecutive years Firestone Tires have been on the winning cars in the Indianapolis Race. Such records prove that Firestone Tires are the safest tires built.

Last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than **38,000 men, women and children** and a ***million more*** were injured!

More than **40,000 of these deaths and injuries** were caused directly by **punctures, blowouts and skidding due to smooth, worn, unsafe tires!**

JOIN THE FIRESTONE *Save a life* CAMPAIGN TODAY!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE RICH TO RETIRE ON $200 a month

"I'LL draw an income of $200 a month *for the rest of my life*, as soon as I retire," said a certain man talking of his plans for the future.

"How can you manage it?" asked another man.

"It's easy," said the first man. "I'm buying a Retirement Income on the installment plan. My income of $200 a month begins when I reach retirement age, and it's guaranteed for life. And I get it whether I quit work or not.

"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture *before* my retirement age, my wife would get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "but what if you're totally disabled, and can't make your payments?"

"I don't have to worry about that either. If, before I reach 55, serious illness or accident stops my earning power for six months, then—so long thereafter as I remain disabled—I don't have to pay any premiums that fall due, and I'll get a Disability Income besides."

"Fine. Can you tell me how much this new Retirement Income Plan would cost me?"

What Does it Cost?

"How much you need to save each month depends on how old you are, when you want to retire, and the size of the income you will want.

"Why don't you write for the book called 'The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan'? They'll mail you a copy free. It tells all about how the plan works and what you get."

Here's *your* chance to find out how simple it is to retire at 55, 60 or 65 with a monthly income of $100, $200 or $300 or more guaranteed to you for life. (And there are also special plans for women.)

Write the necessary information in the coupon and send it now. You will be mailed a 24-page book that tells all about this plan. Send for your copy of this free book today. No cost. No obligation. The coupon at the right is for your convenience.

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO when you retire? Make a trip around the world? Or take it easy in a little house in the country? You'll have the money you need if you start the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan now. Get any monthly income you want. $50, $100, $200, etc. The amount is up to you. Write for free illustrated booklet below.

20TH CENTURY

Send for Free 24-Page Booklet. Write your date of birth in the coupon below, and mail today. You will receive without cost or obligation a copy of an illustrated booklet about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

How a Man of 40 Can Retire in 15 Years

If you're around 40 you're lucky. If you're younger, so much the better. You can have a steady income guaranteed to you for life, starting at 55, an income that most men at 55 couldn't possibly afford.

Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.

Here is what $100 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 55 an income of $100 a month for life. This income cannot stop until at least $10,000 has been paid, and you can get as much as $15,000, $20,000 or more, depending only upon how long you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, additions can be made to your plan by which—

It guarantees in case of your death before reaching age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $10,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees in the event of permanent total disability before age 55 a Monthly Income for you.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $100 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, or 65.

How much do you have to put in? We'll be glad to tell you the exact amount as soon as we know your present age, how much income you want, and how soon you want to retire.

For details, mail coupon below for free illustrated booklet, "How to Get the Things You Want." It tells all about the different retirement income plans. Write for your copy now.

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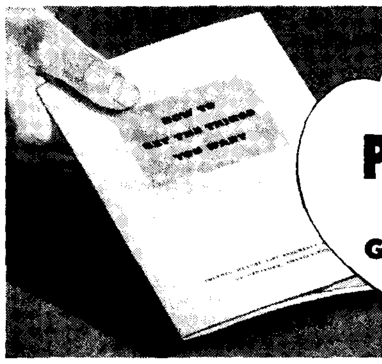

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Collier's

October 30, 1937

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

WHAT will the new cars be like? In a couple of weeks you will be able to see for yourself. You will notice their design, their comfort and convenience. But there are a number of important points you might overlook. To be on the safe side, Collier's persuaded Captain Eddie V. Rickenbacker to take you exploring beyond the paint job. In an article called "Why Your Car is Safe," he explains the intricate engineering problems to which the new cars are the latest and most brilliant solution.

DINO PERUGINI was an artist's son, raised in a colony of artists and completely untouched by either circumstance. Dino was ruthless and acquisitive. When he fell in love it was with a millionaire's daughter. That didn't keep it from being real love—on both sides. The only hitch was that Polly hadn't understood him. When she did, she left. And that is the beginning of her story as told by Laurette Knight.

THERE *is one town that owns a* football team—Green Bay. No body of undergraduates stands behind it but there's plenty of school spirit. Every citizen regards himself as part owner and losing a game is a municipal calamity. Quentin Reynolds shows you a "Football Town."

THE cards were stacked against Peter Channing the Fourth before he was born. Several generations of Peter Channings had practically owned the town of Colesville and had acted the part. The town expected the worst from Peter and was determined to be content with nothing less. One man against a community hasn't a chance, but, as Lucian Cary proves in "A Job on Main Street," the addition of a girl makes a difference.

THE toughest athletic contest in the world takes place in a cornfield. If you doubt that, look at the champion cornhuskers in action. Homer Croy exhibits their technique in "Keep the Corn Flying."

IF MR. JAMES LEE of the Bureau of Investigation ever offers us a cigarette we are going to decline and immediately mend our way of life. Just why Mr. Lee needs his special brand is demonstrated in a dramatic encounter with the opium smugglers in "No Smoking."

ELMER DAVIS, Frank Buck, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Katharine Roberts, John Hawkins, Lucia Alzamora, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster, George F. Worts and others complete a bumper issue.

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This Week

SHORT STORIES

WILL F. JENKINS
Broken Engagement. Typhoon melodrama. Page 14

JESSE STUART
Little Giant. A hired boy in love. Page 16

FREDERICK MERTZ
Too Much Walrus. The love story of a girl who hated cartoons. Page 21

JEFFERSON CRALLÉ
The Magnificent Beetlepuss. Romance in Wall Street. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Pay-Off, by Maurice Barrangon. Page 26

SERIAL STORIES

GEORGE F. WORTS
Smart Girl, Part I. So smart she was dangerous—the new serial. Page 9

ERNEST HAYCOX
Sundown Jim, Part VI. Attack on the Barrs. Page 18

ARTICLES

JOHN T. FLYNN
That's Where Your Money Goes. What's happening to the cost of living. Page 12

RALPH FUREY
Scout Leaders. Football reconnaissance. Page 15

T. R. YBARRA
The Making of Duce II. The man who married Mussolini's daughter. Page 19

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Kid Brother. Levene, alias New York. Page 58

BETTY THORNLEY STUART
Mix Your Own. Furniture blended to taste. Page 60

●

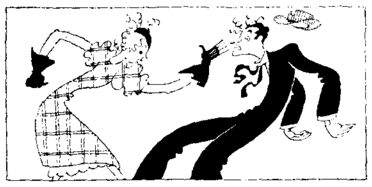
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Short ones. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Clear Ahead. Page 74

COVER JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

YOU will be pretty disappointed to learn that the Society for Telling Ladies That Their Slip Is Showing has disbanded. This devoted organization was founded by Major Fred Sullens of Jackson, Mississippi. The national president, whose name Major Sullens asks us not to disclose, started out to do a bit of countrywide missionary work and encourage other members. But before reaching the railroad depot he had his face slapped twice and his necktie torn off. So he has resigned and the society is dissolved.



THAT would seem to be an example of irresolution, to say nothing of lack of stirring principle. We said as much to a Mr. Leons of Birmingham, Alabama, the society's chief *slip scout in that state. Mr. Leons* said that the idea was still a good one but that "nobody but somebody like John L. Lewis or the Honorable Jim Farley was big enough to get away with it. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Farley," added Mr. Leons, "would be good men. They don't seem to mind a few slaps in the puss."

WHICH reminds us that there is a barbecue stand in Arkansas which carries the sign: "John Lewis's Hot Pig Place—No Relation, Folks, Don't Be Afraid."

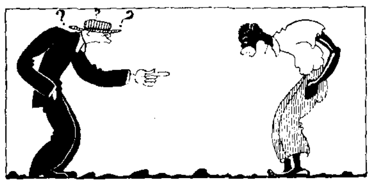
REVERTING to Mississippi for just a moment, we're asked to report that Aunt Sunny Love of Natchez is not the popular member of her church that she used to be. She wore out too many preachers. Fourteen preachers have been used up by Aunt Sunny Love. For the first five or ten minutes of the sermon she could keep herself under control. Then as the preacher gained in eloquence Aunt Sunny would weaken. "Hesh tellin' 'at truth, preachin' man," she'd yell. "Hesh tellin' 'at truth befo' ah stomp you." Preachers would seek to calm her and neighbors would try to hold her. But carried away by "de truth," Aunt Sunny would gallop to the pulpit, sometimes by way of the bench backs, sure-footed as a cat, and maul the preacher something awful. So they're trying to keep her away from church. Last time she attended two large ushers sat on either side of Aunt Sunny. Two of them required medical attention afterward.

NEAR West Point, Georgia, we saw a somewhat weather-beaten portrait of President Roosevelt tacked to the door of an even more weather-beaten shack. Somebody had printed beneath Mr. Roosevelt's picture: "He Is Our White Folks."

THE Northern operator of a very fly-by-night garment factory took us aside in Tennessee to tell us his troubles. "Two labor fellers come to me," said he, "and said maybe they organize my help. I treat them like good friends, buying them a drink apiece. Beer. But it don't do no good. Poison it should've been."

MR. EDWARD BERRYLEE of Memphis, Tennessee, asked us to "investigate the way boys go wrong." Mr. Berrylee said that he knew that the "college-boy sons" of six of his friends were "deserting all their Americanism and showing a lot of interest in such nonsense as CIO, Red Russian Communism and social work like comes out of Washington these days." Then Mr. Ber*rylee added: "Of course if it is only* a job they are after, working for the government, and don't honestly believe all this socialism, that's all right. If I had the time I would look into the facts, but I ain't."

MR. BERRYLEE would have cheered up had he been with us, driving through Atlanta. The CIO was staging a strike at a small mill, around which were gathered a great many civilians and policemen. Peace reigned in spite of entirely too much confusion. But at one corner there was a large badly lettered sign bidding all and sundry not to be a scab. And leaning disconsolately against this sign was an enormous cop from whose cap fluttered a small and defiant American flag.



BUT perhaps he was like the undersized colored boy we met on a long and rocky detour road between Charleston, South Carolina, and some place. He stood in the road gazing fixedly at his bare feet. We watched him for five minutes or so. But he neither moved nor raised his eyes. It was too much for us. We broke down and asked him if he were lost—or in dire trouble. And he said, without looking up:

"NAWSIR. How much is ten cents?"

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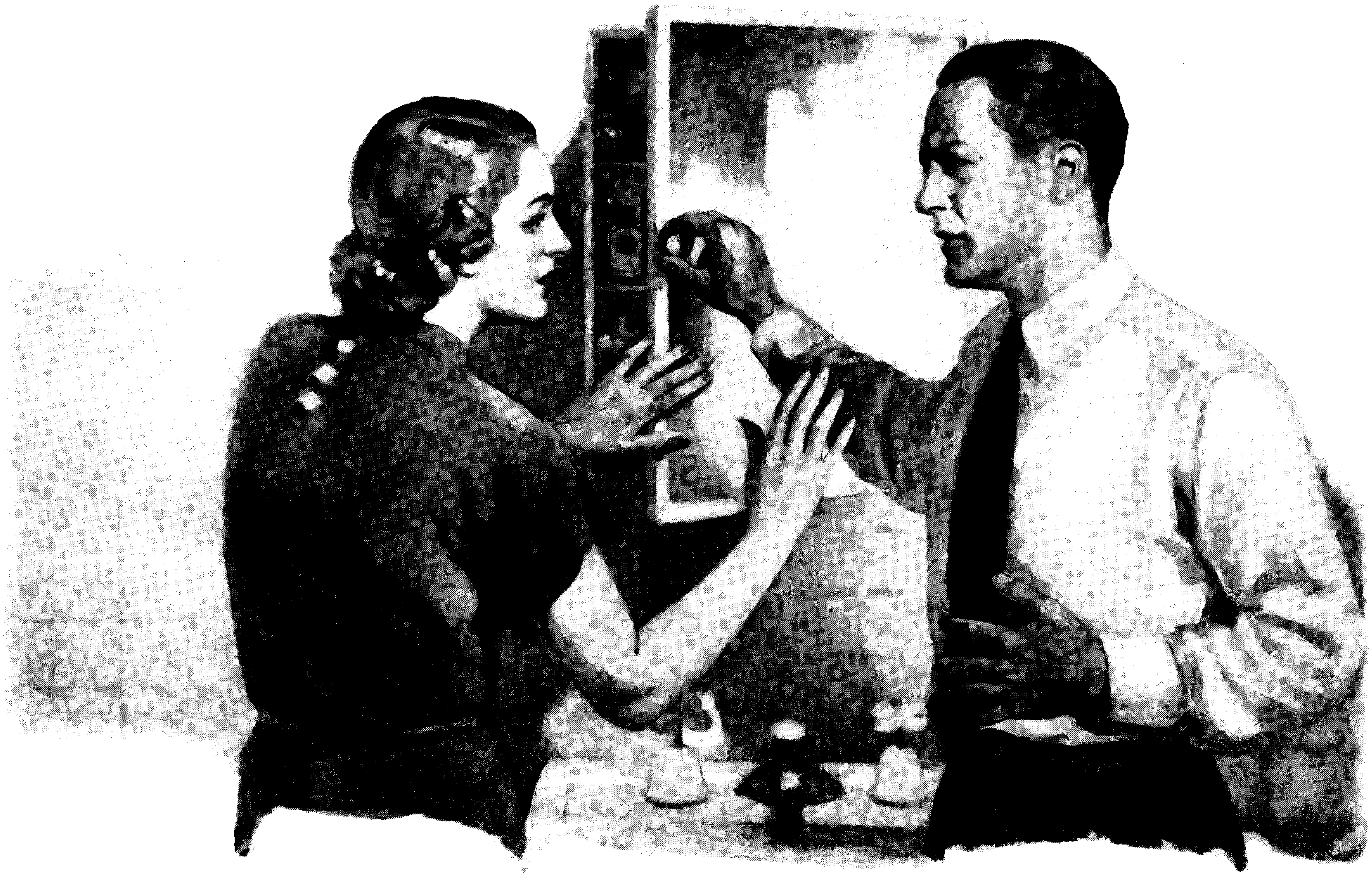
"Don't take Medicine–
maybe it's APPENDICITIS"



APPENDICITIS is taking American lives at the rate of one every thirty-one minutes, day and night, week in and week out. Self-treatment often contributes to this loss of valuable human life, for appendicitis may be a relatively simple illness.

Many deaths from appendicitis could be prevented if, whenever an abdominal pain persists, everyone would follow these three simple rules:

1. Do not take a laxative, solid food, or medicine of any kind.
2. Stay quietly in bed. *3. Call a doctor.*

Acute inflammation of the appendix is almost always accompanied by a persistent pain and tenderness in the abdomen. Contrary to common belief, the pain rarely begins in the lower right side, although after some hours it usually settles there. It may be accompanied by fever or nausea, or both. Of course, not all intestinal discomfort is caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has a severe, persistent abdominal pain needs the prompt attention of a competent physician.

In cases of acute appendicitis any kind of laxative is dangerous, because it increases intestinal activity and may induce peritonitis, the dreaded and sometimes fatal complication. Even if the pain suddenly subsides, no one but a doctor can tell whether or not an operation is necessary.

During his diagnosis, the doctor often finds it necessary to make blood counts and to observe the patient's temperature over a period of time. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating, or he may order an operation immediately.

Delay in calling a doctor is dangerous. When an appendix operation is promptly performed by a skilled surgeon, it is generally successful. Authorities agree that if everyone observed the three simple rules which appear above, many of the sixteen to eighteen thousand deaths from appendicitis which occur in the United States each year could be avoided.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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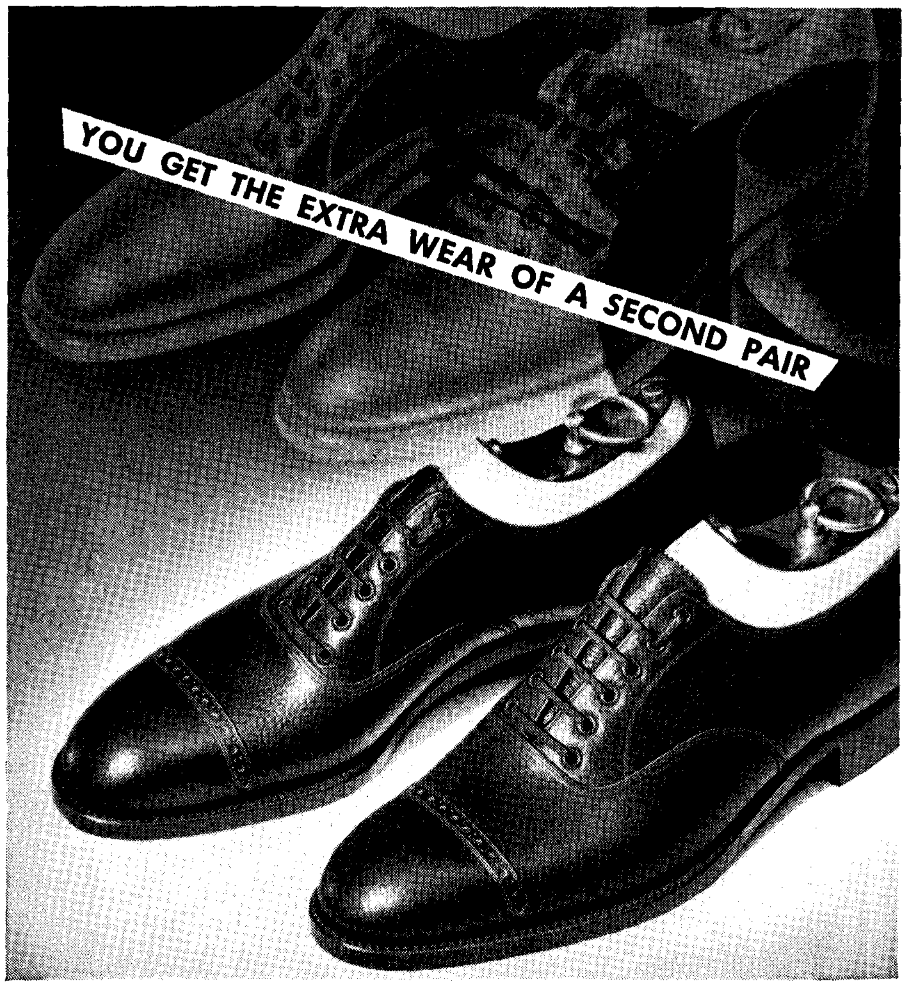

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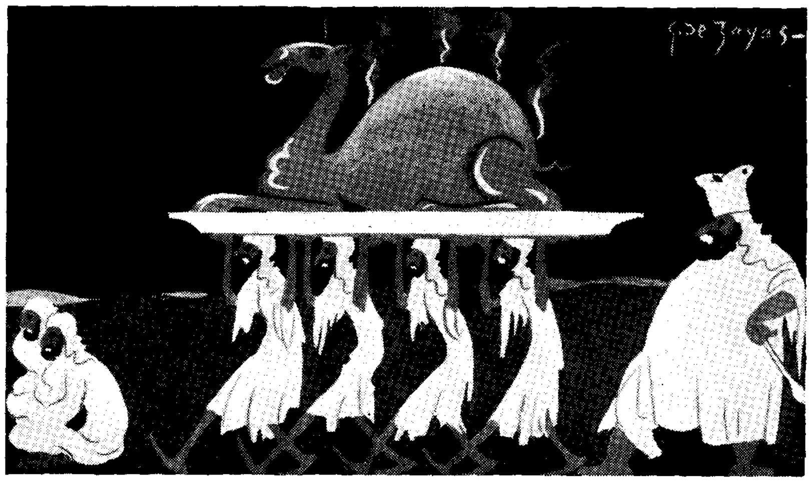


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The wedding feasts of the Bedouin tribes of Palestine usually include a "dish" which consists, from its appearance, of only a roasted camel. But inside the camel are two roasted sheep; inside the sheep are several roasted chickens; inside the chickens are fried fish, and inside the fish are fried eggs.

In Tibet many altars are decorated with castoff objects, such as old Christmas tree tinsel, camera-film rolls, broken rattraps, burned-out electric-light bulbs and empty beer bottles and tin cans.

One of the most expensive medicines in the world is an Asiatic tonic which consists chiefly of ginseng, sometimes costing from $300 to $400 an ounce, and the young, soft horns of a certain species of Siberian deer, sometimes costing from $400 to $500 a pair. Despite its cost, this tonic is taken regularly by scores of elderly men who hope to postpone old age.

More than 13,000 English churches and ministers continue to be the subjects of advowson, which is the "right" of an individual or a group to support them for life. These rights are valuable and in demand because their ownership permits the domination of their ecclesiastical circle. About 7,000 of these advowsons are in private hands, one old gentleman proudly owning 49 of them.

On the battlefields during the World War, the British Blue Cross took care of animals as the Red Cross took care of soldiers. The organization sent medical and surgical supplies to Italy, Mesopotamia, Salonika and Egypt, and established several hospitals in France completely furnished with modern equipment and the best veterinary surgeons.

Centuries ago, celebrated men were often honored by being buried in the middle of a street. Some of these tombs still stand in the thoroughfares of such cities as Berlin; Bombay; Istanbul; Tirana, Albania, and Bologna, Italy.

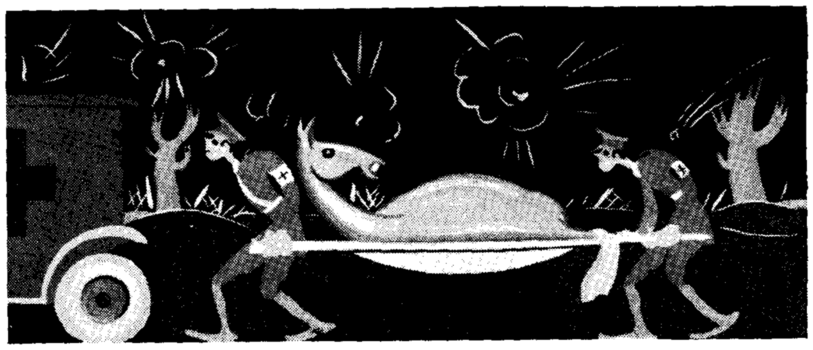
In Bagirmi, a country of north-central Africa, a large tribe called the Sara frequently holds beauty contests in which the participants are judged, not on fine features and perfect figures, but on the prettiness of their feet.—*By Norman Loeber, Van Nuys, California.*

In the past 2,000 years, China has been conquered six times—by the Tartars, Turks, Kitans, Juchens, Mongols and the Manchus. But China still is China because it has always converted and absorbed its invaders.

Holland neither compels its subjects to pay a radio-set tax nor permits the broadcasting of commercial programs. All radio expenses are defrayed by voluntary contributions.—*By Donald Reed, Linden, New Jersey.*

As about 4,000 tons of water are required to grow one ton of sugar, some of the cane fields in the less rainy sections of the Hawaiian Islands are obliged to maintain extensive and costly irrigation systems. One of these sugar-cane plantations uses, throughout the summer, about half as much water as is consumed, during the same period, in the city of Philadelphia. —*By Barry Fox Stevens, Kaneohe, Oahu, T. H.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



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Not a passenger or employe fatality in a Pullman car in the past three years. And whatever the weather, you can depend upon Pullman to get you there. With this dependability, Pullman combines the essence of travel comfort—a deeply restful bed by night, club-like ease in daytime travel, cleanliness throughout the car, and in air-conditioned cars, controlled atmosphere that's fresh and invigorating. The inexperienced traveler appreciates travel by Pullman, for there every effort is made to create an inviting, homelike feeling of ease and relaxation.

You'll be surprised at Pullman's reasonable costs. Over 50% of all overnight journeys made are approximately 300 miles. For a lower berth this costs but $2.50. For a whole single occupancy section but $1.00 additional, or $3.50.

You can enjoy Pullman's excellent service throughout the United States and in some parts of Canada and Mexico. Ask your ticket agent about it, or write for full information.

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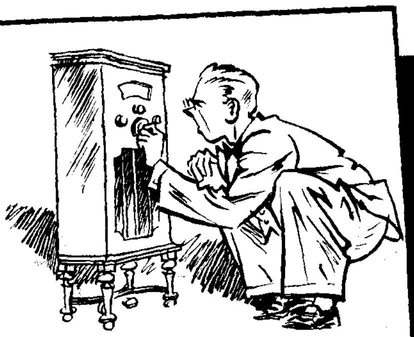
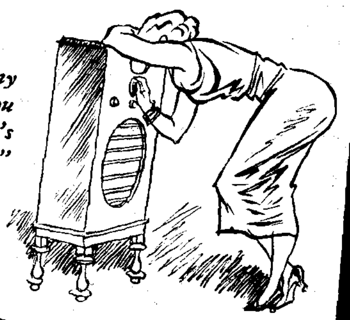
NO SQUAT NO STOOP NO SQUINT



Let the football teams do the huddling! You don't have to huddle down before a radio that has Philco "NO SQUAT" Tuning!



Stoop no more, my lady. Haven't you heard about Philco's new "NO STOOP" Tuning?

As soon as she hears about Philco "NO SQUINT" Tuning, she'll echo the words of a famous comedian . . . "Why doesn't someone tell me these things?"

Tune easily . . . gracefully . . . speedily . . . accurately . . . with Philco Automatic Tuning on the Inclined Control Panel!

WHEN you want a station . . . you want it immediately! And Philco gives you the station you want with lightning-like rapidity and split-hair precision!

One glance shows the call letters of the station. The call letters of *all* your favorite stations appear on the illuminated windows of Philco's Automatic Tuning Dial. You're not limited to a mere handful . . . *they're all there!* And with Philco's Inclined Control Panel, you need never squat, stoop or squint . . . whether you're sitting or standing!

You want speed. You want accuracy. You want tuning ease. Philco gives you all these . . . but there's more to the story than that! The Philco 116 Double-X gives you soul-stirring High-Fidelity reception . . . reproduction so realistic that you feel you are in the cheering section watching a football game . . . in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House . . . at a ringside table where the current sensation among dance bands is playing.

Overseas stations? Swing your Philco to the short-wave bands . . . and fill the room with melodies from abroad . . . with news broadcasts in English from London, Berlin or Rome!

All that radio offers . . . all you could ask . . . is yours with the Philco 116 Double-X!

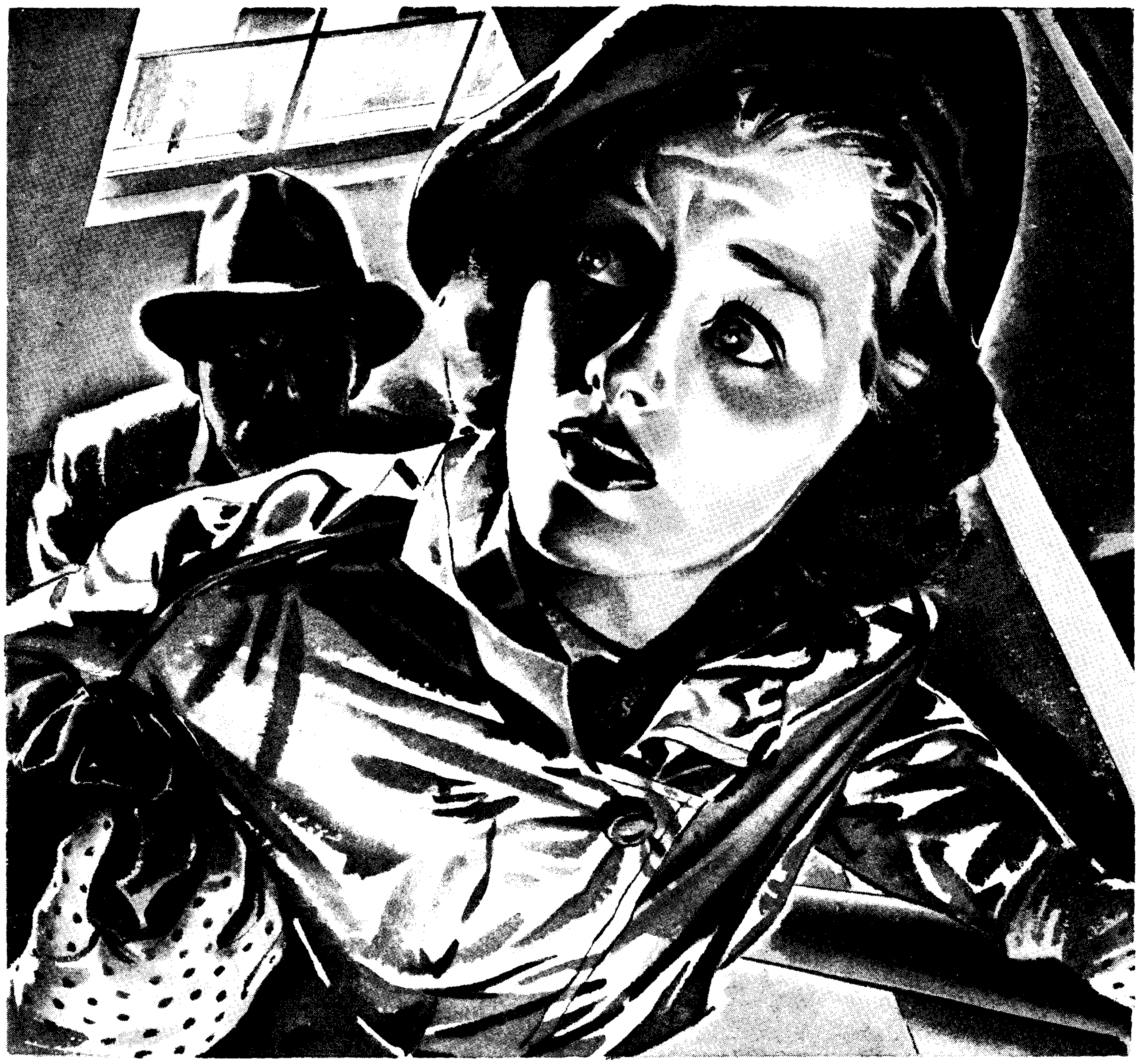
Philco makes a complete line of Automatic Tuning Models with the Inclined Control Panel. Your present radio may be traded in as part payment or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and $1.00 a week. Ask your Philco dealer about this Special Philco-Commercial Credit Company Plan.

Be sure to ask your Dealer to show you the new Automatic Tuning Philcos with Inclined Control Panel

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

Collier's The National Weekly for October 30, 1937



He sounded winded, but when she slowed her pace and looked back, he was there just behind her, reaching for the hem of her slicker

SMART GIRL

By George F. Worts

Beginning the story of a girl who had the role of "mystery woman" thrust upon her. A metropolitan drama, with the undercover men guessing to the end

THE next corner," the girl said, as if she were breathless. "The far side, please."

She paid the driver and got out with the big brown paper bundle. The rain was sluicing down. She didn't have an umbrella. Her blue transparent slicker was buttoned up to her throat. Her small blue hat, perched on one side of her head, would be ruined. It didn't matter. And she had to walk around the block. She had to count the eyes.

The rain had driven all but a few pedestrians off the streets. She saw a watchful pair of eyes under a gray hat in a doorway looking steadily at the tall white apartment building across Park Avenue in the middle of the block.

The girl in the blue slicker hugged the brown paper bundle to her side and crossed Park Avenue. She ran her eyes along the opposite side of the street, then looked up at windows. She was sure she saw a pair of eyes at one of them. But there wasn't any real gathering of forces. They were still watching.

She walked through the rain to Madison and around the block. In the areaway behind the tall white building she saw another pair. He looked sunburned. He wore a black felt hat and had a wet cigarette in one corner of his mouth.

The redheaded girl walked purposefully to the tall white building and went in. She smiled warmly at the doorman, walked briskly into the elevator and smiled warmly at the elevator man. He glanced at the large dripping bundle, then at the slender, dripping girl and saw that she was clearly not a girl to be sent around to the service elevator.

"Four, please," the redheaded girl said.

She got out at the fourth floor, walked to the end of a long hall to a door that opened on an echoing tube of steel. Stairs ran up and down. She went to the fifth floor and was presently facing the door of Apartment 5-B. She inhaled quickly, for resolution, made sure that the hall was empty except for herself, pressed the button twice, waited, pressed it three times, waited again, and pressed it twice.

The door was opened on the chain. The round face of a gray-haired man with brown eyes appeared, disembodied, in the four-inch slot.

"Miss Porter," the girl whispered.

He undid the chain and opened the door. "Mr. Zorane is expecting you."

HE TOOK the bundle and led her into a pale green living room as dusky and cool as a pine forest. The venetian blinds were adjusted to slits. A man was walking up and down beside the windows, occasionally peering out through the slits. He was chewing a long, crooked cigar. The smoke had an odd smell, not rich but pungent and faintly oriental.

"Miss Porter, sir."

The man with the cigar turned sharply

and stared, as if startled or frightened or suspicious. The black hair sweeping back from his lean, dark, sardonic face had lots of gray in it. He was very handsome in a cruel way, much handsomer than he was in his newspaper photographs. A strong, traplike mouth betrayed his respect for himself; long-lidded eyes, his contempt for opinions not his own. There was an expression of world-old sadness about his eyes, as if he had looked upon everything hopeless since the world began and viewed all sorrow with an ancient comprehension, but not with tolerance.

The long lids came down a little as he smiled at her. "Every time I see you, Miss Porter, I realize how unfair I was to you all the other times. Why is sheer loveliness so hard to remember?"

His voice was deep and rich with vibrations. More than his fascinating dark face, it was his voice that was so dangerous.

"I counted three men watching the building," the girl said, "but I'm sure there isn't any danger—not if you hurry."

"I'll hurry," Stefan Zorane said. "Where are you, Featherly?"

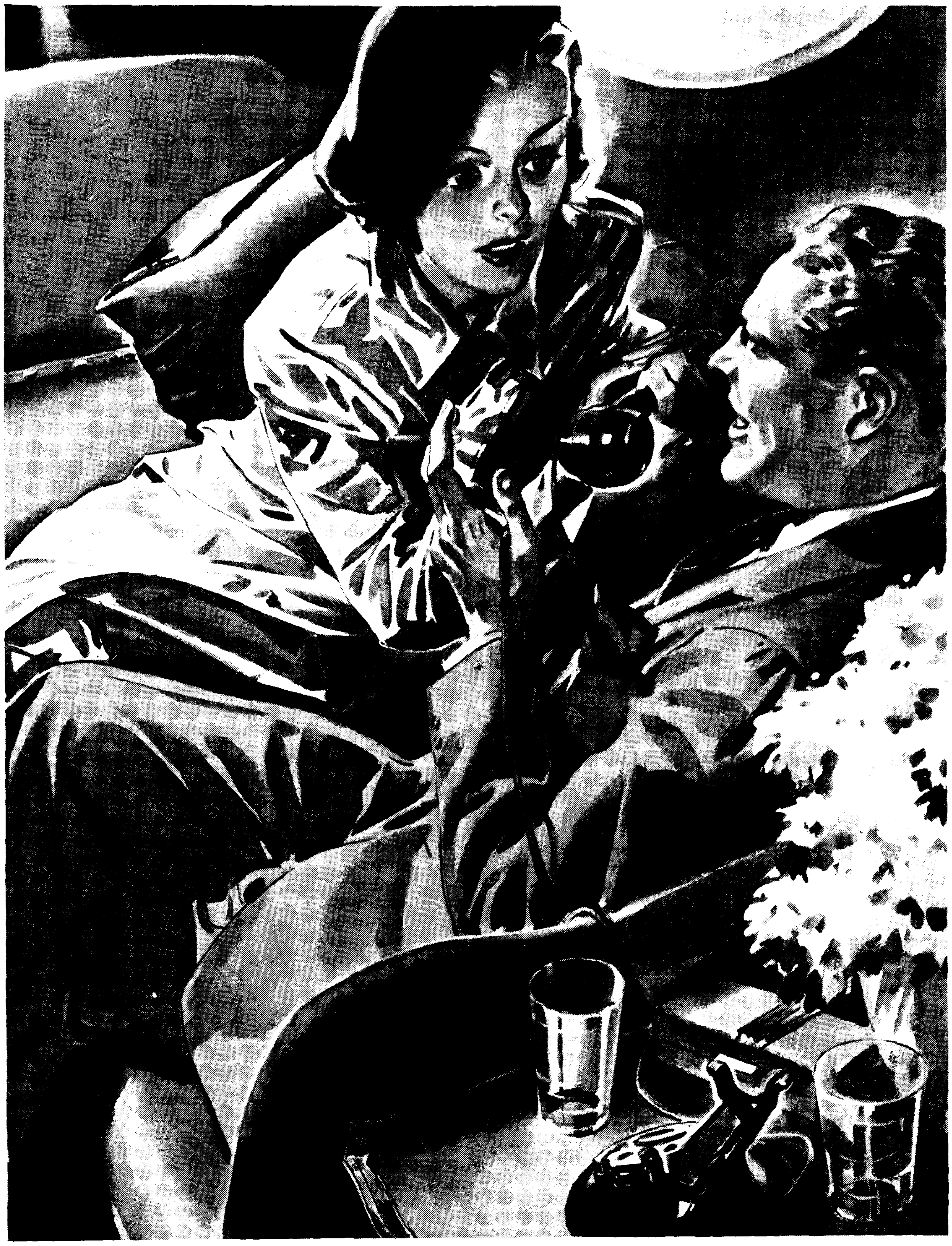
"Here, sir."

HE WENT into the room where the manservant had gone with the bundle. The girl went to the telephone table and slowly stretched out long slender white fingers to the telephone. She watched the points of her coral-tinted nails quivering against the black rubber. She drew back her hand and tried it again, more slowly. This time the quivering was even more pronounced. She put her hands palm-down on the table and pressed. The quivering went up her arms to her shoulders. She pressed harder. The quivering went down her sides to her hips.

Stefan Zorane came out in a few minutes. He no longer wore a black suit. He wore a single-breasted white duck coat, white duck trousers, white shoes, a white shirt, a white four-in-hand tie, and a dark blue cap like a streetcar motorman's with a leather visor. Across the front of it, in gilt letters, was the word Bellevue. He carried a medicine bag in his right hand.

The girl in the blue slicker looked him over quickly and picked up the telephone and dialed the operator. Now was the time for the quiver. She didn't try to subdue it. "Operator! I want an ambulance in a hurry! It's Apartment 7-A." And she gave the operator the address of the apartment house.

Hanging up, she saw Zorane watching.



"Wait!" Sally wailed, and grabbed for the telephone. "Not the police. I'll do it"

"I hope our next meeting won't be so abrupt, Miss Porter."

"Goodby, Mr. Zorane," she said.

She would hear the overtones of that magnetic voice long after. And she would smell the cigar longer still, its odd, faintly oriental fragrance, so appropriate to Stefan Zorane.

Miss Porter went briskly down the hall to the service stairway. Her part was done. She was shaky with relief. She was as happy as wedding bells. All she had to do now was to slip out as she had come, watch the rest of it from across the street, then find an outside telephone.

She was pushing open the heavy door when a man's voice sent a bristling sensation into the nape of her neck.

"Hold it, Red. What are you doin' here?"

He was young and he looked sunburned. His nose was peeling a little. His black hat was dripping. The dead cigarette in the corner of his mouth was dripping, too.

Miss Porter's dark blue eyes were busy, dancing about his sunburned face. She had the look of a girl thinking pretty fast. She yelled huskily into the stair well: "Run! Run!"

As the man in the black hat turned to look up, she darted to the steps and started up.

"Hey!" he cried angrily. "You come here!"

THE first flight Miss Porter took two at a bound, and he was so close behind her that she could almost feel his reaching hand clutching up a fold of her blue slicker and jerking her to a stop, jerking her back.

She ran faster, just out of his reach. Her heart began to hurt. She couldn't pump enough air into her lungs. He was just behind her, panting. The stair well was in an uproar from the crisp tapping of her soles, the heavy pounding of his.

At the seventh floor she panted, "Run!"

And the man pursuing her puffed, "Come here, damn you!"

He sounded winded. Her breath was like hot sawdust in her throat. She couldn't go any farther. Her heart was ready to burst. But when she slowed her pace and looked back, he was there just behind her, reaching for the flying hem of her blue slicker.

He had lost his hat. His hair was wet with sweat. His face was as red as lipstick.

The redheaded girl flew faster. Her heart was a swelling pain. She couldn't go on, but she dared not stop. He was furious. He might hurt her. He might throw her down the stairs. And her job wasn't done. She had to lure him away from Stefan Zorane's door until the ambulance came.

She climbed and climbed. He was so close, always so close that she dared not stop to open the door at any landing.

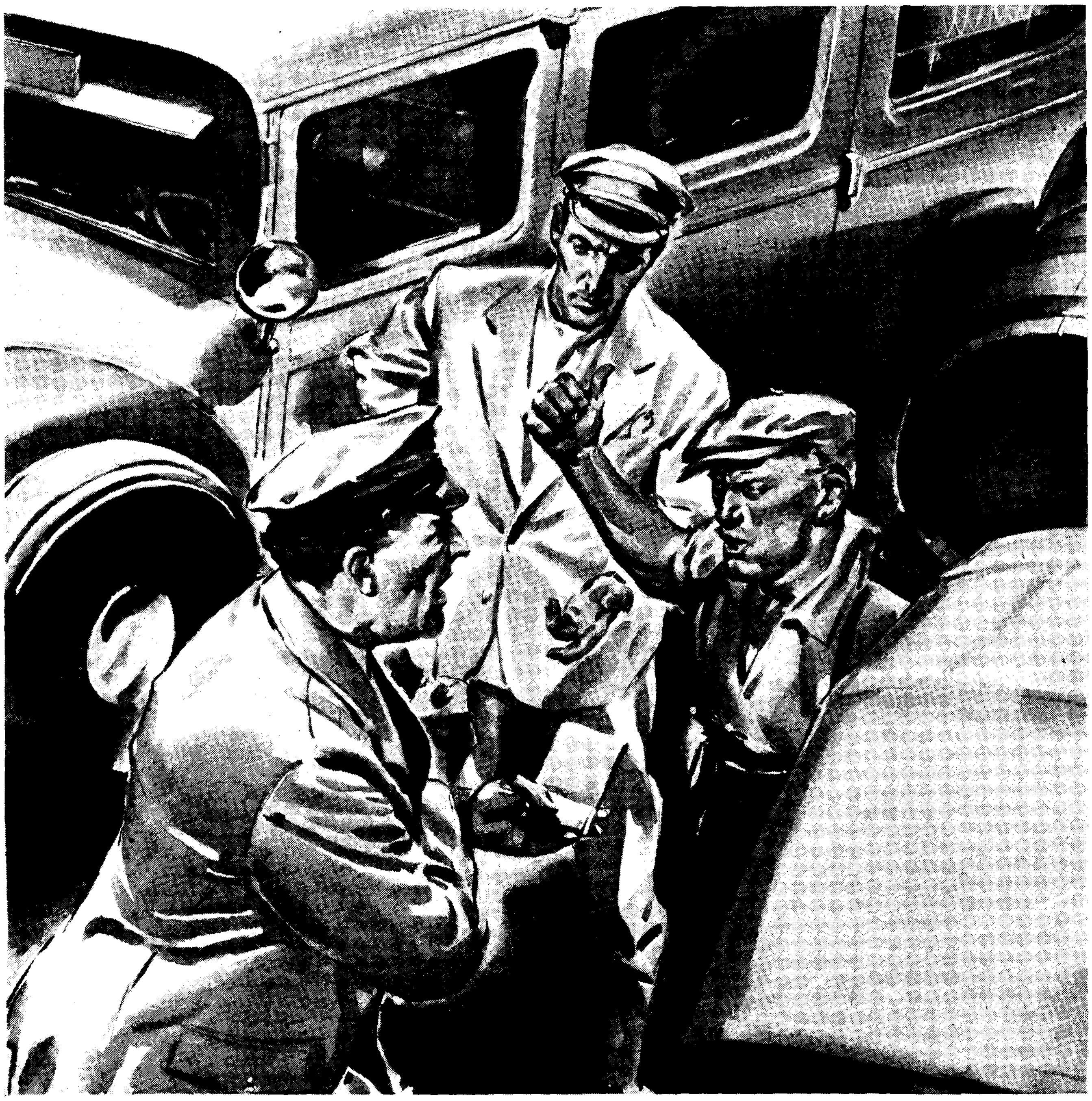
Halfway between the eighteenth and nineteenth floors, she saw that there were no more floors. Only nineteen. She would be trapped unless the nineteenth door opened outward. It should. This was really a fire escape. The door at the top and the door at the bottom should logically open outward.

She reached the landing with a final spurt, holding to the railing, pulling herself up. There was nothing inside her but a strained and frantic heart.

There were two doors. She tottered to one of them and pushed. She was almost too spent to push. But she pushed. The door opened into a large white kitchen. In the middle of the kitchen a tall, lanky man in a brown tweed suit stood with a highball glass in one hand, a tray of ice cubes in the other.

He stared at her with his lower lip jutting in astonishment.

Sobbing for breath, the redheaded



A policeman straightened out the snarl, and the ambulance was off again with howling siren

girl waved feebly at the door, and she could just gasp faintly, "Thug—chasing me!"

Then the sunburned man staggered into the kitchen. His face was now almost purple. His eyes were bloodshot and bulging. He was panting like a dog on a hot day. He lurched toward the redheaded girl.

The lanky man quickly placed the highball glass and the tray of ice cubes on the table over which the girl in the blue slicker was doubled, fighting for her breath. He put the flat of his hand against her pursuer's chest and pushed him into a chair. The sunburned young man made a purely automatic effort to get out of the chair. When the lanky man pushed him back, he did not try again. He put his hands to his face and panted.

MISS PORTER looked at her rescuer and tried to register gratitude. Waves of icy heat were stinging her face. Her heart hurt so that she could hardly endure it. She gripped the edge of the table.

The lanky man placed a chair conveniently for her, but she shook her head, trying to smile, and pressed her left hand more tightly against her heart. She wanted to fight it out on her feet.

She saw him reach inside the sunburned man's coat and take out a black automatic pistol. He dropped it into his coat pocket. He had light tan hair, very rumpled, and amused brown eyes, but he wasn't smiling.

He said pleasantly, "Take your time. Our whole lifetime's ahead of us, you know."

The girl thought it was very decent of him to take this noisy intrusion so amiably. She felt silly because she couldn't say a word. All she could do was stare at him. She was sure that her face was purple and that her eyes were bulging, too. There had been a moment when she had been sure they were about to pop out of her head.

He wasn't looking at her, however, as if her face were purple and her eyes were bulging. He looked sympathetic and gratified.

"There's nothing I can do for you," he said, "or I'd do it. It's your own fight. I'll just stand here and cheer you on."

He looked at the panting man in the chair. His hands still covered his empurpled face.

"You sit there," the lanky man said. "Just sit there until we decide what's to be done about you."

Miss Porter's pursuer didn't look up. He had the air of a man in a state of complete collapse.

The redheaded girl straightened up. She had to. Even through the roaring of overheated blood in her brain, she could hear the familiar sustained howl, the steady clanging of the bell.

She said, in sharp little gasps, "I—I've got to get—some—fresh air. Is there—a—terrace?" Each gasp was punctuated by a hammer blow of her heart in her throat.

"Yes," he said. "Straight ahead through the dining room and living room. But watch out. It's a low wall."

She gave him a twisted, shiny smile intended to express gratitude. "Thanks," she panted. "Will you—keep him—here—till I—get back?"

"Of course! Now, don't fall over that wall."

She felt warmly grateful for his solicitude, and a little guilty for having to use such an obviously nice, decent person.

She walked unsteadily out of the kitchen. A slight vertigo gave her a tendency to reel to the left. She walked through the dining room and the living room and reached the terrace just as the ambulance was pulling into the curb nineteen floors below. A man in white got out and went into the building.

If the scheme was working out as planned, Stefan Zorane was now meeting the interne in the lobby and saying, "It's a stretcher case, Doctor. A broken back, I'm afraid. Apartment 7-A."

And the interne was saying with equal politeness, "Thank you, Doctor." And the two men in white would return to the street.

THE redheaded girl saw them come out on the sidewalk. Then she saw the driver climb down and accompany one of the men in white into the building with a stretcher. That left the ambulance deserted. The other man in white climbed into the driver's seat, and drove off. That was Stefan Zorane. It must be Stefan Zorane. And if the man now in the driver's seat was Stefan Zorane, then the plan had worked beautifully.

The girl looking straight down the white, nineteen-story façade felt the pull of the depth. She felt dizzy. She backed away a little from the edge and watched anxiously. The ambulance started off with a startled bound. It sideswiped a truck. In an instant there was a traffic snarl. Her nails were biting into her palms. She was worried about the squad car. One was certain to follow up the ambulance call.

A policeman came running from the corner. He straightened out the snarl, and the ambulance was off again with howling siren and clanging bell. It turned west on Sixty-third.

The redheaded girl said, "Thank heaven," in a shivery voice of relief. Her part of the job was at last done. Now for a telephone. She glanced at her wrist watch. Three-thirty-five. She saw a small green coupé pull in at the curb. A man in police uniform got out and went into the building. She felt relieved but a little frightened. The police couldn't find out anything. And Stefan Zorane was, or should be, safe.

Miss Porter turned from the low wall and tiptoed into the living room, carefully closed the door, and tiptoed into the dining room. She heard the murmur of the two men's voices in the kitchen. She returned to the living room and went to the telephone she had seen. She picked it up and dialed a number. She could see herself in a mirror on the wall across the room—a slim, rather tall girl in a blue slicker and a blue hat, with the reddish-golden hair on one side of it catching and holding light. For a startled moment, she didn't recognize herself. She was looking at a slender, strange girl. In the dimness of the strange room, she looked fragile and romantic.

A MIDDLE-AGED blond woman in the doorway of Apartment 7-A was angrily denying to two young men in white with a stretcher that there was a man with a broken back in her apartment, or a man without a broken back, or a man of any description.

And in the penthouse kitchen, a curious conversation was taking place between the sunburned man in the chair and his lanky captor. The young man with the rumpled, tan-colored hair was saying cheerfully, "When I was knee-high to a hoptoad, my grandfather used to tell me that once you've taken a man's gun away, you must never give it back. Of course, if you'd like it delivered somewhere—"

The sunburned man grinned sourly. "Skip it, pal. When I was knee-high to a hiccup, my granddaddy used to tell me that once you've had your gun taken away, it's time to buy a new one."

"You don't care to tell me why you were chasing the young lady?"

"Ask her, pal. She knows all the answers." His face was no longer purple; it was lipstick red again. And his eyes were lazy and not afraid.

The lanky young man was regarding him with solicitude. "You look a little pale. Like a drink?"

"I sure would."

"Scotch or bourbon?"

"Bourbon, if it's all the same."

"With ginger ale?"

The sunburned man looked at him reproachfully. "Do I look like the kind that take ginger ale with their bourbon?"

"I apologize. Neat, then?"

"Just a litty-bitty water, pal."

The lanky young man poured a generous drink of bourbon and took the glass to the sink and turned on cold water. "This much?"

The redheaded girl said into the telephone, "Hello? Hello, darling!" She

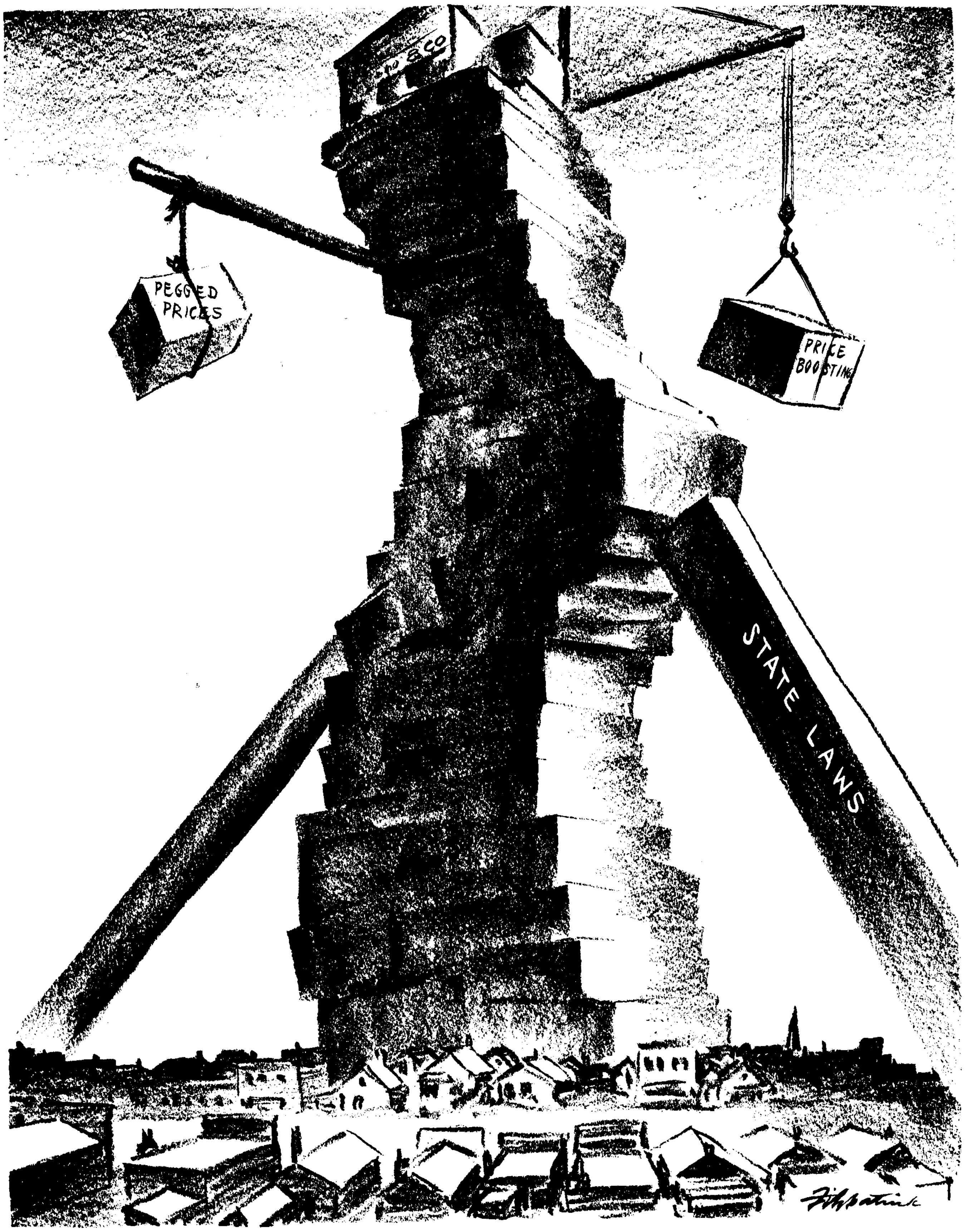
(Continued on page 47)

That's Where Your Money Goes

By John T. Flynn

High prices go with good times, and nobody kicks about good times. But there's something wrong with the cost of living. It's getting out of hand. You run into it at the butcher's, the grocer's, the department store—every place that hurts worst. In this article Mr. Flynn gives you a clear picture of what's happening to your money and why it doesn't go as far as it did

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK



Artificial props make for an unwieldy price structure, which in turn increases the danger of a crash

AT THIS moment the funniest war—and not so funny either—is going on in Minnesota. A big merchandising organization is in trouble with the government of Minnesota because it won't raise its prices. The state says the merchant must make ten per cent profit on everything he sells. The merchant says he doesn't want to make that much profit. And the fight has gotten into the courts. The singular thing about this—the thing that makes it funny—is that this is being done by the state that has gone farthest in the movement to bring about "production for use" and not for profit.

That's what's funny about it. But it's not so funny for the people who have to pay the bills. It is only four years ago that a big parade was marching up Fifth Avenue in New York behind countless bands, passing in review before General Johnson, to get prices up. The same parades were marching all over the country. We were murdering the little pigs, plowing wheat back where it came from, praying for more and bigger boll weevils, putting little tailors in jail because they wouldn't charge more for pressing pants, raising the hue and cry against the chiselers—a chiseler being a man who wouldn't charge us enough for what we bought. And the President, over the radio, with the nation listening in solemn awe and approval, was declaring: "My friends, if we cannot get prices up one way, we will get them up another."

And now they're up—and going higher. After the parade came our old friend the H. C. of L. The NRA is dead. But its spirit lives on. There is more price-boosting under compulsion now than there was then.

It seems that in one way everybody is for high prices and in another way everybody is against them. That is, everybody believes in high prices for his product and low prices for the other fellow's. The businessman's heaven would be a place where the businessman sold for plenty and everybody else sold for very little. The laborer's paradise would be a region of high wages and low prices.

And this is why it is fairly easy to get prices going up at the first signs of a little prosperity. Because each fellow begins by thinking of his own prices. The farmer yells for more money on his wheat without thinking too much that he will pay more for his socks, because the city slickers who buy wheat can't pay for it unless they get more for what they sell the farmer.

Gains That End in Losses

But the thing has a way of ironing out in the most disconcerting manner. Stated in the laconic style of Mr. Micawber, flavored with the manner of the statistician, it goes about this way:

Wages, $30.
Purchasing power at that rate—100.
Wages raised 10 per cent—$33.
Purchasing power at that rate—110. Good!
Prices hoisted up 10 per cent.
Purchasing power back to 100.
Result? Nothing. We have gone nowhere.
Prices hoisted another 10 per cent.
Purchasing power—91.
Result: We're worse off than ever.

Wage boosts taken alone mean nothing. They must be measured against price movements.

There is no doubt that the country as a whole has been enjoying more money income—that is, the wages and salaries and profits and interest and dividends which all of us together have been collecting have gone up enormously since 1933. In fact, it's about a third more. But the things we buy with it also cost more. Prices have soared. The question is, if we collect more money but have to pay more for what we buy, how much do we gain in the end?

Put it this way: National income of everybody in 1933—49 billion dollars. National income in 1936—64 billion dollars. Gain—15 billion dollars. Percentage gain—31. But what of prices? In 1933 they were represented by a composite figure of 64 cents. Last year the figure was 87 cents. Gain—23 cents. Percentage gain—36. Which means that our income went up 31 per cent, but prices went up 36 per cent. Where do we come out on a piece of arithmetic like that?

Now of course these statistics are never as simple as they seem. And they don't tell the whole story. A lot of articles have not advanced so much in price. A lot of others we can do without have gone up very much. But the figures do tell a story, by and large, of what has happened.

Of course, there are really two schools of businessmen in this workaday world. One believes in getting profit by raising prices and one believes in getting profit by lowering prices and getting more business. Year in and year out there are industries where the producers carry on ceaseless drives for trade agreements, restrictive measures in order to produce less and charge more. The best example of the other group is the automobile industry, which has marshaled the resources of modern science and modern management to produce more cars, better cars and sell them for less. And this industry, of course, is the one great industry which has had the most prosperity for its managers, its stockholders and its workers. Someday, maybe, some of these other high-price-loving managers will take a day off and have a look at the management of the automobile industry.

What's Happened to Your Dollar

But, at all events, prices on the whole have been going up and the customers are beginning to grumble, and the housewives are getting obstreperous and the economists are monkeying with their charts and trying to decide at what point this price line, which is going up, will take a dive and carry a lot of us down with it.

The question that interests us, who take our pay envelopes down to Main Street at the week end—Saturday's Children—is: How much have prices gone up? What made them go up? And what does the price rise mean to us all?

Now then, just what has happened to your dollar? Of course 1933 was a period of very low prices. But we can understand what has happened only by making comparisons. When you take your dollar into a department store today you can buy only about one quarter less with it than you could in 1933 (really 26.5 per cent less).

Therefore if your salary or your earnings are the same now as they were in 1933, your purchasing power is actually a quarter smaller now than then.

If your income has been raised 10 per cent since 1933, your purchasing power is 19 per cent less than it was then.

If your income has increased 20 per cent since 1933, your purchasing power is still 12 per cent less than in 1933.

In other words, unless you are earning $1.36 for every dollar you were earning then, you are behind.

Of course there were a lot of people who were not earning anything in 1933. For such, to be sure, it doesn't make any difference what prices were then and are now; they are better off. We are not discussing general economic conditions or the fate of the hitherto unemployed, but merely the fate as shoppers of those who had money to spend then and those who have money to spend now.

Here is a group of items I have watched carefully since 1933. General index figures based on average prices of a large number of stores are, of course, useful. But there are high-priced stores and low-priced stores; there are high-priced localities and low-priced localities. The average may therefore confuse the reader. On the other hand, price experience in a single store does not give a picture of the country as a whole. However, the prices which I am going to quote now are from the same store from a very large store which sells at low cost. Besides, these figures are reliable because they refer to precisely the same articles without any variation in quality. Comparisons between shoe prices now and shoe prices a year or five years ago are difficult because it is difficult to find a shoe which has remained quite the same in material and style and labor content. These articles have been selected because they remain constant in quality and quantity:

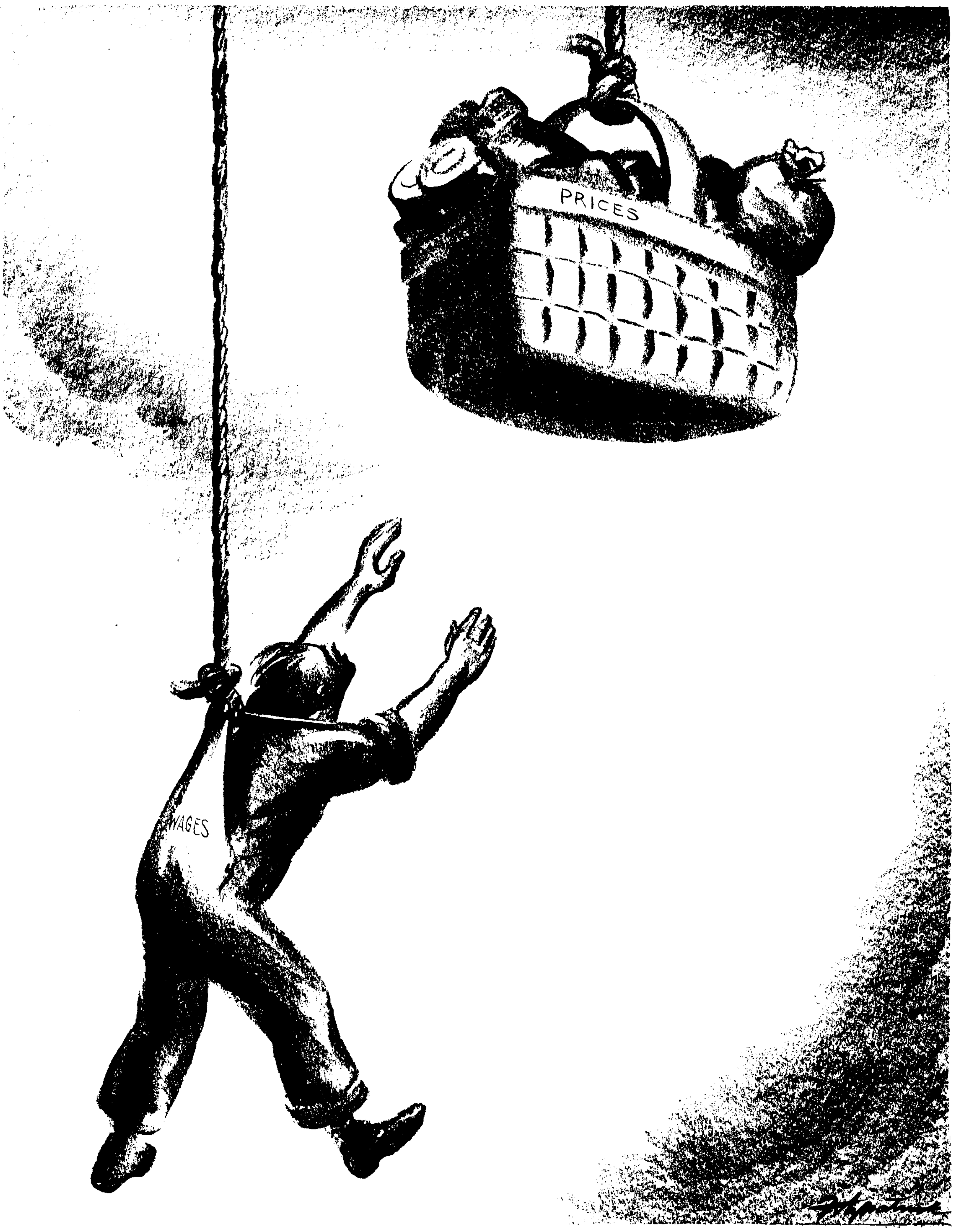
	Before June 1933	Sept. 1936	Sept. 1937
Sheets, 81 x 103..	$ .84	$ 1.21	$ 1.33
Terry towels........	.23	.44	.48
Wool blankets....	2.54	5.98	6.41
Shorts, men's broadcloth........	.24	.39	.43
Shoes, men's........	4.94	5.49	5.98
Camel's-hair coats, women's	14.94	18.74	21.05
Pajamas, boys' broadcloth........	.69	1.41	1.51
Suits, men's........	29.50	37.50	40.50
Shirts, men's broadcloth........	.69	.94	1.08
Vests, women's glove silk..........	1.24	1.39	1.43
Middies, girls'....	.84	.94	1.00
Stockings, girls' silk....................	.69	.94	1.08

These are actual prices which would be very difficult for anyone but the most industrious shopper to improve on. And the boosts will, I am sure, seem quite shocking on many of these articles. On several they are more than 100 per cent since 1933.

The following meat prices are from a single store—a store specializing in low prices, but reliable. I have collected these prices at intervals since 1933:

	June 1933	June 1934	Oct. 1934	Sept. 1936	Sept. 1937
Roast beef	$.17	$.28	$.29	$.32	$.39
Sirloin steak	.25	.39	—	.42	.45
Porterhouse steak	.29	.43	—	.48	.50
Leg of lamb	.19	.29	.25	.32	.32
Loin of pork	.12½	—	.25	.35	.35

(Continued on page 30)



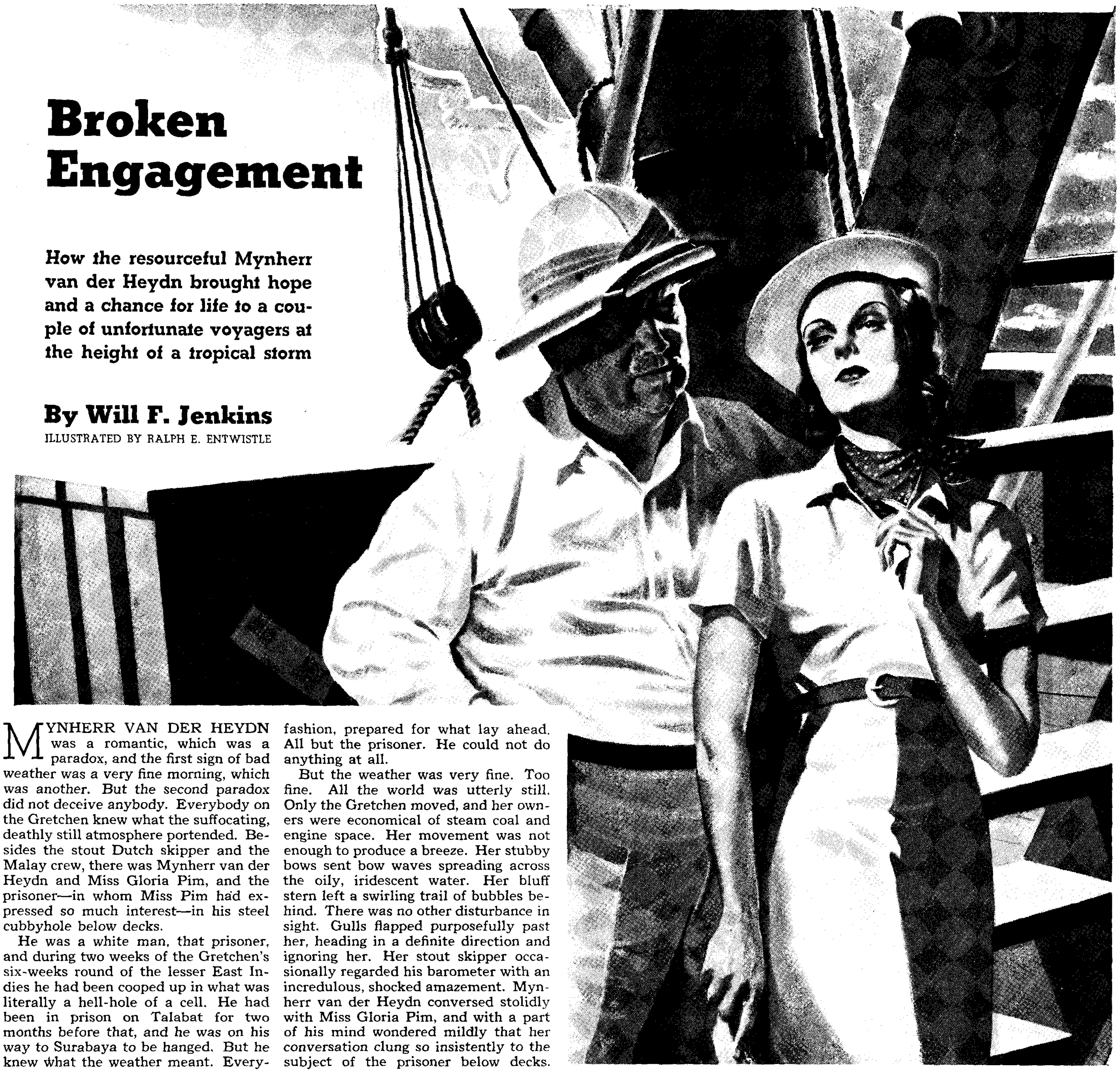
Wages may be called high or low only as measured against their buying power

Broken Engagement

How the resourceful Mynherr van der Heydn brought hope and a chance for life to a couple of unfortunate voyagers at the height of a tropical storm

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH E. ENTWISTLE



Mynherr van der Heydn conversed stolidly with Miss Gloria Pim, and wondered that her conversation clung to the subject of the prisoner

MYNHERR VAN DER HEYDN was a romantic, which was a paradox, and the first sign of bad weather was a very fine morning, which was another. But the second paradox did not deceive anybody. Everybody on the Gretchen knew what the suffocating, deathly still atmosphere portended. Besides the stout Dutch skipper and the Malay crew, there was Mynherr van der Heydn and Miss Gloria Pim, and the prisoner—in whom Miss Pim had expressed so much interest—in his steel cubbyhole below decks.

He was a white man, that prisoner, and during two weeks of the Gretchen's six-weeks round of the lesser East Indies he had been cooped up in what was literally a hell-hole of a cell. He had been in prison on Talabat for two months before that, and he was on his way to Surabaya to be hanged. But he knew what the weather meant. Everybody knew. But nobody knew that Mynherr van der Heydn was a romantic.

Maybe he did not know it himself. A man who has reached his forties and the ownership of much steaming jungle in the Indies is likely to forget or ignore his dreams. Mynherr van der Heydn was stout and stolid and prosaic in appearance. He looked like any other prosperous planter who might have been on the deck of the Gretchen that morning. He stood beside Miss Gloria Pim—she had boarded the ship at a quite improbable small island for the run to Surabaya—and he looked out over the rail and seemed stolidly indifferent to the meaning of the paradoxical fine weather. But, nevertheless, he was a romantic.

The Gretchen steamed sturdily over a sea that was like glass.

Malay seamen worked earnestly, lashing all movables fast. In the boiler room, Malay stokers struggled to build up steam-pressure for what lay ahead. Elsewhere other men made other preparations. Everyone on the ship, in some fashion, prepared for what lay ahead. All but the prisoner. He could not do anything at all.

But the weather was very fine. Too fine. All the world was utterly still. Only the Gretchen moved, and her owners were economical of steam coal and engine space. Her movement was not enough to produce a breeze. Her stubby bows sent bow waves spreading across the oily, iridescent water. Her bluff stern left a swirling trail of bubbles behind. There was no other disturbance in sight. Gulls flapped purposefully past her, heading in a definite direction and ignoring her. Her stout skipper occasionally regarded his barometer with an incredulous, shocked amazement. Mynherr van der Heydn conversed stolidly with Miss Gloria Pim, and with a part of his mind wondered mildly that her conversation clung so insistently to the subject of the prisoner below decks. The prisoner—it was suffocating below—panted hoarsely for breath and occasionally sluiced himself with lukewarm water supplied for the purpose at Mynherr van der Heydn's suggestion, by Miss Gloria Pim's request.

There was a little stir somewhere on board the ship. The two passengers looked, and saw a glittering movement at the farthest limit of the horizon. It advanced and spread out. It was a smooth and glittering swell, probably twenty feet high.

THE Gretchen's Dutch skipper sweated profusely. There was no danger in this swell, of course, but he headed the old ship around to meet it head on. It moved with an amazing velocity, an extraordinary speed. The Gretchen rose with it, and balanced solidly upon its crest, and went sturdily down into the trough behind it. Then there was another one in sight. And another. Many others. They came rolling with a deceptive swiftness out of the yellowish horizon. They made no sound. They seemed to constitute no threat. But the Gretchen steamed at them, and with all her solidness she creaked a little and groaned a little as she lifted up, and steamed down, and up, and down, and down and up again. Cargo booms creaked and rattled. There was a rattling of china somewhere. The Malay seamen seemed to be galvanized into a frantic energy, battening down and lashing fast each and every object not bolted to the fabric of the ship. And still the sun shone down out of an utterly cloudless sky.

Miss Gloria Pim talked jerkily of the prisoner. She was a pretty girl, but her face wore a strained look. Mynherr van der Heydn stolidly offered to visit the prisoner and see how he fared. Miss Gloria Pim's expression grew more strained. She asked rather desperately to accompany him. She wished to speak to the prisoner herself—as her countryman. Mynherr van der Heydn stolidly agreed and stolidly led her below, where the air was more suffocating than on deck. It was of the temperature of an oven. Miss Pim gasped a little.

The Gretchen heaved and pitched, and pitched and heaved.

There was more noise now. Blocks and booms swayed and creaked more loudly. Presently a threadlike wisp of cloud appeared. It came up over the horizon, moving very rapidly, but it seemed extremely small to be the forerunner of anything of much importance. A single vagrant puff of wind came wavering over the sea. It ruffled the glassy swells, and it died away.

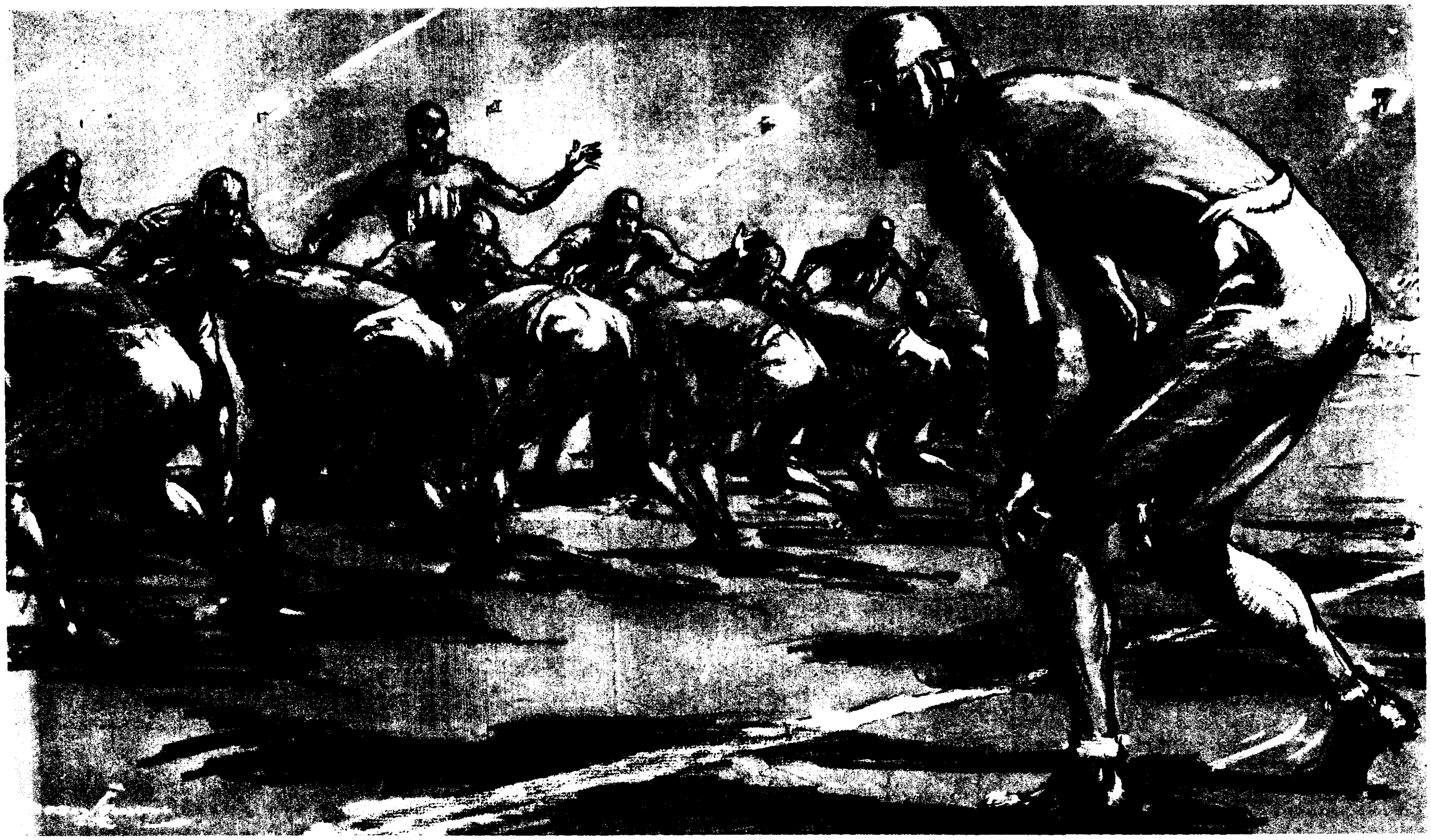
Down below, Mynherr van der Heydn and Miss Pim reached the cell in which the prisoner lay. One wall of the cell

(Continued on page 56)

Scout Leaders

By Ralph Furey

Just before the ball is snapped back, a fullback shifts his foot a few inches—and the opposing team promptly smears the play. A crack passer wets his index finger—and loses an important game. From your seat in the stands you never notice such "giveaways," but an expert scout like Ralph Furey can spot them promptly. He tells you how these football sleuths dig up their information



BURRIS JENKINS

Every time Manning's signal was called, the big fullback unconsciously hitched one foot back a few inches, giving away the play

WHEN little Doakes College wallops the mighty Notre Dame or Army team the headlines scream "Doakes Wins in Terrific Upset" and thousands of words are written about the amazing victory of the underdog. Supporters of the losing team, inclined to be charitable, suggest that their favorites just had an off day. Supporters of the victor shout joyously about the inspired gameness of their team.

Meanwhile coaches and scouts smile tolerantly at all of this talk about the "terrific upset." The grapevine will soon bring them the real story. The coach or the scout from little Doakes will tell someone of the "giveaway" that enabled the team to stop the Notre Dame or Army attack, and we'll hear too of some unsuspected defensive weakness which was spotted by the Doakes scout.

We may as well face it. There is virtually no such thing as an "upset" in a college football game. Football is not like a fight in which it is conceivable that a lucky punch may win for an admittedly inferior fighter. It takes sixty full minutes to play a football game. That's time enough for the best team to demonstrate its superiority. What if Doakes had been walloped a few times by second-class teams and the mighty Notre Dame or Army hadn't been scored upon? On the day they met, Doakes was the better team and the coaches and scouts of Doakes undoubtedly knew in advance that Doakes was going to pull that "upset."

The student bodies of both institutions didn't know it; the Army or Notre Dame team didn't know it and it may be that even the Doakes players weren't aware of the fact. They had been coached well against the offensive formations that were to be used against them. They knew certain peculiarities of the opposing players. They had been told of several "giveaways" and when the game started they were gratified to find out that the "giveaways" were there, standing out boldly. But the victory was no upset at all to the Doakes coaches and scouts.

A football game is very often won a week or two weeks before it is played. It is won by a man who sits high in the stands, watching intently as the team which is to be met next week plays another opponent. He is a football scout and his job is to spot any weakness that the team might have. Often he spots weaknesses so glaring that sitting there a week before his team is to play he can visualize the whole game and almost call the score. Here's an example:

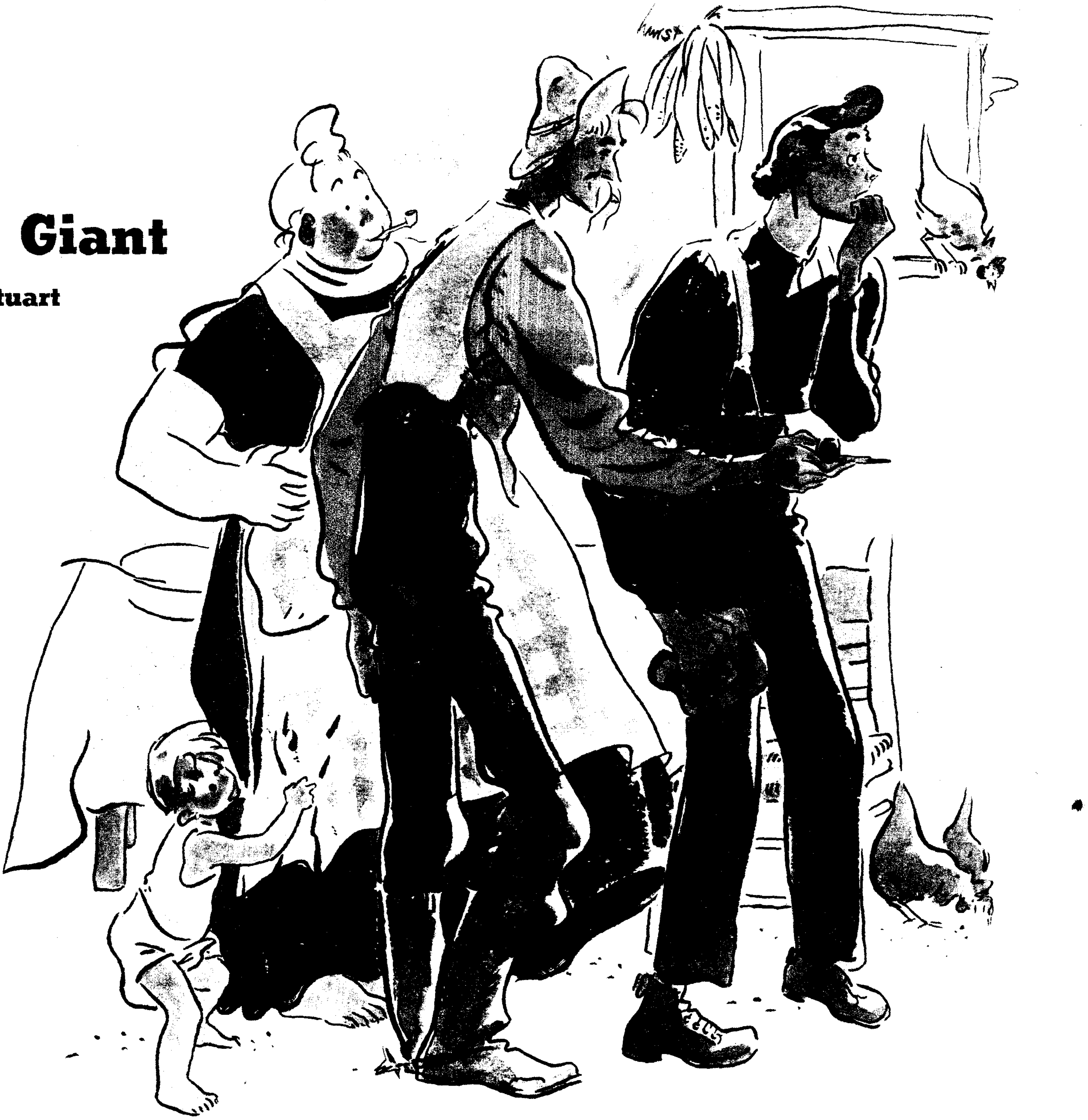
In 1925 Fordham had a great team that was running over everyone. Fordham came up to the Georgetown game with an undefeated record and Georgetown appeared to have very little with which to stop the bruising Fordham attack. That attack was carried on chiefly by two great Fordham backs—Zev Graham, a fast, elusive runner, and Tom Manning, a pile-driving line plunger whom they called "Eight-Yard" Manning. Any time he gained less than eight yards on one of his lunges through the center of opposing lines he felt that he had been a failure.

The Georgetown scouts, Herb Kopf and Frank Murray, watched Fordham in early games with the gloomy realization that they were watching one of the greatest offensive teams in the country. They might stop the elusive Graham, they thought, by spreading out their

(Continued on page 70)

Little Giant

By Jesse Stuart



Then Izzy called me out and says: "Meet Mattie Stubblefield. She's my oldest girl. She's going to college"

Old Izzy Stubblefield said his hired boy Lizard-lip was a humdinger in britches when it come to work. But Izzy didn't know the half of it. Man alive, this Lizard-lip boy didn't do nothing but end up by taking right a-holt of Izzy's big old mountain and fair pull it out by the roots

IZZY STUBBLEFIELD come over on Hogbranch and he says to Pa: "Skeleton, I want a boy to work. I want a boy that will work. One that knows how to work. One that will earn his salt." And you know how old Izzy is. He just meant what he said. A long, snake-hipped man with a corkscrew mustache the color of faded old-field blossom. "I don't mind paying a boy ten dollars a month if he's worth his salt."

And Pa says: "I got a boy here'll do as much as you and your four boys put together. But I tell you right now he's worth fifteen bucks a month and his keeping. He's this boy right here. It's old Lizard-lip. He's my mainstay here. I tell the rest of the boys he's part water-dog, for he can take the rain. He's part stud terrapin, for he can wade through the wet weeds. He's part bulldog, for he won't give up. He's part mule, for he keeps going around these old hills with a row of terbacker or a row o' corn. And he's part lizard the way he can scale the trees for squirrels and mast and fruit. He's a humdinger with britches on. He's a boy worth fifteen dollars a month if he's worth anything."

"I'll give Lizard-lip a try," says Izzy. "And if he ain't what he's cracked up to be I'll send him back on you. Son, get your clothes," says Izzy.

I WENT in the house and I says: "Ma, get my clothes ready. Pa's got me hired out. Fifteen dollars a month." And Ma says: "Lizard, is he going to make a lackey boy out'n you too?" It hurt poor old Ma. Tears come to her eyes. But she got me my clothes.

I just clim upon the mule behind Izzy. Pa reach me my dab of clothes and Izzy spurred the mule with a little wheel on the heel of the shoe. We went right up over the mountain. Went around a lot of ridges and through a lot of drawbars and pole-gates. We swum one river—went down a long tie-road and there's a lot of ruts. Just kept the mule a-jumping every which way. I'll never forget when we got in sight of a barn that looked like it covered a acre of ground. "That's my place," says Izzy. "That's where I'll try the stud terrapin in you. It's on them old hills back o' that barn. That's just one of my barns. I got two more big terbacker barns. We work over at my house. All hands and the cook work to make a living. What time you used to getting up?" And I says: "Two o'clock in the morning." And Izzy says: "That's got us beat two hours. We get up at four." And we rode on down over some old yaller banks to the house. April here now and green leaves coming to the sourvines along the old rail fences.

"Well, here he is, Sugarfoot," says

Izzy. "This is my wife, Lizard. You'll know more about her by the good biscuits she bakes and the good corn-dodger she can make. It sticks to your ribs like saw briers to a bank."

And I says: "I'm glad to meet you, Sugarfoot Stubblefield." Lord, but she was a big woman—big nearly as Pa. Great big arms that could use a ax same as she could bake biscuits. Had on a big plain dress and a pocket for her pipe and terbacker on the right-hand corner of the checked apron. I just says to myself: "I like that woman."

She just smiled at me—one of them big, open smiles that ain't put on. She says: "Come over here to your room, Lizard."

In my room I opened up the dresser drawer and put my clothes in it. I put on my good pants and one of my clean shirts before I met the rest of the family. I'm glad I did. Then Izzy called me out and says: "Meet Mattie Stubblefield. She's my oldest girl. She's going to college." And I says: "Glad to meet you, Mattie." And I was glad to meet her. She was prettier than a striped snake. She had them big blue sleepy-doll eyes and that lovey-dovey look in her eyes. Hair the color of broom sage in September. Skin prettier than a beef-pelt.

GEE, when I saw her I just melted in my tracks. I says to myself: "I may be their lackey boy, but dad-durn my hide and taller I'd like to have that woman just to look at. 'Pon my word and honor she's three times prettier than any big sleepy-eyed doll I ever saw. I can't help it if she's going to college. That don't stand in the way of old lackey Lizard-lip's love."

I just didn't care about meeting nary 'nother soul. I met Izzy's older boy, Reef, and I met the next boy. They called him Doghide. And the next girl was called Lid. She was ugly as a honey-locust in the wintertime. Izzy said it was because she wasn't through growing. Then the next little squirt of a boy called Horsey. And the baby was called Bruce. "It's a real family," I thought, "and I'm glad to be here with them. I'd give my fifteen dollars a month just to kiss Mattie one time. Can't understand how she's so pretty and old Izzy so ugly. Her brothers are just as common and ugly as I am."

Well, I never thought about my looks until I saw Mattie. I'd look in my dresser looking-glass. I never thought o' why they called me Lizard-lip until I examined myself real close. God, I was a ugly man—I don't lie about it—to love a pretty woman like Mattie.

It just hurt me to think of her going to college and leaving me there with the family. I just felt like a part of that family from the time I went there. I tell you I rolled out'n my bed a hour earlier and fed the mules while old Izzy and his boys were snoozing in bed. I milked the cows. I took the lead row hoeing terbacker and I led old Izzy, all his boys and the rest of the hired help hoeing cane. I showed them what a working boy was. I'd come in at night and cut the stovewood for the women—something old Izzy'd been letting the women-folks do. We always got the wood for Ma at home. Pa always said a man that wouldn't cut his wife stovewood was a man that bore watching. I done all there was to do loose about the place besides putting in six days a week in the fields. Once Izzy says to me: "Lizard-lip, you are worth your weight in wildcats when it comes to work."

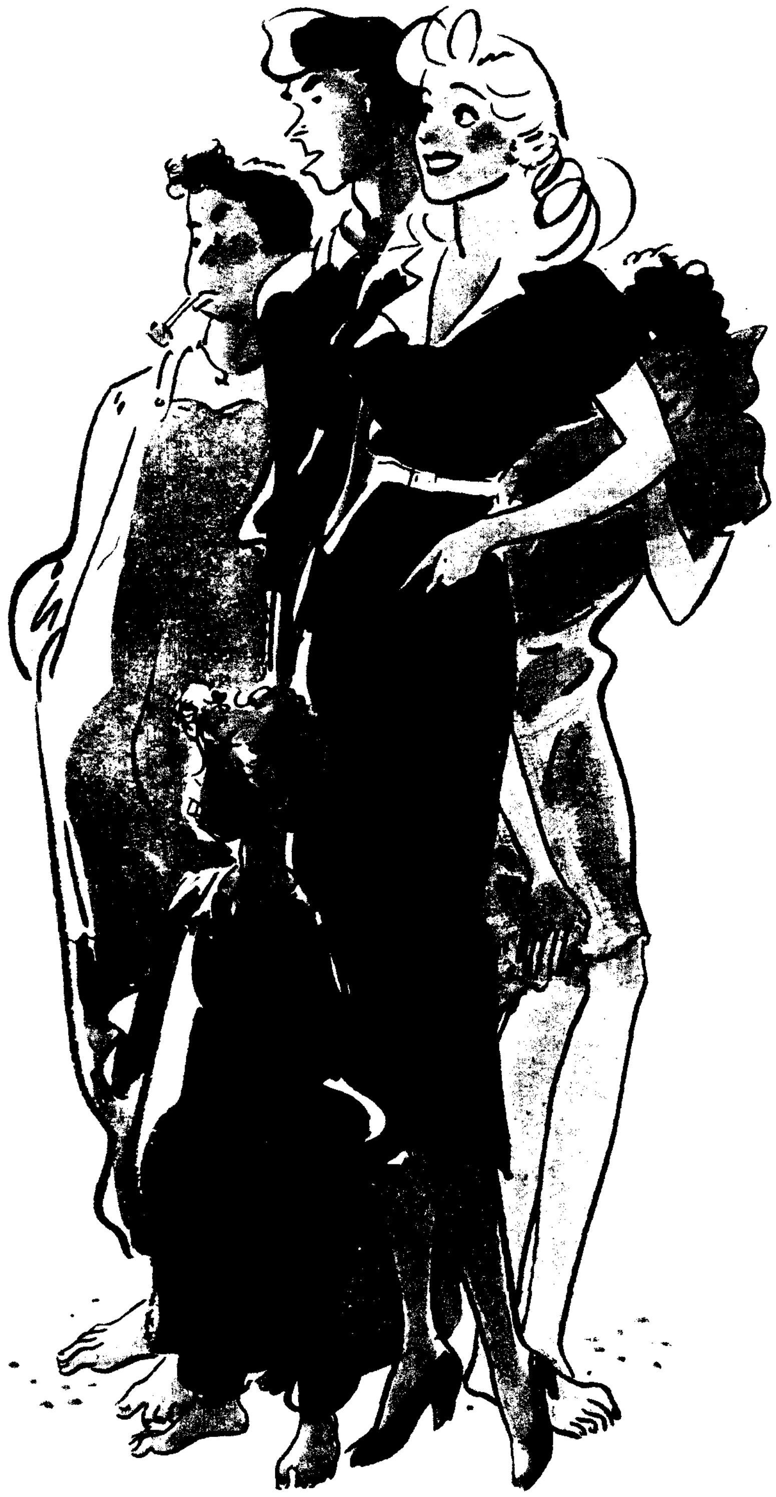
I tell you that pleased me. I just wanted to call him Pa. But I was afraid. I wanted to call Sugarfoot Ma. But I was afraid. I wanted to say of a morning when I et them good big fluffy biscuits: "Ma, your bread is better this morning than it was yesterday morning." I just wanted to do things for her. I could tell the way Mattie felt. She just passed and repassed with me. She didn't want old lackey-boy Lizard-lip, working for her pap for fifteen dollars a month. She was a girl in college. She wanted a big man out'n some of them colleges with a education. One that could make his living with a pencil behind his ear. She didn't want to marry a lackey boy working in the dirt.

YOU know how that is. So I just passed and repassed with Mattie. Lord, but I just died for her love. Prayed over her and I even shed tears. Ma used to say I was hard as a rock. Never would cry when Pa whopped me. But I cried over Mattie. She stirred me till my heart fluttered like a bird and the tears just rolled from my eyes like rain out'n the sky.

"Wonder if Kate will be back to college this year? Her old man's money's not so plentiful this year." And she'd speak of Tom, Jim, Charlie, Mable, Kate, Lovell, Cherry, Amos and Alice. She'd just talk about the boys and girls there and wish she was back. She'd talk to Sugarfoot about them. And I'd hear her say to Sugarfoot: "I just wonder about Leonard. Wonder how he's getting along. I've not heard from him now in two days." Lord, but Mattie did talk proper. And she'd get on the saddle horse and ride down to the post office every day and ask for mail. She'd get a letter nearly every day from Leonard. I tell you I didn't like that name. Leonard Pratt was the name. I saw his picture in Mattie's room on the mantel. Had waxy-looking eyes and one of them little cropped mustaches. Big waves of black curly hair and his shirt collar fit his neck smug as you please. Had a big bow tie beneath his chin. And down below was a big lot of fancy writing. It said: "To Mattie with love—Leonard." Oh, but it made my blood bile to see it.

Pa come at the end of the first month to take my earnings. He says: "Well, Izzy, how's Lizard doing?" And Izzy says: "Skeleton, he's the best man I ever had on this farm."

Pa took the fifteen dollars from Izzy Stubblefield and he says: "Son, since you're so good to work and doing so well I'll keep ten and give you back five dollars. You can buy you a suit of clothes before the summer is over. You can buy your own clothes."



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

LORD, I wanted to hug Pa's big bull neck. Now I would be able to get ahead enough money to buy me a suit and look a little bit better. Never would look as much like a doll though as that Leonard Pratt. Why, he looked like in that picture he'd just come out'n a band-box.

Once I says to Izzy: "Looks like Mattie's beau's never worked out in very many cornfields and suckered and wormed very much terbacker nor dug the crab grass from its roots." And Izzy says: "It looks to me like he'd break his back if he stooped over to worm and sucker terbacker and his brains might fall out."

I tell you, April and May just passed by like the shot out'n a gun. Maybe it was because I had a big room all to myself instead of piling up three in a bed at home and a shuck-bed at that. Maybe it was because I got to see Mattie every day—the prettiest girl I ever saw in all my born days.

June passed and the corn looked just fine. So did the terbacker and cane. And then July passed. We laid by the corn in July and the cane. We wormed and suckered the terbacker and cut the hay. It was a busy month—and hot. Boys had to pick blackberries to can. It left most of the crop on Izzy and me. I had most of the work to do because I was Izzy's lackey boy. I didn't grumble. I'd heard Pa say: "A little raindrop beats a hole in a big rock." I thought I might be a speck on the wall in this love affair. You can't tell just how things will work out with a woman. Sometimes a mighty pretty girl will marry a mighty ugly boy. I've seen it happen more times than one. I just kept working and praying through July and August when Mattie was getting ready for college.

I'LL never forget when August was over and the corn started coloring. I'd saved eighteen dollars. I asked Izzy for a Saturday afternoon off. And Izzy says: "Go ahead, Lizard." He says to me: "You've been a good boy to work. Never had one better. You've helped me get a lot of work out'n Snake-eye. I'd like to hire you for next year for the whole year at twenty dollars a month and your keeping and your terbacker and work clothes."

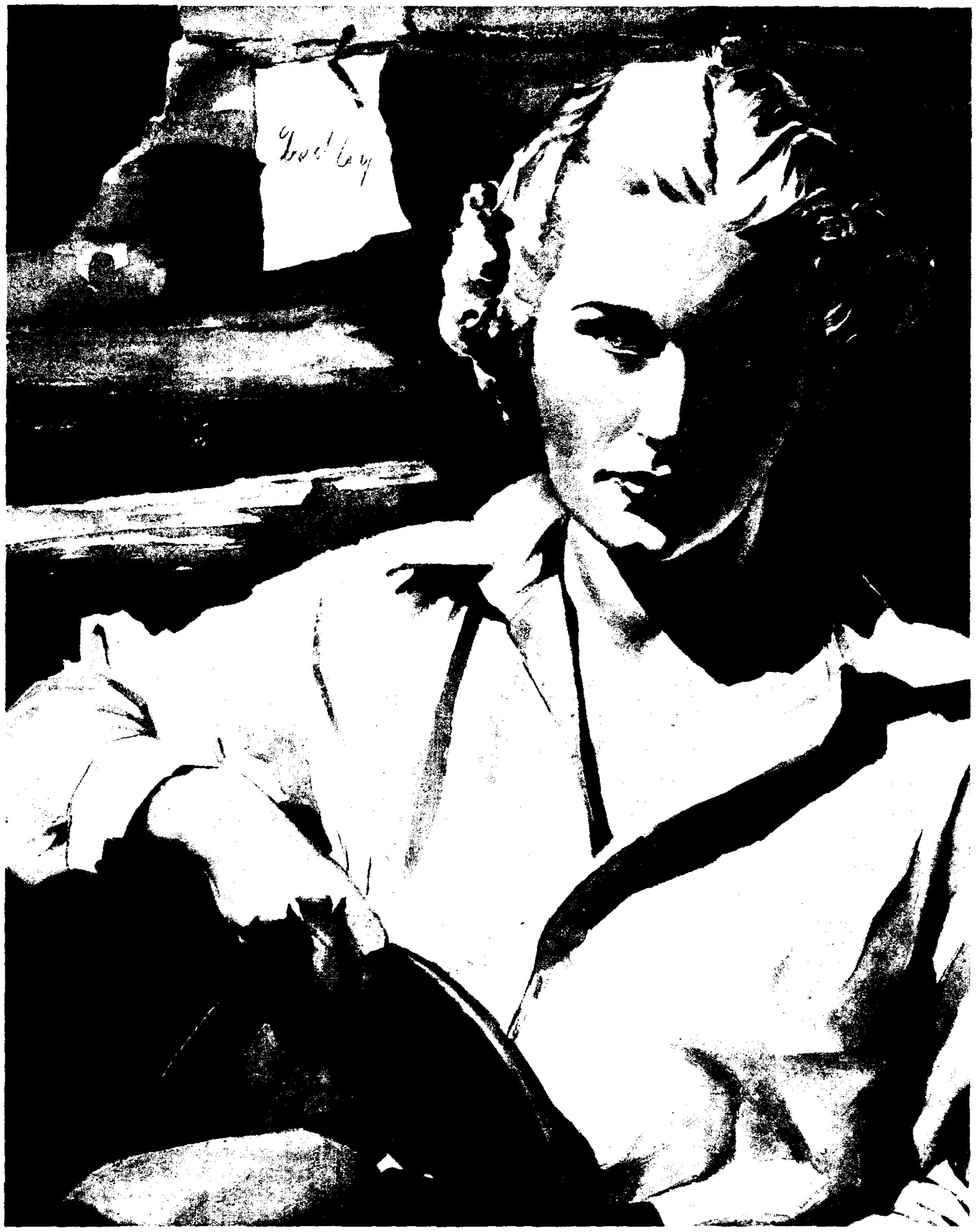
And I says: "Izzy, I'll call your hand on that right now. I'll take the job. I'll stay with you and help you run this farm like it was my own. Soon I'll be a free man. I'll soon be twenty-one. Just three more years. Then I can have all my money."

Lord, all the time I was talking to Izzy I was thinking about his girl. I was thinking about Mattie. I was thinking what if I just had that little woman in my arms and she'd be my dough-beater for the rest of my days. Lord, it was a great thought to have even if it couldn't be true.

I went to town—rode a mule in—and went to the store. I asked to see a blue serge suit in the fifteen-dollar line. Clerk handed me out a beaut. I tried it on. It looked like a darb to me. First long suit of clothes I ever bought and I bought it with my own money. It made me feel big to do it. I took two dollars and

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



She wrote a single word on a scrap of paper and hammered it above the fireplace—and looked at it with eyes blurred by tears; and then went away. The word was: "Goodby"

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Jim Majors ("Sundown Jim") arrives, a total stranger, in the little town of Reservation, he finds himself in the midst of two bitter factions, one headed by old Pedee Barr, the other led by the Ketchums, the Oldroyds and Buff Sultan. He senses instantly that he is not wanted; and when the town learns that he is a deputy United States marshal, searching for five dangerous bandits, the hostility toward him increases. Except for three girls—Katherine Barr, Pedee Barr's daughter; Buff Sultan's sister, Edith; and "Tony," a waitress whom he befriends in a time of need—everyone appears to be his enemy.

Most hostile of all is Ben Maffitt, notorious killer, who is Pedee Barr's only strong supporter in the Silver Lode Range region. The explanation is simple: Maffitt has given the bandits refuge at "the Pocket," his headquarters; and the man, in love with Katherine Barr, suspects that Katherine may be interested in the young deputy marshal. So long as the alliance between Barr and Maffitt continues, no group of men in the vicinity is strong enough to challenge the Barr forces to a showdown.

Maffitt, a bully, makes a series of attempts to intimidate Majors, force him to leave Reservation. Far from being frightened, Majors proves, with his fists and his gun, that he is a man of extraordinary courage. Whereupon, Maffitt goes gunning for Majors on a street in Reservation. Before the two men meet, however, Matt Oldroyd, of the Ketchum-Oldroyd-Sultan crowd, "covers" Maffitt with a rifle.

The observers wait for the shot that will end the bully's life. That shot is not fired—Majors comes forward, orders Oldroyd not to shoot. *Why?* Only Majors knows the answer: Cognizant of the perils of his position, he has formulated a plan which may enable him to bring law and order to the entire region. The saving of Maffitt's life is merely part of that carefully conceived plan, which is, in essence, to play as many enemies and potential enemies as possible against each other so that no one will be sufficiently confident of his allies to start a fight.

Among those who hate Maffitt is Dobe Hyde, a slippery schemer who, fearing to align himself with the losing side, has never joined either faction. Enraged that Majors has allowed Maffitt to escape, he insults Majors, who promptly knocks him down.

Nursing a grudge against Majors, Hyde goes to his home, sends for one Jett Baker. Baker, an oily young fellow with a prematurely wicked face, arrives. "You go tell Sultan to come," Hyde commands. "Tell him to send a man down to Ketchum. Then go over to the Oldroyds. They'll know." As Baker leaves the room, "Stay with me, boy," Hyde adds, "and I'll teach you how to wear diamonds!"

VI

JETT reached Sultan's and said, "Glass-eye, the old son of a biscuit, wants to see you. You should send a man to tell Ketchum—and, by God, I'm mighty hungry."

Buff jerked his thumb at the kitchen, whereupon Jett went that way. Afterward Sultan walked to the porch and yelled for Sam Veen, giving him orders to ride to Ketchum's. In a little while Jett pounded away, leaving Sultan alone in the house. Edith hadn't yet returned from her ride and he felt uneasy about leaving.

The truth was he wanted to hear her speak against Dobe Hyde, and so crystallize his growing doubt. He knew Dobe meant to ride toward the Barrs, and that in itself met with his approval. But it was Dobe Hyde's growing aggressiveness that worried him, for this was a quarrel Dobe had never before taken part in. The man had always kept his skirts clear. His entry into the fight now meant that he had some ends of his own to serve.

Buff walked the living-room floor a good five minutes, threshing it out and finding no compelling argument to stay clear. He had a good deal of pride and a keen memory of the damage done to his father by the Barrs in times past. There wasn't anything complex about Buff Sultan. His angers were quick and his judgments swayed by the need of the approval of his neighbors along the east fork; and it was this fact which in the end turned him out of the house. The rest of the valley would go with Dobe, and he had to string with the valley. Before leaving he wrote a note for Edith, saying he'd be gone for a while.

Sam Veen reached Ketchum's and delivered the message; and presently Ketchum and Ketchum's six-foot boy, Hallem, were on the road with Veen. Meanwhile, Jett went on through the perfect darkness, diagonally across the valley to the Oldroyds. He hailed Oldroyd from the yard and waited there while the light in the house went off. Oldroyd was one of the old fighters who remembered the sudden ambushes of other days. When he opened the door he made no shape for Veen to see, but Veen knew the man was there, holding a gun on him. Veen said:

"Dobe Hyde wants to see you. Sultan and Ketchum are on the way up there now."

OLDROYD'S wife lighted the lamp as soon as Veen had gone. Matt came back from a corner window and the elder Oldroyd turned slowly around. He was a six-footer with a full beard and a pair of small, straight eyes. He had a habit of running the back of his hand along the edges of the beard; he did it now.

"Dobe?" said Mrs. Oldroyd. "He never helped us before. You stay home, Oldroyd."

"Don't understand why Buff and Ketchum string with him," pondered Oldroyd.

"You stay home," repeated his wife. "Dobe Hyde wants nothing good."

"Why," said Oldroyd, "I know what he wants. It will be to ride over to the Barrs."

Mrs. Oldroyd shook her head. She was a quiet woman, a motherly woman who had seen a good deal of violence in her time and had her own secret opinions of the cruel mistakes made by men. But she had said little to Oldroyd, who was a headstrong man. "Don't ride with Dobe."

"It ain't Dobe," said Oldroyd. "It's Buff and Ketchum. I reckon I'll have to go. Matt—"

Both of them observed then that Matt had quietly gone from the room; and while they stood here they heard him ride suddenly around the house. Oldroyd's eyes showed a sparkling, unpleasant surprise. He started for the door, and changed his mind; and listened to the horse pound away.

"Toward Reservation," said Oldroyd. And at once swore. "By God, he's running away!"

"Maybe not," said Mrs. Oldroyd.

"Stick up for him," said Oldroyd irritably. "He lives on the east fork and he's got to stay with his crowd. If he don't, then he's nobody I want to know, Allie." Something else occurred to him. "I hear he's been talkin' with Tony."

"Yes," said Mrs. Oldroyd in the same quiet way.

"I turned her out and she stays turned out. She's no good."

Mrs. Oldroyd looked down, not meeting her husband's clear black glance. "Maybe not, Oldroyd," she said very gently. "Maybe not, according to your lights."

"There's right and there's wrong," said the old man with a ringing definiteness,

(Continued on page 62)

The Making of Duce II

By T. R. Ybarra

© INTERNATIONAL NEWS

EUROPEAN

He looks, and acts, like the man whom he is being groomed to succeed—Count Galeazzo Ciano, in the picture at the left, in a typical Mussolinian pose and, above, with Austrian diplomats at a meeting in Vienna

Mussolini has chosen his successor, given him his daughter and installed him as Secretary of State. If you think that makes life a bed of roses for Count Ciano, then you've never been Mussolini's son-in-law

PLATES had been cleared away, glasses emptied—the dinner had reached that point where the assembled company, their appetites satisfied and their thirsts assuaged, felt the imperative urge to burst into song. So the American war correspondents who were acting as hosts (the party was being staged early last year at Asmara, base of the Italian army engaged in the conquest of Abyssinia) loudly called upon one of their guests, a young Italian aviator, for a musical contribution.

"Suppose," he suggested politely, "that we all join in the Star-Spangled Banner?"

"Fine!" whooped the Americans. Forthwith the whole crowd sonorously attacked the old anthem.

"Oh, say can you see?" queried the American contingent harmoniously. Some of them added, "By the dawn's early light." A few adventurous spirits even got as far as, "What so proudly we hailed." After that, however, "Tra-la-la" began to take the place of the correct text. With tremendous conviction the American singers repeatedly poured forth those noncommittal syllables, trying to make up by the vigor of their voices for the shortcomings of their memories.

Not so the young Italian aviator.

From start to finish he sang the words of our national hymn exactly as Francis Scott Key had written them. Long before he had ended he had nothing but stentorian "tra-la-las" as competition—not a single American had been able to keep abreast of him, word for word. A burst of admiring applause greeted the conclusion of his feat.

"How come?" asked his hosts, crowding around him. He smiled modestly.

"Oh, I believe in learning things thoroughly," he explained.

Well, he had been through an excellent course of training for learning things that way. For that young Italian was Count Galeazzo Ciano, commander of the "Disperata" squadron of bombing planes, Italian Minister for Press and Propaganda, husband of Dictator Mussolini's daughter, and, according to persistent rumor, the man chosen by the Duce as his successor. For years, ever since the dictator first cast a favoring eye on Ciano, the tune to which he must shape his every official action, and the words with which he must accompany that tune, have been so despotically drilled into him by his square-jawed father-in-law that memorizing the Star-Spangled Banner, text and music, is to him a ridiculously easy trifle.

Down in Asmara, violently conflicting estimates of his character, ability and prospects of further advancement raged relentlessly around him. Nasty sneers of "He's a dud!" met and did battle with enthusiastic outbursts of "Take it from me, Pa-in-law's a good picker!"

I was received by Count Ciano at the Foreign Office, in the Palazzo Chigi at Rome—for, shortly after his return from Ethiopia, Mussolini had made him Italy's Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Palazzo Chigi, which is only a few blocks from the gaunt Palazzo Venezia, where the dictator does most of his dictating,

"The boys don't mind leaving the game as much as they used to"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

is a place of splendid staircases, and noble courtyards, and ceilings supported by century-old rafters and adorned with many-hued artistic designs.

Our talk was informal. We handled no international dynamite. Count Ciano begged to be excused from commenting on explosive international subjects. "The situation today is too serious," he declared—which, by the way, was quite true not only of the day on which we met but of the day before and of the day before that and of a long succession of other days stretching back into a distressful and tumultuous past.

Count Ciano told me that he wanted to visit the United States again.

Italy's young Foreign Minister is handsome and swarthy and neat. He wears good clothes that fit him well. He is inclined at times to be reserved, even sullen. But, among men, he is usually jolly; in addition to his proficiency at singing songs, he likes to tell and hear stories, the more off-color the better.

He has photographs taken of himself seated at his official desk, an important-looking document spread before him, his brows knit into a frown that would do credit to Napoleon—or Mussolini.

Foreign diplomats in Rome are glad that Ciano is Foreign Minister, because he has a way of getting quick action for them from Mussolini.

In Mussolini's Footsteps

Consciously or unconsciously, young Galeazzo Ciano is walking more and more like Dictator Mussolini, throwing back his head in ever closer imitation of him, thrusting out his jaw with increasing Mussolinian fierceness.

"I came up behind him a few days ago," a man in Rome told me, "and, believe it or not, I said to myself: 'Why, there's Il Duce.' It was the back of his neck, you see, which fooled me—every day in every way the back of Ciano's neck is getting stiffer and stiffer."

Galeazzo Ciano (pronounced, by the way, Chah-no) was born thirty-four years ago at that seaport on Italy's western coast which Italians call Livorno and Americans and English, for some mysterious reason, Leghorn. His father, Costanzo Ciano, a member of a prominent family, was at the time a young lieutenant in the Italian navy.

Eleven years after his son's birth, seizing with both hands the chance given him by Italy's entry into the World War, he plunged into a series of daredevil exploits which soon enrolled him among his country's foremost heroes, supplied him with an astonishing collection of medals, and brought him eventually to the rank of admiral. At the close of the war he rallied to the support of Mussolini and Fascism. Soon Costanzo Ciano was one of the fiery Benito's closest advisers and friends, a position which he still retains unimpaired.

His son was too young to get into the World War, but he was old enough to become one of the pioneers among Mussolini's Blackshirts. The Fascist outfit which he joined, recruited in Florence, was known as the "Disperata"—which is why the squadron of air bombers commanded years later by young Ciano in Abyssinia received that same name.

In 1922, when Mussolini's cohorts started upon their famous march on Rome, the Cianos, father and son, were among the marchers. As they and thousands of other black-shirted fanatics drew nearer and nearer to the Eternal City, Italians of every political coloring held their breath. Would the marchers be stopped at the gates by the regular army of Italy with a barrier of bayonets and a rain of bullets?

But not a bayonet was lowered, not a bullet fired. Instead, the Blackshirts paraded proudly right to the heart of Rome. Next day, King Victor Emmanuel III asked Mussolini to head a new government. Mussolini accepted. The nobody who had been a blacksmith's apprentice, a needy stonemason, a hungry socialistic agitator, thus took the first big step toward supreme mastery over his country.

Ever since he has pushed steadily forward until, today, he holds in his hands that mastery, undivided and undisputed; ever since, Costanzo Ciano has followed faithfully in his footsteps; ever since, right behind the two older men, a third, much younger, has resolutely plodded —Galeazzo Ciano.

A Family Affair

All the while, the dictator of Italy has watched benevolently over Galeazzo; and, in talks with Ciano the elder, he began to outline a certain project which was taking shape in his masterly mind.

After those talks, when Galeazzo went with his father to call on the dictator, he was somehow thrown more and more into the society of a bright-eyed schoolgirl, home on holiday from a fashionable school near Florence—Edda Mussolini, Il Duce's favorite child. Later, young Ciano, deflected now from journalism to diplomacy, spent a long time away from Edda, as an attaché at various Italian embassies to foreign lands—but he was not allowed to forget her.

After his return to Rome, as secretary of the Italian Embassy to the Vatican, the engagement of the two young people was formally announced. In the spring of 1930, Galeazzo Ciano and Edda Mussolini were married at Rome amid much pomp, and shipped off, with Mussolini's blessing and an immense stock of costly wedding presents, to China, where new diplomatic work awaited the bridegroom.

Young Ciano did well in China. As Italian Consul General in Shanghai and later as Italian Envoy Plenipotentiary at Peking he delivered the goods to the satisfaction of the autocrat of the Palazzo Venezia. Returning to Europe, he served on the Italian delegation to the London Economic Conference in 1933; after that he became under-secretary in the Ministry for Press and Propaganda in Rome.

There he succeeded so admirably in building up intricate pro-Fascist ballyhoo machinery that he was soon made Minister for Press and Propaganda. He was now closer than ever to Mussolini, running over to the Palazzo Venezia at least twice a day, constantly jumping to the phone to hear the imperious commands of his grim taskmaster. The upshot of all this was that the Ciano ballyhoo machine got to functioning so smoothly that, when Il Duce started out on his Ethiopian adventure, the great majority of the Italians stood solidly behind him.

Young Galeazzo hurried off to Africa to take charge of the "Disperata" bombers. In that same outfit were the dictator's two sons, Vittorio and Bruno, so it was quite a family affair.

Ciano was among those who bombed Adowa, where, forty years earlier, Italian troops had suffered defeat in a famous battle with the Abyssinians. Later on, having swooped down with his planes to attack a big body of Abyssinians marching through a deep ravine, he found himself caught in murderous cross-fire from the ridges enclosing it, where, unknown to him, his enemies had posted machine-gunners to catch the "Disperata" in a trap. The squadron flew the length of the ravine at a heavy cost in casualties—whereupon its commander calmly gave the order for a return flight along the same perilous route. Ciano's mechanic was shot dead beside him; and, after he had landed at his base, his plane bore the marks of thirty-six bullets.

The Countess Ciano, neé Edda Mussolini, is the eldest of the dictator's five children and his prime favorite. Though full of youthful spirits, as becomes her twenty-seven years, she is also well qualified to meet and solve serious problems. In her is something of her father's adamant will power, something of his imperious forcefulness. At school in Florence she used to meet attempts of teachers to curb her with an arrogant: "I'm Mussolini's daughter."

She is not afraid to stand up to him, to give him as good as she gets. "Of all the yes-men around the Duce," they say in Rome, "Edda is the only one who sometimes says no." She has her father's jaw.

The Risk of Making Good

Even those most confident that Galeazzo Ciano is slated to step into Benito Mussolini's dictatorial shoes admit that he has a long road ahead of him before he can emerge from the phase of steered, brow-beaten, on-the-leash tutelage through which he is now going. And they are also conscious of a serious danger lurking in his path:

Suppose he *does* make good? Suppose he *does* prove to his formidable pa-in-law that he has initiative and guts? May not that be the death warrant of his career?

Where is Dino Grandi, who proved that he had both? Rubber-stamping for his boss in London. Where is Italo Balbo, daring soldier and flyer? Eating his *heart out* in Libya, from which, in speechless misery, he watched other Italians conquer and govern Ethiopia. Where is Pietro Badoglio, who planted Italy's flag over Ethiopia's capital? Back in Rome, loaded with honors, shining medals, resonant titles but on the side lines—oh, *very much* on the side lines.

Often young Ciano must think to himself:

"Why try to make good? Why not enjoy being in the Fascist Royal Family? Why risk getting kicked ignominiously by the Mussolinian boot into the Mussolinian ash can?"

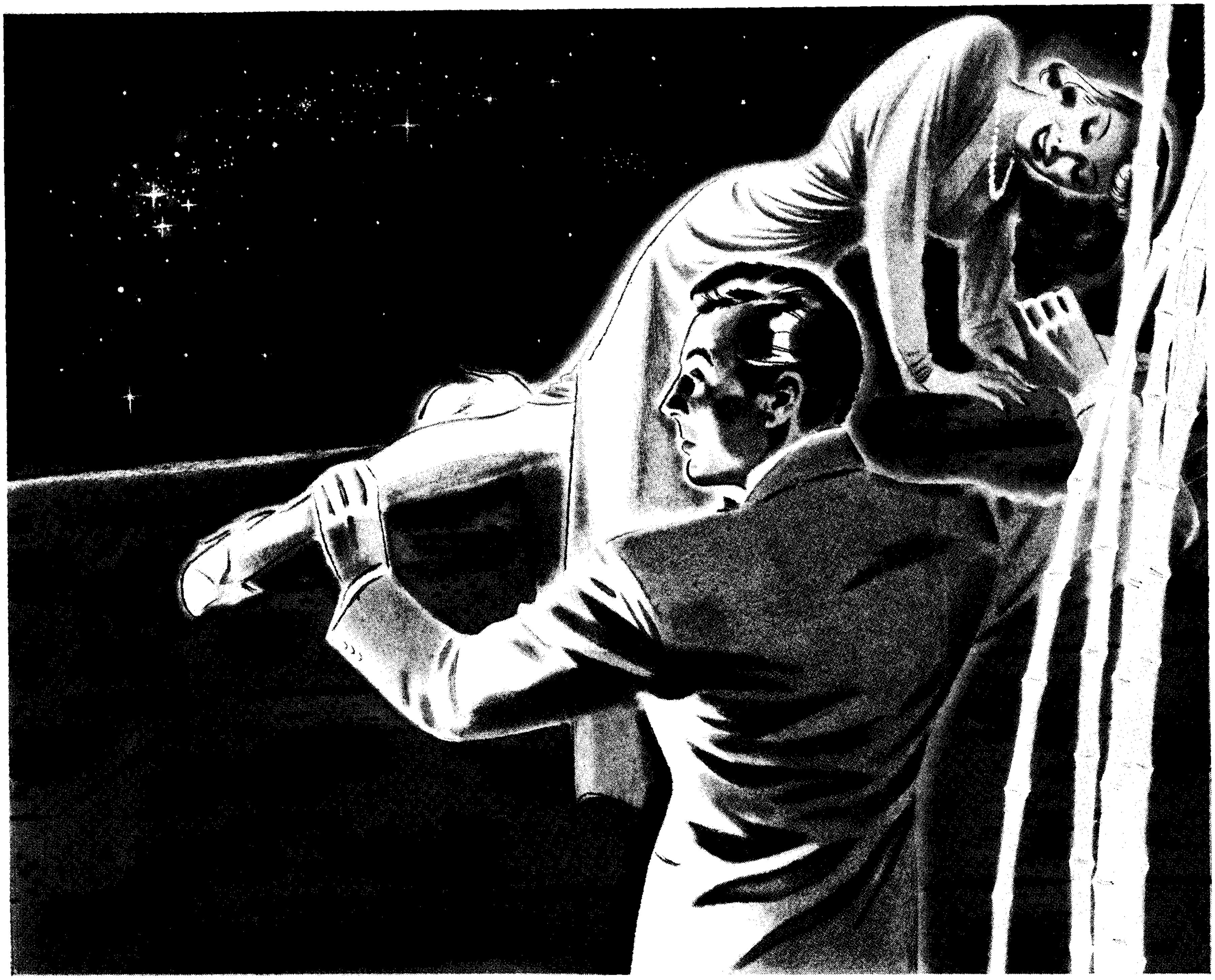
Meanwhile the Italians watch his spectacular rise with delight or disgust, according to taste—with confident hints of coming greatness for Galeazzo Ciano or cynical prophecies of a sudden tumble for him into the oblivion from which he was so suddenly yanked by the strong arm of his father-in-law. And, while they watch and prognosticate, they invent disrespectful anecdotes about Il Duce and his son-in-law and the rest of the Mussolinian tribe. One of these stories must afford immense secret amusement to young Ciano and to the admiral, his father.

Some months ago (so runs the yarn) Vittorio Mussolini, son of the dictator, went to his frowning parent and said:

"I want to get married. The girl of my choice is not of good family. But I love her, and—"

"Where do you get that stuff about her not being of good family?" angrily interrupted Mussolini. "Who do you think you are? Your grandfather was a blacksmith. Your father was a stone mason. *'Not of good family!'* The idea! Are we Mussolinians of good family?"

"Of course not," agreed Mussolini, junior, when his father finally stopped for breath. "But we married into the Ciano family, didn't we?"



"Very good, Professor," her excited whisper came down to him. "But you'll have to hurry. There's a whole party of natives—"

Too Much Walrus

By Frederic Mertz

Why Steve Conklin did not care to tell all to the girl he loved. A romance of Hollywood, where it isn't everybody who can make a walrus laugh

WHEN those conglomerate party noises began rising to the pitch of menace, Steve Conklin opened a screen door no farther than was necessary, and disappeared into the unfamiliar dark. He got out because he was quiet and twenty-nine, and not at all the type to sing bass solos or give off the famous laugh of Wilbur the Walrus.

He had come to this party because he was fairly certain not to meet any other picture people there. Knowing who he was, and what he did over at the Sidney Ault studio, picture people were likely to call for "Yo-ho, I'm little Wilbur," the theme song of the most popular cartoon character in Sid Ault's Optic Overtures. And whenever these requests began piling in, Steve Conklin vanished if possible.

This was one of those moments.

Not ten minutes ago, inoffensively testing his first highball of the evening, he had been hailed by a rotund little fan-mag writer with whom he sometimes passed the time of day at Levy's or the Vine Street Derby.

"Hi there and what ho!" the fan-mag writer had said. "Old Wilbur the Walrus in the flesh!" And so, when the going seemed good, Steve Conklin slid out unobtrusively through the nearest door.

There were stars overhead, turf-ribbed flagstones underfoot. Night jasmine scented the warm air, and presently a girl's voice spoke out of the shadows beside him.

"No use, stranger."

"Hello," said Steve.

He couldn't see anything of this girl except a smoke-gray slenderness no taller than his shoulder. But he thought that her voice would probably make very satisfactory patterns on a sound track. Steve knew about that, because he was an old-timer at Sid Ault's studio—an old-timer from the dizzy days when sound was coming in, and nobody knew what it would do to cartoon comedies, and everybody around Optic Overtures was doubling in brass. Sid Ault had hired Steve because Steve could record special noises as well as make them.

"The house is on three sides of this patio," the girl was explaining now. "And on the fourth there's a mess of bamboo growing in front of a wall without any door in it. We're in one of those dreams where you're running away from something—and all at once you have to jump over a simple little fence that's only ninety feet high. Or wouldn't you know about nightmares?"

"I've just walked out on one," said Steve.

"And I heard one coming."

"Hey," he protested. "No fair!"

"But it's true," she insisted. "There's a terrible man in there who writes for movie magazines. He's going to ask somebody from some studio to sing 'Yo-ho, I'm little Wilbur.' So here I am, stuck halfway through a vanishing act. It's awkward, that's what it is."

"It's worth the trouble," Steve assured her.

THE starlight was too dim to show her face clearly. He wondered whether it could possibly match the warm, gay colors of her voice. "You mean you've heard this stunt before? Is it very bad?"

"It gets tiresome," said Steve.

He was telling the truth. After seven years of Wilbur the Walrus, Steve Conklin was fed up. The whole thing had started off so simply, with Sid Ault dropping in one evening on a public lecture at U. S. C. Synchronized sound had been a novelty in those days, and Sid Ault had attended glumly, wondering what all these new gadgets were going to do to his animated cartoons. The lecturer explained about the mechanics of recorded sound, and showed how a voice could make squiggles on a screen. At one point in the demonstration, he said, "My assistant, Mr. Conklin, will sing a few bars of 'Asleep in the Deep.' "

The audience had laughed when Steve's voice went down and down, recording waves that looked like an earthquake report. But afterward, when Ault was ready to break out his animated cartoons as Optic Overtures, he sent for Steve Conklin, who knew sound and could make it. Together they had doped out Wilbur and his theme song. They had wondered whether it would take with audiences. . . .

It had taken so well that now, seven years later, Steve Conklin and an unknown girl were groping along a bamboo hedge, two fugitives from that international epidemic, "Yo-ho, I'm little Wilbur."

"There's a broken-down trellis along here," she said, "I found it a while ago, when I was hunting for a door in the wall."

"What's on the other side?"

"Where there's bamboo, there's tigers," she began, and stopped with an exclamation of dismay. Party guests were coming out of the house.

There was no time for strategic subtleties. Steve Conklin held back slippery, tall shoots of bamboo and rushed her through them. He liked this girl's voice and the night-shadowed hint of her smile. He liked her because she was running away from Wilbur.

"Alley-oop!" he said, and stood close to the wall, stooping.

SHE understood at once. The heels of her slippers dug for an instant as she stepped upon his leveled back. He straightened cautiously, bracing her knees against his shoulder. Then her weight lifted away from him, and he saw a dim, slim leg straddling the wall.

"Very good, professor," her excited whisper came down to him. "But you'll have to hurry. There's a whole party of natives—"

His fingers took hold none too securely on the stone coping. He felt the girl's arm thrust deep inside the back of his coat. She had a firm grip. She said, "Music, professor—and heave!"

He wedged the coping under one elbow, swung over an ankle, and kept on going. The dark mass on the other side of the wall was a rosebush. He stumbled out of it, swearing, with the girl in his arms.

He didn't get his first real look at her until twenty minutes later, while they sat with trays hooked against the doors of his roadster, at a drive-in sandwich place on Hollywood Boulevard. By the light of neon signs, he saw brown hair and blue eyes. He saw that lipstick had not distorted the shape of her mouth, but had only followed its sweet, grave curves. She had a face like her voice, and both were exactly right.

He tried to note these things objectively, as a trained scientist and instructor in electronics at U. S. C. But when he spoke, he knew that his voice wasn't making a normal sound track.

He heard it say, "Will you lunch with me tomorrow?"

She shook her head, but her smile remained friendly. "I'll have to stay at the office over the lunch hour tomorrow. Sorry."

"Office?" said Steve.

"Byram, Fitch, Morgenzweig and Driscoll. I'm Senator Byram's secretary."

The name of Hollywood's busiest law firm didn't mean a thing to Steve.

"Let's go and have some coffee," he said.

She pointed to their empty cups. "But we've just had some."

"But we haven't been able to dance."

"I'd like to, but—"

He was grateful for her moment of hesitancy. It enabled him to say, quite smoothly, "Look, I'm Steve Conklin. I'm a radio engineer doing research. Where do I find you?"

"I live with my grandfather," she said, adding as if that explained everything, "I'm Julie Gannoway."

"Gannoway," he said, wondering why that new note of pride in her voice recalled a little Nebraska town, with the weather too cold for cow-pasture football, and himself twelve years old. "Gannoway. I know that name."

"Of course you do," she said. "Austin Gannoway is my grandfather."

A sudden memory poked Steve Conklin in the ribs. Main Street on Saturday afternoon. A small boy with a nickel in one hand and a bag of peanuts in the other. "Wait a minute," said Steve. "Westerns. Serials. Austin Gannoway in Guns of the Border Breed."

She nodded, pleased. "The Mysterious Hacienda was another."

"So was Frontier Fury. And The Sheriff of Rifle Gap—you're too young to remember that one."

"I know all about it," she insisted, "even if I didn't see it. There are scrapbooks and photographs. There was a secret gold mine—"

"He always owned the gold mine," said Steve, "or the treasure map, or the safe with the papers in it. He knocked cattle rustlers through ranch-house doors or down canyons. He could lick whole tribes of Indians."

"There used to be a name for scenes like that," she informed him. "At the studios, they called them Gannoways."

"Austin Gannoway was a real actor," said Steve.

"He's a real person."

THEY found other things to talk about then. They drove around through fog-hazed starlight, stopping here and there for a drink and a few dances. They were gay and silly and happy. When their evening ended, Steve Conklin knew that this was just the beginning.

By morning he knew also that he must talk to Sid Ault about Wilbur's theme song. Rather than listen again to the thing, Julie Gannoway had walked out on a party. Certainly the time had come to discard a tune, when it began to get such an audience reaction from such a girl.

In Sid Ault's office, Steve hardly had a chance to speak before Ault inquired, "How did you know that you were going off the Wilbur stuff?"

"Am I?" said Steve. He had to say it that way, casually, because Ault couldn't work with people who bounced up and down when anything happened.

"The sooner the better," said Ault. "I'm going to start a full-length feature. Nutcracker Suite—biggest thing we've ever turned out. There'll be a 75-piece orchestra for you to wrestle with. And Wilbur comes out once a month as usual. You'll be responsible for his sound, too, except that you won't go on the track yourself. You and Strasski better round up some bass singers and run off some tests. Let him pick the best ones, and I'll made the final choice. Right?"

"Right," said Steve. You had to be like that with Ault. Dead-panned and never surprised.

"You're in for plenty of grief," Ault predicted. "Strasski's going to England. You'll be taking over the sound department at the start of a tough schedule. Oke by you?"

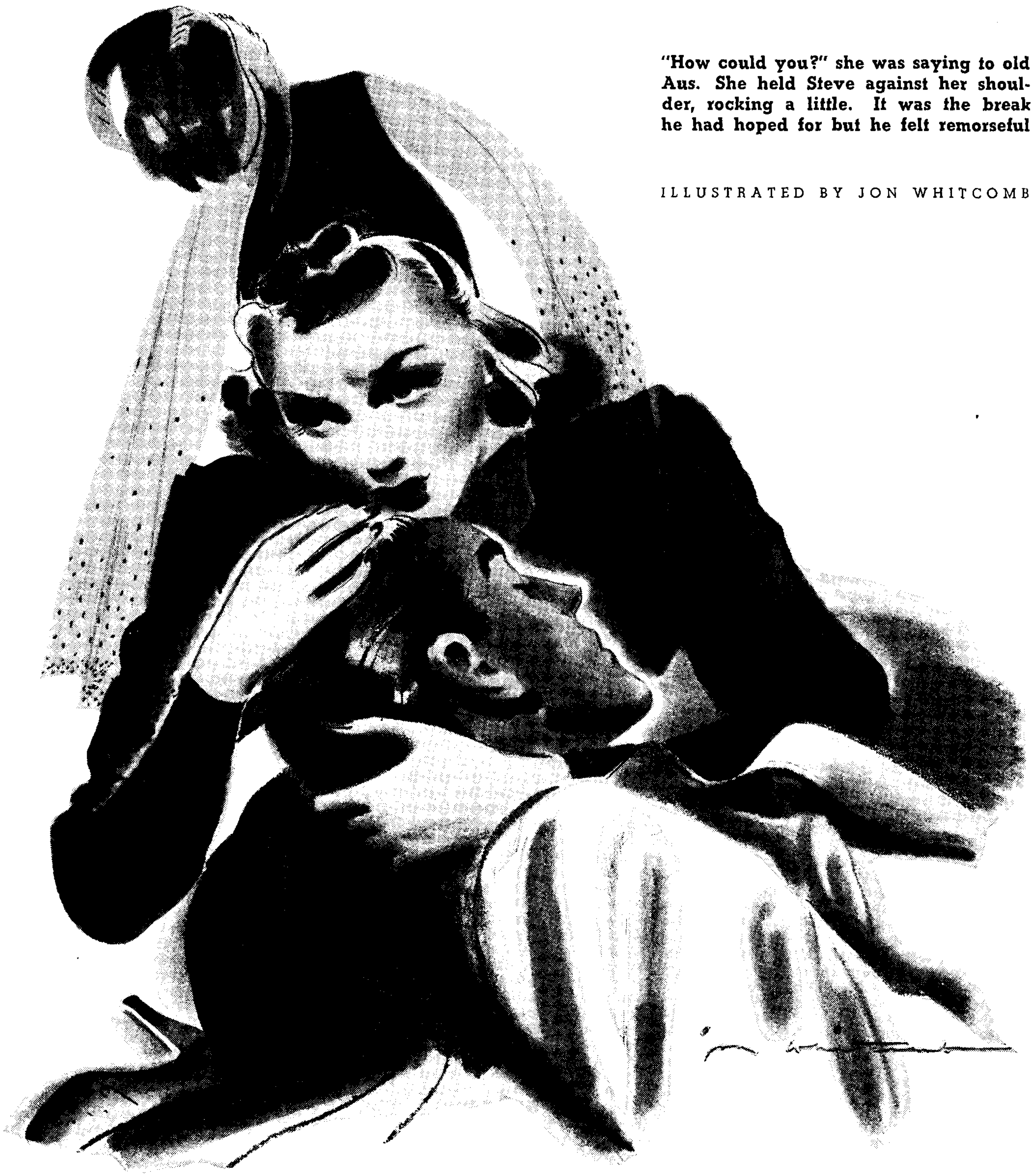
"Oke," said Steve.

"You want a contract?"

"We never needed one before."

"Thanks," said Ault. "Then that's that."

Only it wasn't. Steve Conklin and



"How could you?" she was saying to old Aus. She held Steve against her shoulder, rocking a little. It was the break he had hoped for but he felt remorseful

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Strasski began to spend terrible days, hearing, recording and rejecting bass voices that sought to qualify as sound for Sid Ault's most famous cartoon character. Hundreds of imitations. The Wilbur laugh. The Wilbur shout of victory. And endlessly, the clownish rumblings of "Yo-ho, I'm little Wilbur." The more Steve hated them, the more he loved Julie Gannoway, who hated them too.

Twice that week, he and Julie dined together.

Steve didn't talk to her about Wilbur. He intended to explain the whole Optic Overtures setup as soon as Strasski and Sid Ault had decided on a substitute walrus. Until then, he wanted Julie to see him as he saw himself—as a scientist working in the field of synchronized sound. Meanwhile, it was restful to be with her, listening to the cadences of a girl's voice after all those deep guffaws and bellowings.

"My grandfather wants to meet you, Steve. When can you come to dinner with Aus and me?"

"Tomorrow?"

"I'll let you know. He's in some night scenes they've been shooting at N. G. N. He's really a great man, Steve. You'll like him."

THEY met three days later, at a table set in the Gannoways' dining alcove. Outside, in the forecourt of the apartment house, there was a fountain with a fat, brownish baby hammerlocking a dolphin. Inside, on the walls of the living room, there were framed photographs displaying the emotional range of Austin Gannoway. Austin Gannoway defying the sneers of a blackbrowed villain and his henchmen in Guns of the Border Breed, Episode Six. Austin Gannoway as the Sheriff of Rifle Gap.

With a wave of his big, knuckly hand he pointed out the collection to Steve after dinner.

"You certainly punched around a lot of heavies in those days," Steve said.

He liked old Aus' grin. "Nonsense, my boy. It's a matter of falls. In my time, there were heavies who could really take a fall. But nowadays these young fellows—" He quoted Kipling finally, the way old actors do:

"But all that's shoved behind me,
Long ago and far away—"

"Aus, darling," Julie interposed warningly.

He subsided, rumbling. "But it's the truth, my dear."

Watching Julie's way with her grandfather, Steve Conklin guessed how serenely comfortable this girl would make a man in a place of her own. She would be something real to come back to, after days spent in organizing bigger and more fantastic sound for Optic Overtures. Steve expected that everything would be settled at Optic in about a week. He would be all squared around then, and ready to say things to Julie.

He reckoned without the firm of Byram & Fitch, Counselors at Law, who employed Julie as a stenographer. Two days after that family dinner in the Gannoway apartment, hell began to pop in Senator Byram's office. A sleepy routine job of estate settlement zoomed into headlines with the discovery of new heirs, new properties, new wills. Julie Gannoway vanished under an avalanche of depositions, affidavits and shorthand transcriptions of Senator Byram's resonant bulletins to the press.

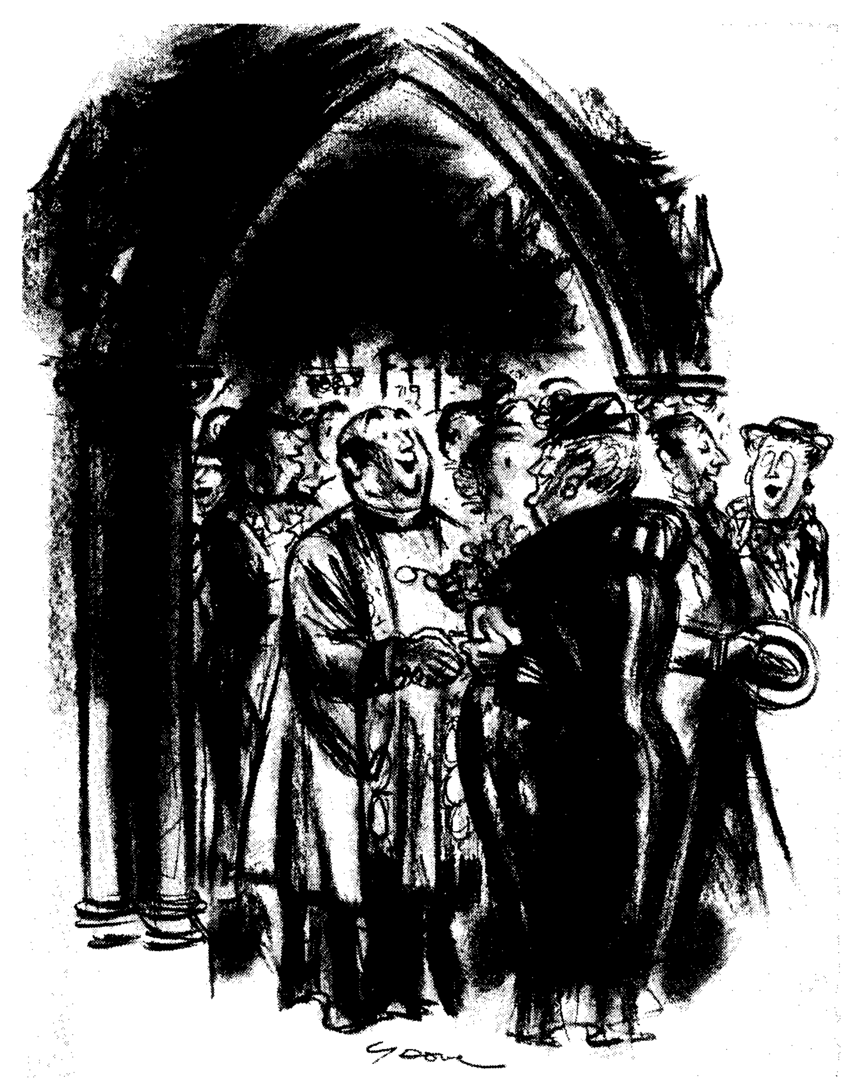
Steve sent flowers. After snatches of telephone conversation with her, he sent more flowers. He had to see her. Sid Ault had finally taken Strasski's advice and signed a new man who was to be the voice of Wilbur the Walrus. Steve was making plans, but Julie didn't have time to go places and listen to plans. She was tied up with office work.

Julie and Steve made dinner engagements—and had to cancel them. They tried to grab off an hour together for lunch or a ride or a quiet supper at the beach, only to have those appointments smacked down by the brain storms of Senator Byram or Sid Ault. It went on like that for three weeks. Four. Five.

STEVE CONKLIN picked up the telephone in Sid Ault's office late one afternoon and dialed the number of Byram & Fitch. "Look, Julie," he said. "I love you. Let's get married the next time we see each other, will you? It won't take long. We can fly to Yuma—or Tia Juana."

He waited tensely through a delaying moment of surprise until she answered, "All right, Steve. I will."

"How's that damn' Whoozis case?"



"Next Sunday, Mrs. Lord, I'm denouncing the parasites of our social order. Bring your husband" LEONARD DOVE

"It's just been appealed. I—I was going to call your apartment and leave a message."

"You mean that you're free tonight?"

"Yes, I—"

"Eight o'clock," said Steve. "I'm calling for you at eight o'clock." He cradled the desk telephone, dazedly aware of Sid Ault standing behind him.

"Swell," said Ault. "For one of the wedding presents you can give her a preview of Wilbur the Pirate, and after that we'll all drive over to Burbank and see you off on a plane I'll charter for you. Right?"

"Preview?" said Steve.

"At the Superbo. It's a neighborhood house in Pasadena."

"When?"

"Eight thirty. Oke?"

"It's not oke," said Steve. "I tell you I'm getting married!"

"In seven years," said Ault, "you've never let me down on a preview or anything else. And you don't have to tell me you're getting married. I heard you, and I say it's swell."

He shook hands with Steve, and went out of the office.

At three minutes past eight, Steve was tipping the houseboy who had brought out Julie's overnight bag.

She said, as she climbed into his roadster, "I had to leave a note for Aus. I hated to do that, but he's working in an embassy ball or something, over at N. G. N."

Steve headed the car north, out past Glendale and Eagle Rock and the Annandale Country Club. He was going to drive through Pasadena without any stops except for traffic lights. He said, "I love you, Julie."

"I love you, too, Steve."

"I've had a raise. To seven hundred and fifty dollars."

She gasped. "But that's—that's nine thousand dollars a year, darling. Why, you're rich. I didn't know—"

"A week," said Steve. It was wonderful, being able to tell her that. "Seven hundred and fifty dollars a week."

Her stillness troubled him. She said after a while, "I—I never knew that scientific research paid so much. You've got to believe that I'm not marrying you for your money."

AT THAT instant, he decided to tell her the whole truth, right away. About Wilbur and Optic, and about letting Sid Ault down, after seven years, by dodging this preview. The hands of Steve's wrist watch had worked around to 8:29, and somewhere in Pasadena Wilbur the Walrus was about to make a fresh appearance while his new supervisor of sound ran out on him. . . .

Steve pulled up for a red light at a traffic intersection. "Where," he asked a newsboy, "is the Superbo?" And to Julie he said, "You've got to come. I'll explain later—"

The strong color of the newest Sid Ault cartoon was already filling the screen as they took their places. Winking a rascally eye at his audience, the most popular hero of Optic Overtures was intoning "Yo-ho, I'm little Wilbur."

When he heard that voice, Steve Conklin stopped being a young man sidetracked on his way to marriage. For a moment he forgot Julie. He wasn't a detouring bridegroom now. He was Conklin of Optic Overtures, Sid Ault's new supervisor of sound. Listening, he thought at first, "I've let Sid down, after all."

Then he knew better. The rest of the sound was fine—clean-cut and pleasingly balanced. Everything was all right except Wilbur, and the trouble with Wilbur wasn't in the recording but in the voice itself. It had fooled Strasski and Sid Ault, and Steve knew what Ault would say about it in the morning.

"Let's go," he said to Julie. He had enough on his mind without seeing Sid Ault tonight.

SHE followed him so promptly that they reached the lobby before he even thought of apologizing for his strange way of looping in and out of picture theaters on the night of an elopement. Sid Ault was standing beside the ticket booth, waiting for him. "You'll have to fire the guy," said Ault. "You'll have to go back on the track."

"See you tomorrow," said Steve.

"Right," said Ault. "And congratulations on everything."

Steve eased his roadster away from the curb, trying to find a ready answer for the questions in Julie Gannoway's eyes.

"Look," he began presently. "About this Wilbur the Walrus—"

She laughed. "Darling, was this a test or something? We were running away from Wilbur the first time we met. Or don't you remember?"

"We can't keep on running away from him forever."

"Why not? It's fun." She became suddenly serious. "But I'd like to know what this was all about—your friend back there by the ticket window, for instance. You don't play the races, do you?"

"No. Why?"

"Didn't he say something about a track?"

"He meant a groove," said Steve. "A rut. I've done some work for him, and that's the way he talks. 'Oke. Right? Then that's that.' "

"He doesn't look very scientific."

Steve drove silently, while his mind sought openings for a quick and simple account of his connection with Optic Overtures. It wasn't easy to find. Things were changed, somehow, now that he was to be Wilbur again.

He asked abruptly, "Do you always run out on those walrus things?"

Her answer came drowsily. "Always. On account of Aus."

"Aus?" Steve echoed.

She roused a little. "Didn't I ever tell you?"

"No."

"Wilbur put my grandfather out of pictures."

Steve's hands cramped momentarily on the steering wheel. "But he's *in* pictures, isn't he?"

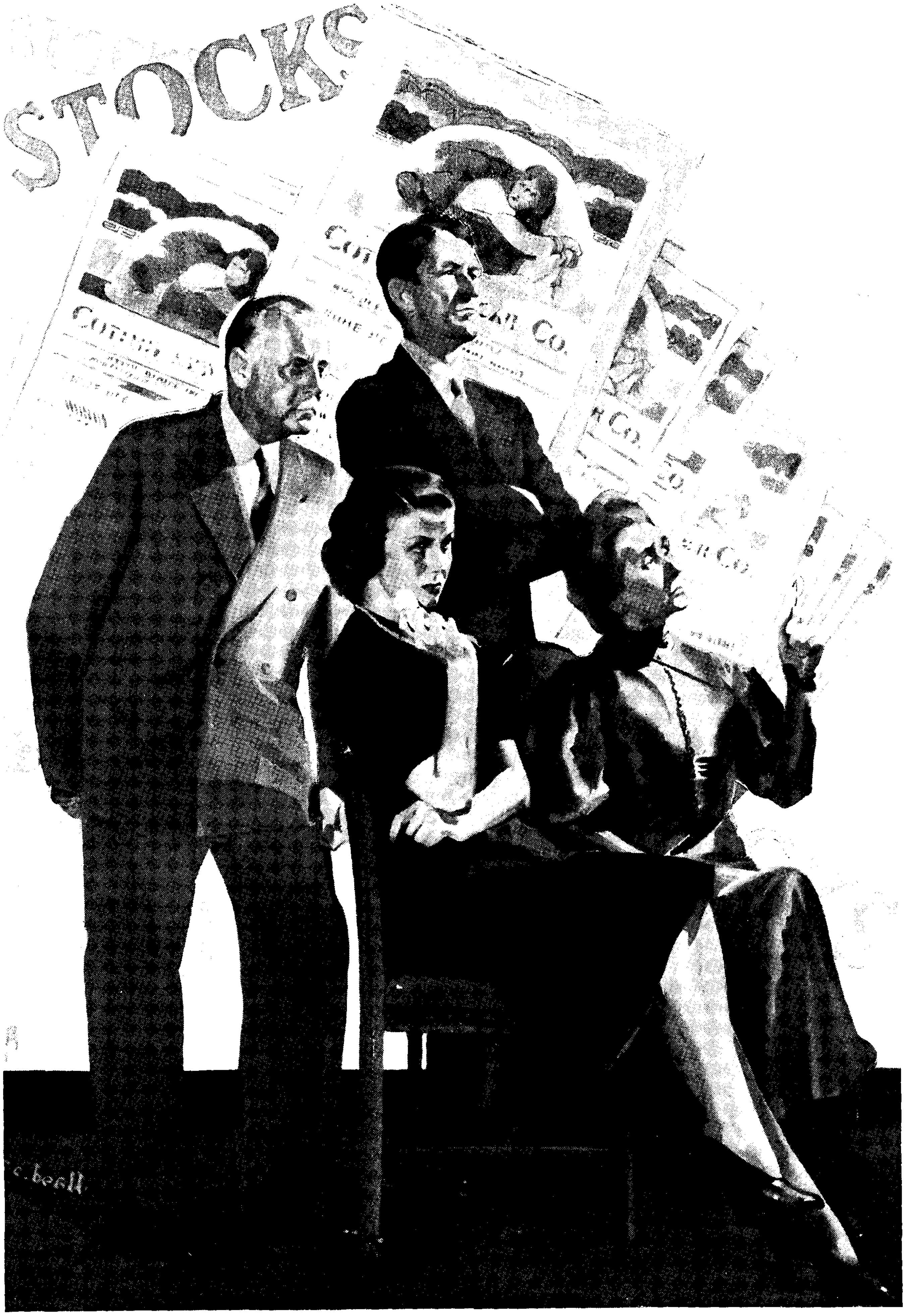
"A dress extra. Austin Gannoway. If you worked at the studios, you'd know what a difference that was. There seemed to be a chance for him, even after sound came in. He didn't give up, the way a lot of the older actors did. He went right into a Poverty Row Outfit that made comic Westerns—think of it, a company making fun of all the old Gannoway stories, with Austin Gannoway in them! They kept on going until

(Continued on page 29)

The Magnificent Beetlepuss

By Jefferson Crallé

The story of a beloved rascal whose evil deeds had a distinctly golden tinge



BECAUSE he had outlived his generation, and yet lingered among us, a forgotten member of a gay, worldly-wise and I think not unkindly company that has passed down the years, Beetlepuss was much alone.

Not in the sense of physical propinquity, you understand, for over such matters Beetlepuss himself could exercise some degree of control. At a cocktail party at Martha's, or Madame de Ram's Friday, or any other illogical function where he might logically turn up, Beetlepuss would sooner or later appear. A small, wizened, neatly clad person, whose eyebrows bushed feelerlike over gray eyes, and whose face, deeply lined, bore the rich tone of old leather. His hands, large and heavy for so small a man, were like two stout shovels. As though nature had equipped him for a lifetime of burrowing and digging in vast piles of chinking, shifting coins—the mark of the money dealer.

The loneliness of this small, old being was due, perhaps, to the gap, greater than years, between two worlds—two ages. He belonged to the legendary Golden Age of Wall Street—the Wall Street of the Empire Builders. The Goulds, the elder Morgan and Bet-a-Million Gates. In that age, rumor has it, Beetlepuss made and lost more millions than our crowd can comfortably think about even today. Mind you. Beetlepuss himself never speaks of these things. Insofar as we can know, the past is as dead as the maidens who walked in Maiden Lane; but in the schemes which he is concocting, endlessly, the grandiosity of his past peeps slyly out.

Only once, in my presence, did he himself refer to what he had been aforetime. It clings in my memory, because of the events which grew from it—yet perhaps not so much because of the events themselves as the manner in which they involved Beetlepuss and myself.

IT BEGAN on a certain warm June afternoon, when Madame de Ram (her husband, you recall, was the distinguished Count de Ramedon, whose romance with the American heiress caused tongue-wagging in the 90's) had ordered her massive green-and-gold tallyho tooled from her country place over to the United Hunts course near Roslyn, where certain of us from town were to join her for the afternoon of racing.

That morning Martha, my only sister, had telephoned me at the office and said that Madame de Ram had sent word that I was to bring Pauncefote in my car.

"You know, Terry—she means Beetlepuss." Martha giggled delightedly over the wire. "That's his actual name. Pauncefote Partington, Esq."

"Thanks," I said, glumly. I knew one of his initials was P., because he sometimes comes into the office with a sack of worthless stocks about which he wants information. But—Pauncefote! "All right, I'll fetch him."

Beetlepuss has free desk room with a firm operating on the Produce Exchange. *His connection with the firm is* one of those queer threads, which extend like a tangled web back into his past, the origin of which was either forgotten or purposely obscure. I found him there, his molelike flippers rustling tremendously among a sheaf of extinct but handsomely engraved gold shares, on an old desk.

As soon as he saw me, an odd luminous light came into his eyes, and he fairly bowed me into a chair.

"Why, Terry—I was only this minute thinking of you," he began. "Yes, this very minute. And here you are. Well, well. Yes, I was pondering the names of a few trustworthy persons, and I thought first of you—"

He paused and looked at me benignly.

"Nice of you, I'm sure—" I said uneasily.

"There is money to be made, Terry. Much money—" he rubbed his hands together. "But to make money takes money. Twenty thousand dollars, controlled by information in my possession, would multiply five hundred per cent in six months. Think of it, Terry. One hundred thousand dollars to split between us."

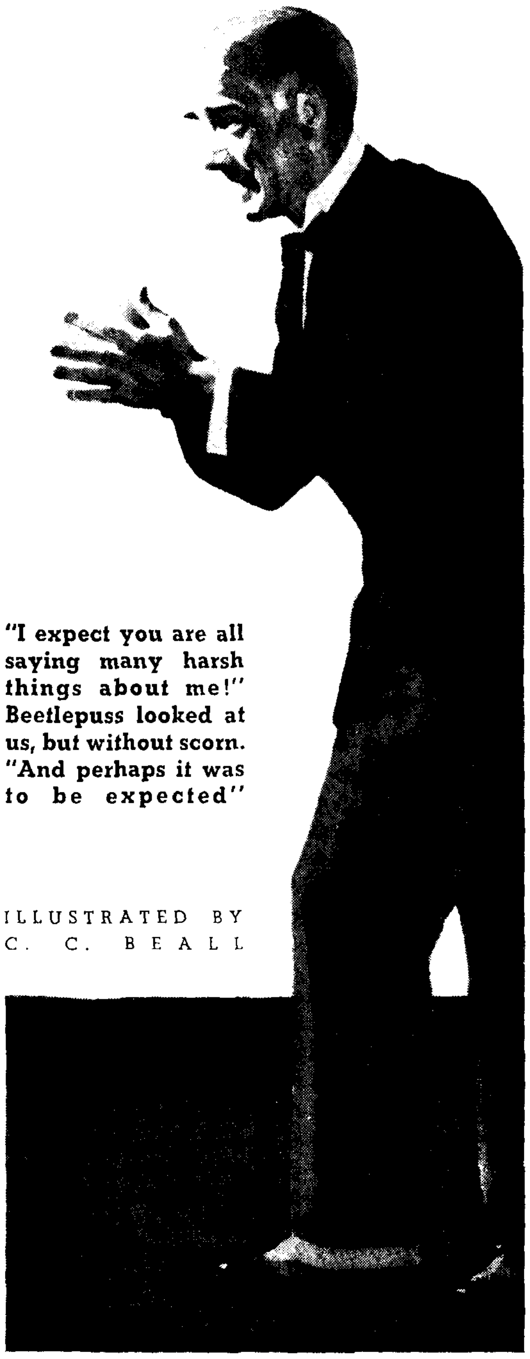
I shook my head. "I'm pretty well committed, right now, Mr. Partington."

"Tcht—" he waved a flipper. "That sum is a mere drop in the bucket to Braden Brothers. Couldn't you manage?"

I remembered Carn Flotation, and Tres Rosas Gold, and Deep Oil, and Eden Land Project. All of these I knew by name, though they had been before my time. They were just a few of the high spots in Beetlepuss' career. Looking at him, sitting there in shadowy and threadbare old age, I wondered if he ever thought of the countless shareholders who had poured their millions into those money paws of his—and wondered if he himself ever wondered how it had all slipped away from him.

"I'll think it over," I promised, which was purely a defensive gesture. And then I added, "But I'm afraid I'm not enough of a speculator to keep company with you—"

Beetlepuss looked at me reproachfully. "Speculator? Dear me—there is no uncertainty about this. Why, Terry, it's the chance for a killing that I have been waiting years for. If I can swing this, I'm through. A nest egg to make secure my declining years—the means to a moderately comfortable old age—"



"I expect you are all saying many harsh things about me!" Beetlepuss looked at us, but without scorn. "And perhaps it was to be expected"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

I interrupted his story to tell him why I had come, and after some hesitation he put some papers in his pocket and came with me. But I made a mental note of the fact that he was on the warpath for money, and decided to warn one or two of our mutual acquaintances to watch out for him.

WE SPENT a very pleasant afternoon atop Madame de Ram's coach, what with champagne and tea being served from the hamper by the footman, and the geniality of the company around us. Besides the Long Islanders whom Madame de Ram had brought in the tallyho itself, I had brought out Sylvia Clark, whose father, Julian Jeremiah Clark, had been quite a speculator until recently; a girl named Mil Jackson, and her fiancé, and also a chap named Bill Rayburn, whom I had met a few times, and who had been hanging around Sylvia for nearly a year.

At the third race I found myself sitting by Madame de Ram in the front of the coach. Madame de Ram always sits in front wherever she may be.

"What's all this rot about Jere Clark, Terry?" she said to me, dropping the parasol behind us so we were cut off from the others by its silken opacity.

"It's not rot," I told her quietly. "They took him over last week—lock, stock and barrel. The failure is known, of course. But only a few know how bad it is. He's not got a plugged nickel left. He had enemies, and they've wrung him dry."

"Humph," said Madame de Ram, and was silent for a moment. Then she looked at me. "I've often wondered why you have never married, Terry—"

There was a speculative look in her eye, and I felt uneasy—that peculiarly acute unease which only the endangered bachelor can feel.

"If you mean Sylvia," I forestalled, "I can only say that the field has been pre-empted by a younger and more attractive man."

I was suddenly aware of a sense of gratitude to young Rayburn for being there. In fact, I was sensitive to the fact that I had underestimated his real value.

Madame de Ram, who is a distant cousin of my deceased father, exercises a regal sway over those with whom she comes in contact. Her account with my firm, Braden Brothers, is something over a million.

I could hear already my partner-brothers intoning: "Terry, you've got to marry Sylvia. Either that, or we will lose Cousin Agnes' account."

"Yes—yes, indeed, a much younger and more interesting man—" I hastened to add to Rayburn's reputation.

"Just who *is* that young man?" insisted Madame de Ram.

"Oh, he—he's a Yale man," I fished around in my mind for any other fact pertaining to Rayburn, and found there were none. At least nothing that would add to the build-up.

"Yes—but is he a gentleman? What is his background? Has he means to support her? What are his prospects?"

"If you are really interested, I'll try to find out," I promised.

"Interested? Of course I'm interested. I'm always interested—"

Just then Beetlepuss came wriggling up alongside the parasol, and I offered him my seat. Madame de Ram folded up the parasol, and began fanning herself with an ivory fan. I moved to the back of the coach, and watched her while she conversed with Beetlepuss.

After a bit of talk he pulled something out of his inside coat pocket. The sun glinted on aureate orange ink, and vellum crackled softly. I recognized one of the gold shares certificates that had lain on Beetlepuss' desk that very morning.

A strange, indulgent smile came over Madame's face and I swear there was a certain affection in her eyes as she looked at Beetlepuss. But she shook her head and tapped the back of his flipper with her fan as though in soft rebuke.

Like a little boy reprimanded but unrepentant, Beetlepuss returned the certificates to his pocket and I noticed his eyes roving speculatively here and there over the company.

"Not in this crowd, old-timer," I thought to myself. "The peculiar combination of money and gullibility which goes to make up the Perfect Sucker is not with us today. You'll have to try elsewhere."

After the races there was dinner at Madame de Ram's, and dancing afterward, in which I lost track of him. But he appeared when the party broke up at about one o'clock of a lovely moonlight night, and I collected my carload to go back to New York. Beetlepuss, of course, and Mil Jackson and her fiancé and Bill Rayburn and Sylvia Clark.

It was a soft, gorgeous night, so we put the top down—my car is a convertible—and then everyone wanted to drive around the island in the moonlight. So we rolled in and out among the nameless byways of the north shore, slowly, with occasional bursts of song, and the ones in the back of the car snuggled. I had Beetlepuss in front with me, so I kept both hands on the wheel.

WE CAME, finally, to a vast iron gateway that led into a white graveled drive running straight up the wide avenue of lawn flanked on either side by lovely trees that were greenish and silver under the moon. At the end was a gigantic castle, like something out of a fairy tale, all battlements and spires and clustering sharp-crooked roof gables.

Sylvia wanted to stop and look at it, so I pulled the car into the fan of white gravel before the gateway.

For no reason at all, Beetlepuss popped out of the car and moved up to the gateway. He stood there, a little hunched figure staring up the long avenue, his hands, hanging awkwardly beside his slightly baggy trouser legs, seeming large in the illusory shadows of the night. As though the weight of them bent his shoulders down.

Like a lost soul staring in through the gates of Paradise, he seemed.

Presently he came back to the car.

"Long ago," he said, his face peering eagerly at us in the moonlight, "we would have driven in, and there would have been the loveliest-year-of-all champagne waiting in fine crushed ice—and we would have sat on the terrace, watching the moon set over the white rose garden, where the lotuses floated like wax on the pool—real Egyptian lotus that I brought from Thebes."

Everyone was quiet for a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Partington—did you live there?" Mil said. "How exquisite!"

"I built it," said Beetlepuss, and there was no regret in his voice. "Of course, it was sold long ago—it isn't mine any longer."

"The things we build in our hearts are ours always," said Sylvia Clark, looking at Bill Rayburn, and not at Beetlepuss.

"Thank you, my dear—that was beautifully expressed." Beetlepuss got back into the car. He appeared quite happy over what Sylvia had said. "Beautifully expressed," he repeated, as though to himself.

Somehow, no one of the rest of us seemed as gay as we drove back to Manhattan. Perhaps because we knew that Sylvia's father had been cleaned out, and that everyone was wondering if Bill Rayburn was going to think Sylvia as interesting as heretofore.

Perhaps the memory of Beetlepuss—standing there at the gates—looking in—

IT WAS just one week later that Beetlepuss came into the office and sought me out.

"How distressingly sad—about the little Clark girl," he began, dolorously.

I nodded, and he sat down, his hands fumbling with a worn leather securities wallet which he opened.

"Such a pleasant evening we had—and the very next day her father had passed on into the Great Beyond. Ah, here it is." He produced a bundle of the usual important-looking junk. "Terry—would you be kind enough to find what markets there may be on these?"

"Be glad to, Mr. Partington. For whose account?"

"Er—my own," said Beetlepuss. "I bought them."

My face must have shown what I thought. Beetlepuss gained his livelihood in these threadbare latter years by fumbling old stocks around in the world's obscure markets. Sometimes on a percentage basis for the owners—sometimes on commission. He cleared a bit through my firm, and I had an idea, from talking with him, that his total take did not run over a hundred a month.

"I wouldn't have you think me eccentric, Terry—" he said uneasily.

I shrugged and picked up the first certificate.

Then I saw the former owner's name written on the face in the flourishing script of the '90's. Julian Jeremiah Clark.

I turned it over. It was assigned to Sylvia Clark under date of June 21, 1918.

"We can't sell this without a power," I told him.

"Oh—I have the powers—here they are, one for each lot—I always carry some with me. And little Sylvia signed them at the time."

The import of his words shocked me. Sylvia? If Sylvia had any stock to sell—even worthless stock—she might have called me up. We had always been good friends, and her father traded through Braden Brothers for years—while he had any trading to do.

"Look here—what have you been up to?" I demanded, looking at Beetlepuss as sharply as I could.

He pursed his lips, and one hand stroked the worn leather of the wallet. "Well, it was this way. I dropped in to condole with the child as soon as I heard of her father's death. She was very unhappy, because the lawyers had just told her that the whole estate would be tied up by creditors, and she was penniless. I suggested, tactfully of course, that if she had any securities of her own I knew you would be happy to dispose of them for her."

"Thanks," I said. "We appreciate your efforts."

"She said there wasn't anything of value. She had a few that weren't worth the paper they were printed on. It seems that when her father went to war in 1918, he assigned all the stock he owned,

(Continued on page 41)

PAY-OFF

By
Maurice Barrangon

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HE LAY there in the alley, right under the fire escape, right where he'd landed. I could see blood on the concrete. I don't remember seeing a camera, but one of the papers got a picture, with cops standing looking down at him. He died in the ambulance, but it wasn't till he was laid out on a slab in the morgue and the report came back from the files that we knew what we had.

Leonard Goss, alias Count Adrian Vollmer, alias Jay Falk, alias twenty or thirty other names, according to the police of Paris and London. They ought to know; he'd made suckers of them both. They wanted him dead or alive and they weren't fussy about it. Our own police had the same idea.

There at the morgue all hell broke loose. Flashlights. Pictures of the dead man stretched out with the two bullet holes showing in his chest. Pictures, too, of Lieutenant Reed, whose gun had brought down the notorious international crook. Yes, indeed, my friend the lieutenant was doing all right for himself.

Goss. We might have known. The monocle should have been the tip-off. That and twenty-two thousand in cash they found on him. But you couldn't figure Goss in an ordinary stick-up. Not him. Counterfeiting, forgery, a big mail robbery. At least two murders. That's the kind of record he had.

A strong, cruel face. Handsome or ugly, take your choice. Me, I'd just as soon not meet him on a dark street. Ten years the cops had been breaking their necks to get hold of him, and now here he was on a slab.

Reed had to talk for the newsreels and later over the radio. He wasn't bad, all dressed up in his Sunday suit, standing with his hands behind him and his big feet planted on the floor. All about how crime does not pay and the smartest of them end up in prison or the morgue. All the usual stuff.

Reed didn't make an ass of himself. None of this "Hello, Ma and Pa" stuff. He said what they told him to say. Afterward he walked into Gurnee's bar and had three whiskies in a row.

THE cops were lucky. A prowl car from Fourteenth Street was near enough to hear the gun go off. The two-way radio did the rest. It couldn't have worked much faster if they'd heard the shot all the way to the station. People near the scene say you could hear sirens before anybody came out of the building.

The restaurant was on the second floor. The manager says this man Goss had dined there off and on. They didn't know who he was, of course. Just a well-dressed bird with a foreign accent and a mean temper. This particular night Goss was ready to leave, standing in front of the cashier's desk. Right then the other fellow stepped in. This second man flashed a gun and the fun started.

If we could get two stories to agree we'd know better what happened. We know there was one shot and it drilled the cashier. The poor guy's in the hospital, in bad shape, and can't talk. According to the waiters, somebody yelled, "Get him!" or "Stop him!" and a big guy at one of the tables sailed in. He made a dive for Goss and got knocked flat.

L. R. GUSTAVSON

Three shots, all in the space of a second, and then one of those awful silences

The man with the gun ran out the way he came. There was a lot of screaming and yelling and the next thing anybody can remember there's Goss with a big automatic in his hand, covering the whole place. Nobody made the mistake of arguing with that cannon. Goss stood there looking around the room, and then he backed out through the kitchen to the fire escape. The sirens were getting near and he must have been listening, figuring his chances.

IT WAS Reed's luck that he happened to be in that first prowl car, and he jumped out and made for the alley just on a hunch. Between you and me this Reed is nobody's fool. He saw a man come out on the fire escape and he caught the glint of the gun. He was flattened against the wall with his own gun leveled when Goss spotted him. Goss fired first. One shot. Then Reed cut loose, firing twice.

Three shots, all in the space of a second, and then one of those awful silences. Reed says he saw the man fold over the iron rail, hang there a moment, and fall. It's one of those deep basement alleys and it was a long drop down to the concrete.

Goss was mumbling when they reached him, trying to say something, but they never got it.

Up on the street there was enough noise for a four-alarm fire. Prowl cars, emergency trucks, every unit for a mile around. A crowd gathering, with police trying to keep them back.

The thug—the other one—he'd gotten clear of the building, but they'd nailed him just as he was turning a corner. He wouldn't talk. Not then, anyway. And nobody cared. The spotlight was on Leonard Goss, alias Count Vollmer, lying there on the slab. And my friend the lieutenant, all dressed up, standing still for the cameras. Saying the things they'd written down for him.

"Crime does not pay." Plenty of that. And how they all get it sooner or later. As I say, this Reed is no boob, and he didn't act like a man who wanted to make speeches. Seemed to be having trouble getting some of it out. Afterward he made a beeline for the bar.

HE WAS on his fourth drink. I said, "Listen. What's this guy doing sticking up a two-for-a-nickel restaurant with a perfectly good twenty-two grand in his pocket?"

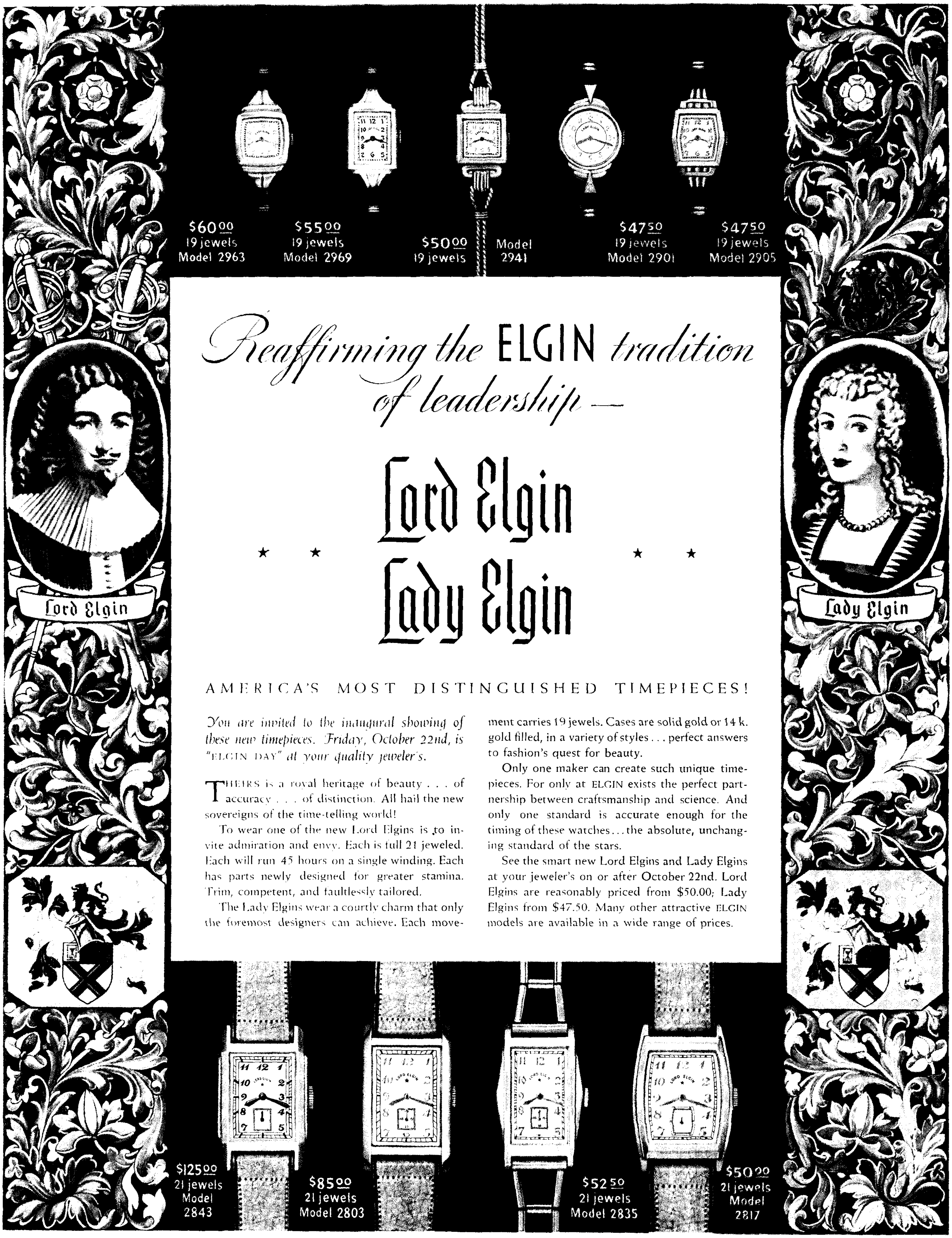
He didn't look up right away. When he did he said, "Think it over. Use your head once in a while."

"Okay," I says, "I'm thinking. What do I do now?"

He tapped his head. "Look," he says, "your brains— All right! All right! I'll help you." He looked around, then he said, "The guy wasn't in the stick-up at all."

"What do you mean, he wasn't in it?"

"Just what I say. He's minding his own business and all of a sudden he's right in the middle of a jam. He can't risk being questioned. He can't tangle with cops at all. He has to lam." Reed looked like a man who is laughing 'way down inside. "Funny—he'd even paid his check."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Lord Elgin

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AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED TIMEPIECES!

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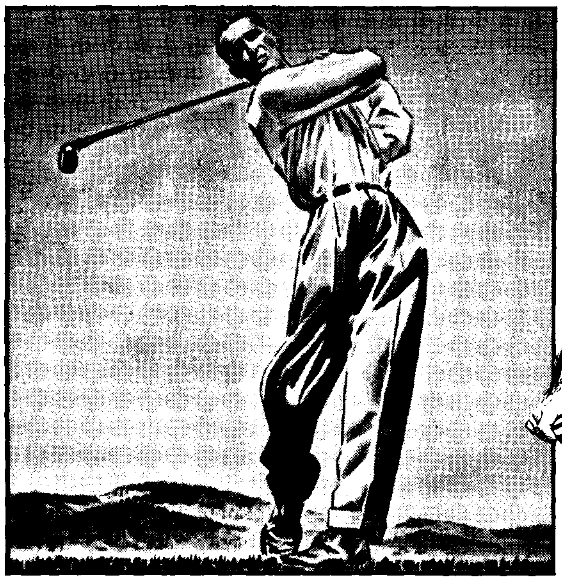
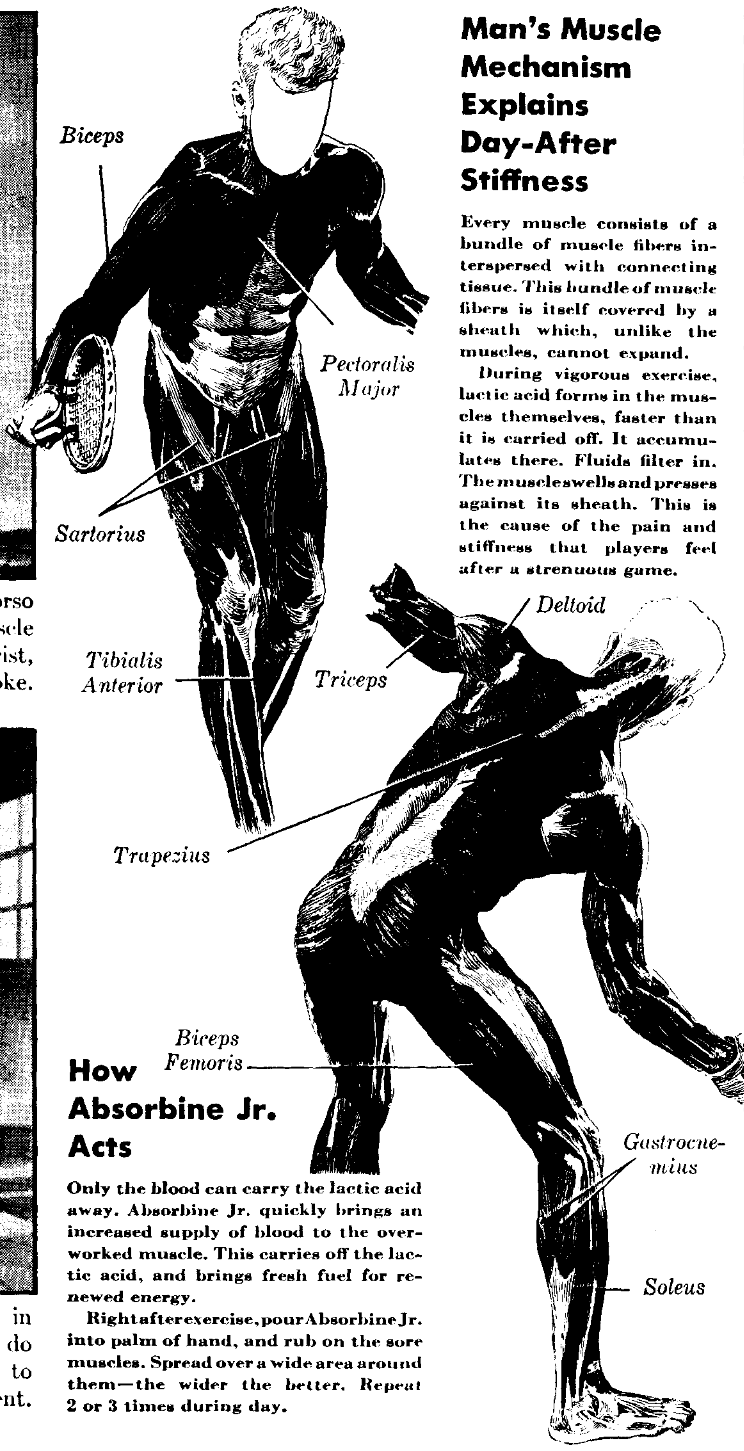
See the smart new Lord Elgins and Lady Elgins at your jeweler's on or after October 22nd. Lord Elgins are reasonably priced from $50.00; Lady Elgins from $47.50. Many other attractive ELGIN models are available in a wide range of prices.



FINISH OF A DRIVE. In golf, the hips and the torso do the heaviest work. But flexibility of every muscle is essential. The least rigidity of the finger, wrist, forearm or leg muscles will spoil the player's stroke.



Man's Muscle Mechanism Explains Day-After Stiffness

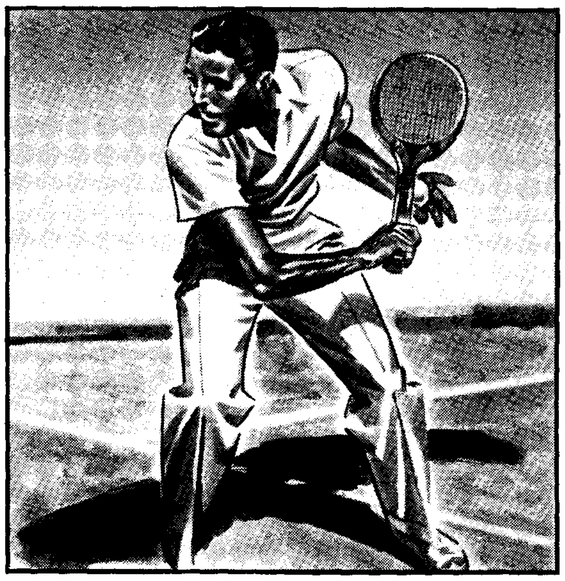
Every muscle consists of a bundle of muscle fibers interspersed with connecting tissue. This bundle of muscle fibers is itself covered by a sheath which, unlike the muscles, cannot expand.

During vigorous exercise, lactic acid forms in the muscles themselves, faster than it is carried off. It accumulates there. Fluids filter in. The muscle swells and presses against its sheath. This is the cause of the pain and stiffness that players feel after a strenuous game.

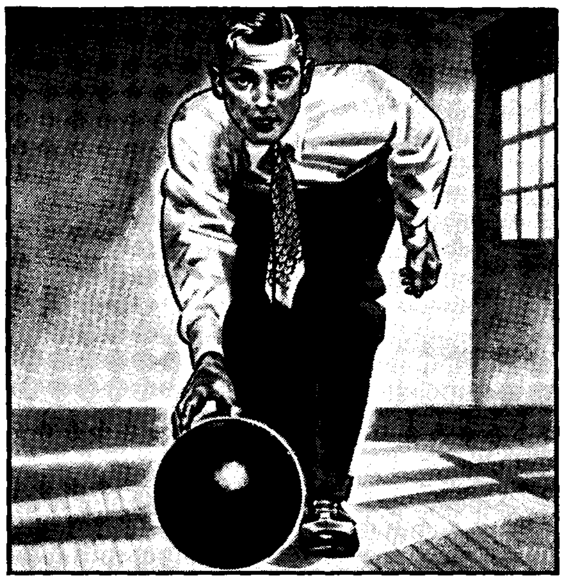
How Absorbine Jr. Acts

Only the blood can carry the lactic acid away. Absorbine Jr. quickly brings an increased supply of blood to the overworked muscle. This carries off the lactic acid, and brings fresh fuel for renewed energy.

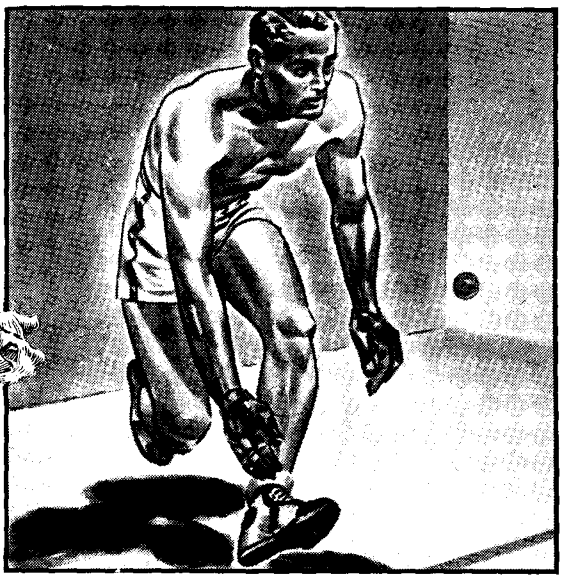
Right after exercise, pour Absorbine Jr. into palm of hand, and rub on the sore muscles. Spread over a wide area around them—the wider the better. Repeat 2 or 3 times during day.



IN TENNIS, stomach, right shoulder, arm and foot muscles do the important work. Free movement of all is essential. "Tennis elbow" is nothing but muscle strain from too hard or cramped a swing.



FREEDOM OF ACTION of all muscles is essential in bowling . . . but back and shoulder muscles must do superlatively smooth, even work for the ball to swing in perfect rhythm with the body movement. Hand and finger muscles must avoid cramping.



IN HANDBALL, arm and shoulder muscles are in constant service. To avoid soreness, players are advised to "warm up" gradually to their speed. Absorbine Jr. should be applied on hands, arms and shoulders *before* the game, to warm the muscles.

Top Flight Men on Saturday but they Creak on Sunday

Physiologists Explain Day-After Pains and Stiffness:—Lactic Acid—Fluid Infiltration—Edema. How Absorbine Jr. Relieves these Symptoms, Keeps Muscles Limber for Second-day Triumphs.

IT'S A COMMON EXPERIENCE, whatever your sport!

All week, you hardly use a muscle! Then you give them a grand workout on Saturday. But Sunday, you can't understand it—your game has dropped off terribly!

There's a simple physiological fact behind it.

All muscular exercise produces toxic waste matter *in the muscles themselves*. Notably, *lactic acid*. As this lactic acid accumulates in the muscles, fluids filter in. The muscles swell. They become sore and stiff. No matter how you try, they cannot give the same sensitive performance. But it's easy to clear those waste products away—with Absorbine Jr.

Relief this way

Absorbine Jr. has the ability to bring blood quickly to tired muscles. As the blood circulates through the muscle fibers, it carries off the lactic acid lodged in them. More, it brings fresh fuel to the muscles for renewed energy! Stiffness is avoided. Muscles stay limber, responsive for next day's play.

Use Absorbine Jr. right after exercise. Follow it up with 2 or 3 more applications. It gives relief wherever there is muscular pain or soreness.

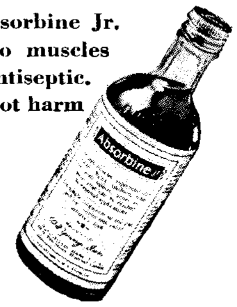
Absorbine Jr. is antiseptic, cooling, soothing. Not oily. And pleasant to use. Professionals, trainers and coaches have used it for over 40 years. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

• • •

Bruises, Bumps, Sprains, Wrenches— **Absorbine Jr. relieves congestion in the same way it relieves muscle fatigue—by bringing the blood to the injured spot to wash away the toxic matter lodged there, and to supply fresh food for repair.**

Relieves Muscular Pain—Absorbine Jr. soothes and comforts injuries to muscles and tissue. It is a dependable antiseptic. Protects against infection. Does not harm the healing tissue.

ABSORBINE Jr.



Too Much Walrus

Continued from page 23

cartoons in sound and color came along. Of course, Horse Pants Comedies couldn't meet that competition."

"Of course not," said Steve.

"It ought to be funny," she resumed, "but it isn't. He took care of us, after my father was killed overseas. He took care of my mother—and a kid brother who cracked up in a plane accident. I've never talked to you about this. People have never had to feel sorry for me, because there's always been Aus. He's never bitten a dog nor done anything else that makes front-page news in Hollywood, but he's always done his absolute best, and he keeps right on."

"I see," said Steve. He drove more slowly, and didn't look at her. He knew from her voice that she was trying to keep back the tears.

"Tonight he's sitting at a long table in a banquet scene at N. G. N.—just one of the old men who applaud when somebody else makes a speech. He's there to watch other people act, and he doesn't complain. But when he says that things are all shoved behind him long ago and far away, I know what he's thinking. He's thinking that Donald Duck and Wilbur the Walrus shut down on Austin Gannoway's last chance to act."

"I see," said Steve again.

"It's silly to cry. But he's such a wonderful old trouper—and he's been so good to me—and I've run away to get married while he's working. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure," said Steve. "I understand. But where does all this let you off, Julie?"

"Me?"

"How much do you have to change your life, just because sound came in, and Horse Pants Comedies went out, and Sid Ault began making Optic Overtures?"

He could hear her wordless signal of comprehension as she moved away from him. "Sid Ault! Was he that man—"

STEVE CONKLIN pulled up beside the country highway, in the shadow of a big pepper tree. "Listen," he commanded, "and don't get scared." He took a long breath and began to sing, "Yo-ho, I'm little Wilbur."

She cried, "Stop it, Steve. It's awful. It's a perfect imitation of that—that thing—"

"It's a darn' sight better," he contradicted. "It's the real article. The other was the imitation, and it was no good. That's what Ault meant when he said I was going back on the sound track again."

"No!" she said. "Oh, *no!*"

"Oh, yes," said Steve.

"But you told me you were—what was it?—doing research in synchronized sound—"

"I am," he said. "I'm Conklin on 'Variable Density Light Methods.' I'm a scientist, Julie, and not just a sound effect. There's a lot more—"

He wanted to explain to her about stamper negatives and light-valve mechanisms and latent images. He wanted her to know that a university instructorship and a couple of papers in the scientific journals couldn't provide the kind of life he wanted to give her. But words were intricate and useless. To Julie, he was Wilbur the Walrus, and Wilbur was the biggest reason why Austin Gannoway was out of pictures except as a dress extra.

Steve tried to argue with her, driving back toward Hollywood. "It's a complex," he said at last. "Just a plain old granddaddy complex."

"It isn't," she protested, "and you know it isn't. It's a debt."

Drawn up in front of the apartment house, he was casual and frozen-faced. He took her overnight bag out of the rumble, and carried it past the courtyard fountain where the baby and the dolphin splashed and wrestled.

"You understand, don't you, Steve?"

"Right."

He had learned to take things this way, after seven years' working with Sid Ault. For Sid Ault, he would go on and on and on with the Wilbur laugh and the Wilbur theme song. For Aus Gannoway, Julie would go on being Senator Byram's secretary, until she married somebody whose job wouldn't remind her grandfather of his blasted screen career. And if that wasn't cockeyed, what was it?

There were lights in the windows of the Gannoway apartment.

"Don't worry," said Steve. "I'll come up quietly and say good night to him. It'll make less talk. We blew a tire and the wedding is postponed. You can call it off later." He punched buttons in the automatic lift, and followed her silently to the door of the apartment.

Old Aus sat playing solitaire. He laid a red ten-spot on a black jack, and stood up all friendly and unsuspecting. He had prepared a little speech. It began, "Julie, dear child—and Stephen—"

Julie held out her hand to Steve. She couldn't look at him. "Good night," she said.

"Mr. Gannoway," said Steve, "did you ever hear of Optic Overtures?"

"I've heard plenty," said Aus.

"And Sid Ault," Steve pursued. "Ever hear of him? I'm head of his sound department, and I don't think it makes sense when a girl refuses to get married on account of her grandfather's voice. Furthermore, for seven years, I've been the voice of Wilbur the Walrus. And what are we going to do about it?"

Almost before he finished the question, he saw what old Aus was going to do. His face seamed by those same grim emotions that stared so menacingly from the framed photographs behind him, old Aus was going to do one last Gannoway.

Steve saw it coming. And in the same split second he remembered something else that was in those pictures, too. He dodged the punch old Aus aimed at his jaw. The blow barely grazed him. But as he stumbled backward, dragging the card table with him, Steve Conklin felt certain that this was a very nice fall. A twenty-one-gun salute to the name of Gannoway. A final appeal. A pip.

IT HAD its planned effect on Julie. She cried out, and then she was kneeling beside him, his head in her arms. The kindled anger in her voice told him how her eyes must be blazing at Austin Gannoway. "How could you?" she was saying to old Aus. "Oh, how could you?" She held Steve against her shoulder, rocking a little.

It was the break he had hoped for, but now that it had come he felt remorseful and rather silly. He kept his eyes closed.

"Steve, darling—"

He was getting ready to answer when something stopped him. It was a new sound. A deep, chuckling rumble, irresistible, full of malice and impudence and an unthwartable vitality. It sputtered, subsided, and began again. When Steve opened his eyes, he saw that it came from the laugh-furrowed face of Austin Gannoway.

Old Aus was sitting on the sofa, his shoulders shaking. He tried to speak, between outbursts of mirth. "Worst fall—worst fall I ever saw in my life. Yo-ho—yo-ho-ho—"

His thick-voiced laughter filled the room. It paused, gathered strength, and was inexhaustibly away again. Steve could hear it coming off the sound track, the perfect transcription of Wilbur. He sat up, staring at Old Aus. He said to Julie, "Can he sing?"

Old Aus mastered himself. "Of course I can sing. I'm a natural bass. I used to sing her lullabies—things like 'Asleep in the Deep.' "

Steve didn't get up. He was comfortable there on the floor beside Julie. "Mr. Gannoway," he said, "if you step around to Sid Ault's tomorrow, I know that Optic Overtures will make you an offer you won't care to turn down." He felt Julie's arm tightening against his shoulder, but he went on. "There's a character—maybe you've seen it—a walrus named Wilbur—"

"I've seen the thing," said Aus. "Maybe it's a character. But it could be a creation."

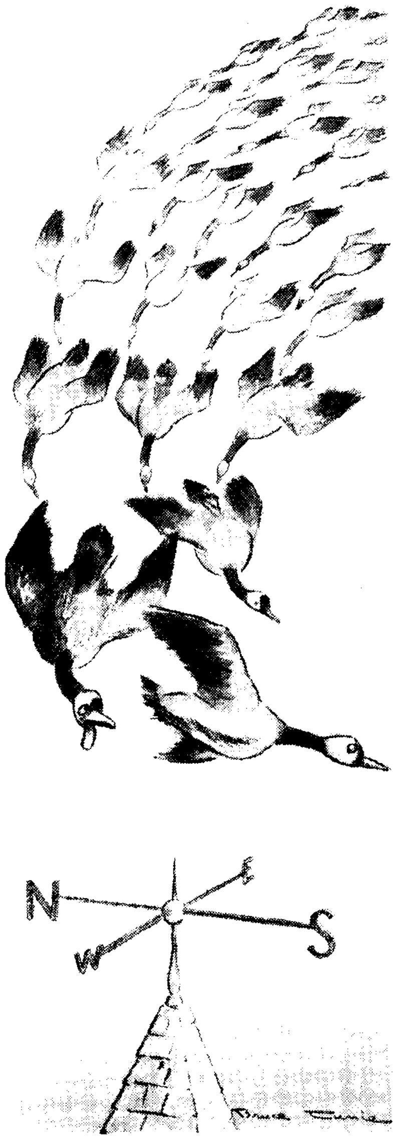
"Will you—can you—"

"Can I!" said Aus.

He stopped looking at Steve and Julie. His eyes sought those mute reminders of other times and other roles—Frontier Fury, The Mysterious Hacienda, and The Sheriff of Rifle Gap. He waved a knuckly hand at them. "It seems," he said, "that we are going into sound."

Then he came back to practical and immediate matters. He stood up. "Julie, my child, I'll get a hot towel for the side of this boy's face."

"Right," said Julie.



"See—what did I tell you?"

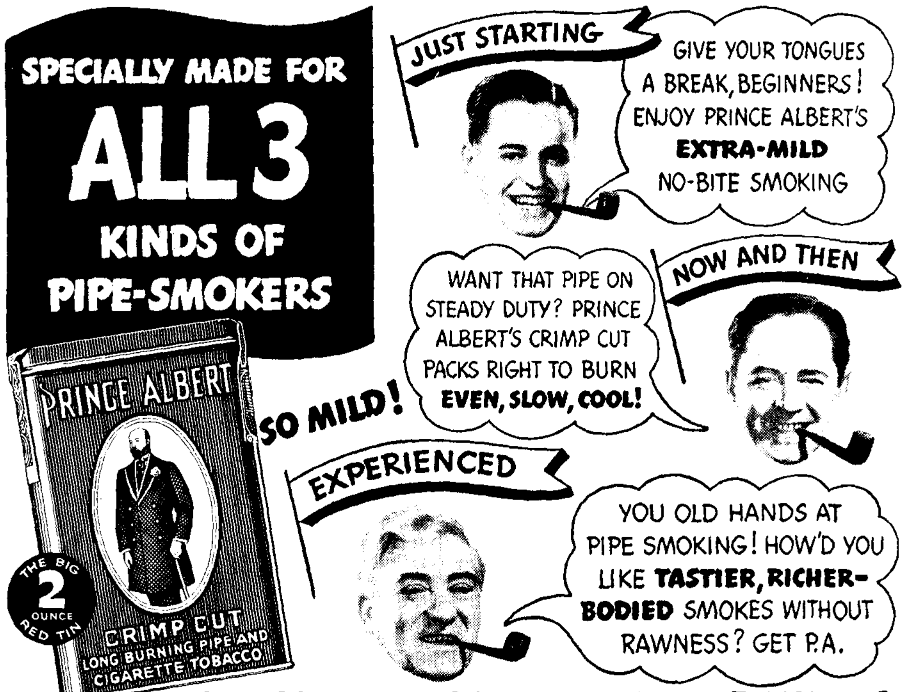
BRUCE CURRIE

as easy as pie
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

to find the dealer you want

When you want to know who sells a certain product or service, turn to your Classified Telephone Directory. Look under the brand you want—such as General Electric, Exide, Devoe & Raynolds, Goodyear, Zenith.
Save time and trouble —avoid substitutes.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
WE'D LIKE TO CHARTER YOUR PLANE TO FLY OVER CRATER LAKE
WELL - I WAS STARTING OUT TO WRANGLE SOME WILD MUSTANGS - BUT COME ALONG AND WE'LL MAKE ONE TRIP OF IT
YOU MEAN YOU'RE ROUNDING UP REAL WILD HORSES?
YES, THOSE STRAYS DOWN THERE ARE FROM LOCAL HERDS MIXED WITH SPANISH HORSES FROM THE SOUTH. SIT TIGHT NOW, I'M GOING TO DIVE DOWN AND ROUND 'EM UP
NOW THE PUNCHERS ARE ROPING THOSE CAYUSES FOR A LITTLE JAUNT ON THE BOX-CARS
AND NOW FOR CRATER LAKE, EH PILOT?
WONDERFUL SIGHT—THAT. NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO GET BACK FOR A PIPEFUL OF THAT SWELL TOBACCO YOU WERE SMOKING BEFORE WE CAME UP
I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO INTRODUCE YOU TO PRINCE ALBERT
CRATER LAKE IS A MYSTERIOUS FREAK OF NATURE. A GREAT UNDERGROUND UPHEAVAL DESTROYED THE MOUNTAIN'S CROWN, LEAVING THIS HUGE CRATER 4000 FEET DEEP, HALF FILLED WITH WATER. THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT IN AMERICA
THAT SURE WAS A SMOOTH TRIP
AND THIS PRINCE ALBERT SURE IS A SMOOTH SMOKE — MILDEST I EVER TRIED, AND HOW IT PACKS AND DRAWS! THAT CRIMP CUT AND THAT NO-BITE PROCESS YOU TOLD ME ABOUT EVIDENTLY DO A JOB


SPECIALLY MADE FOR ALL 3 KINDS OF PIPE-SMOKERS
JUST STARTING
GIVE YOUR TONGUES A BREAK, BEGINNERS! ENJOY PRINCE ALBERT'S EXTRA-MILD NO-BITE SMOKING
NOW AND THEN
WANT THAT PIPE ON STEADY DUTY? PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT PACKS RIGHT TO BURN EVEN, SLOW, COOL!
SO MILD!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
EXPERIENCED
YOU OLD HANDS AT PIPE SMOKING! HOW'D YOU LIKE TASTIER, RICHER-BODIED SMOKES WITHOUT RAWNESS? GET P.A.

HOW CAN YOU LOSE ON THIS GUARANTEE?

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

That's Where Your Money Goes

Continued from page 13

Now of course you may say these prices are worse in your neighborhood than they are in my store. Or perhaps you may say they are not so bad. Prices are different in different stores, in different neighborhoods, in different parts of the country. But on the whole whatever the price level in your store, it has varied about the same percentage in the periods selected.

Here are some commodity price increases which occurred between January, 1936, and January, 1937:

Rubber	73 per cent
Tobacco	61 per cent
Oats	58 per cent
Barley	58 per cent
Corn	52 per cent
Copper	36 per cent
Coffee	34 per cent

These increases took place before the increase of the current year. And when you see this spiraling up of the things you spend your pay on and are told by the authorities in Washington that the price rise is going to continue, you have a right to feel this is a matter for your attention.

It should be added that rents have now begun to rise and in some places quite noticeably.

Secret of a Building Boom

And now what is the cause of all this? The answer to that one is not simple and the same answer doesn't fit every case.

First of all, the American people have had more money to spend. Hence there has been a heavier demand for goods; and of course when that is so prices go up.

Of course back in 1933 when everybody was pretty well broke and, if not broke, scared to death, prices were low. There were supposed to be fifteen million people out of work and they weren't crowding into any man's store bidding up the prices of anything.

But now business is far more active. More people are at work and at better wages. More people are rushing down to Main Street with bigger pay envelopes. Hence manufacturers have been able to ask higher prices and so have merchants. Some of the higher prices are necessary. And of course some are higher than is necessary.

But when you say prices are high because business is busier and people have more money to spend you do not tell the *real reason for higher prices.* You have to find out why business is more active and why people have more to spend.

The reason is fairly obvious. Take the small New York suburban town I live in. The merchants along our little Main Street were having a hard time of it during 1933 to 1935. Then in the summer of 1935 a man in our town built 100 houses. They sold so well that another concern arranged to build a thousand small homes. In no time at all, all the carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, plasterers, building helpers and building-material men in our section were at work. And as soon as they got jobs they started visiting our Main Street merchants regularly. You could see the difference in Main Street almost overnight. These merchants were making more money. They began putting more people to work. And almost before we knew it people were talking about good business in our town. That little building boom did the trick.

But what made the building boom possible? You can't build houses with good wishes. A group of builders borrowed a lot of money—several millions—and spent it building these houses. Those couple of millions went to our building workers and to our building-material men and their workers and from them the money went in a beeline to the merchants.

And there is the secret of the whole thing. Business rises when some businessman, for some reason or other, but of course always to make a profit, either puts his own capital funds in, or borrows money and spends it on building, equipment, plant, machinery, etc. And, as it happens, the great bulk of this sort of spending is financed by borrowed funds. It is for this reason that economists say that business rises when businessmen borrow money — principally long-term money—to spend on capital improvements.

The important part about this is that up to these last twelve months, businessmen have not done any borrowing in any large way. Here and there, as in my town, they did, but it did not amount to much. But the government did borrow. It borrowed a lot—indeed, a "lot of money" hardly describes what it borrowed. It borrowed billions—nearly twenty billions—all of which it spent. The government borrowed these billions just as this town builder of mine—borrowed it from the banks and still owes it. And it spent that money—only for different purposes—just like our builder. It paid out billions in relief payments, in wages to PWA and WPA workers, to farmers, railroads, corporations—all sorts of people and institutions.

In New York state, not far from the big city, is a small mill town. The mill was closed until 1935 and has been working only part time since. Practically 75 per cent of the people in that town were out of work. The government took some of that money it borrowed and paid out each week to the workers in that town relief payments and WPA wages. When these workers got the money they did exactly what the building workers in my town did. They took it to the merchants and it put those merchants on their feet. The merchants passed it on to wholesalers and manufacturers, who passed it on again in wages and payments to various people. The money paid the building workers in my town and the money paid the relief workers in this New York state mill town were the same. The principal difference was that in my town the borrowing was done and the payments were made by private builders, and in the mill town the borrowing was done and the payments were made by the government.

A Foot Rule of Finance

It has been these enormous infusions of public money, borrowed by the government from the banks, which have swelled the vast additional purchasing power and which have helped to run up prices. It is important, because since the price rise comes in large part from conditions created by government borrowing and is, to a large extent, supported by a continuance of government borrowing, the social necessity of putting some sort of check on prices becomes at least a question for discussion.

You will find many market students who will tell you that the price rise is the beginning of inflation—that it is the direct result of the President's money policy.

You will recall that in 1933 and 1934 the President made certain changes in the dollar. He reduced the amount of gold in the dollar. We needn't go into all the ramifications and intricacies of that subject. Briefly, put it this way. The dollar is a measure of value as the foot rule is a measure of distance. The value of the dollar is supposed to depend on the amount of gold in it. Reduce the amount of gold in the dollar and it is supposed to be like reducing the number of inches in a foot. The President cut the amount of the gold in the dollar 40 per cent. This, some authorities tell us, tends to make the dollar really a 60-cent dollar. The President did this to get prices up. When he did it he said, "If I can't get prices up this way, I'll try another way." And so the rise in prices is supposed to be due in a large measure to this. I do not think so. Not yet, at any rate. I believe that sooner or later this change in the gold content of the dollar will push prices higher than they are now. Also it will introduce a lot more serious problems into our business and finance. But that is something we will have to deal with later.

Fixing the Profits

Of course, one cause of higher prices is higher costs. And higher labor costs have something to do with it. Wages have been increased very substantially in certain industries since 1933.

Of course there is one legitimate factor in the price rise. Production costs have risen. However, the wage rise is not the accurate measure of the rise in production costs, because many of these wage increases have been to some extent at least offset by reductions in cost due to increased mechanization. But wage increases must shoulder their share of the responsibility for the price rise in the articles that labor buys.

A potent influence in the price rise has been all sorts of trade agreements, trade devices and even government stratagems and laws to force price increases.

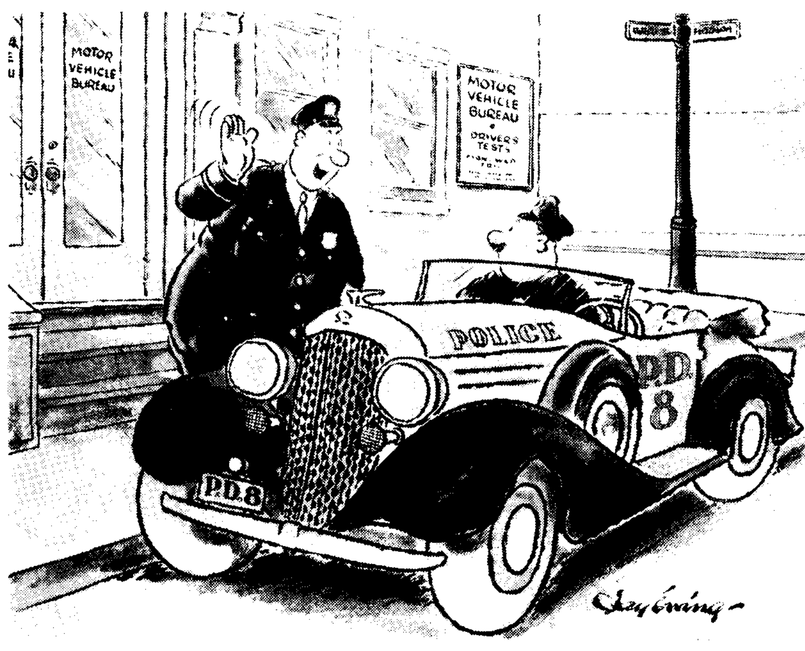
These come from a variety of sources. First of all, there is the so-called Little Fellow. He is the small grocer, the druggist, the small merchant who generally has a hard time getting along. He is supposed to be the peculiar victim of the chain store and the large corporate merchandising outfits. As a matter of fact, he is the victim of the efficient merchant whether the efficiency is found in a chain or an independent store. Certainly it is not necessary to prove that all men do not have the same management ability. One man can run a store successfully and another cannot—in fact two others cannot. Those who cannot, naturally, put all the blame upon the laws, the politicians, the bankers, big business and the world in general. They want laws to cripple their successful competitors. And these last few years they have been getting the laws—chiefly from the states. A large number of states have adopted laws imposing heavy and discouraging taxes on chain stores with the result that many chain outlets are being abandoned.

Besides this, however, there are a number of large-scale businessmen who are partners with their small retail allies in this movement. And one of the most important energies in the direction of price-fixing has been a wave of so-called fair-trade laws which have been sweeping the country. There are already forty-one states which have these laws. For a while there was some doubt about their constitutionality. But recently the Supreme Court has held the fair-trade law of California valid and there has been a great sweep by manufacturers to operate under them.

These so-called fair-trade laws are, in reality, price maintenance or price-fixing laws. Under them a manufacturer of a branded article is permitted to fix the price at which a retailer must sell it. He may make a contract with the merchant requiring him or all persons who sell under him to charge no less than the price fixed by the manufacturer.

Up to this time it has been the common custom that a manufacturer was privileged to sell to any merchant at any price he wished. If he was efficient, attentive to business and satisfied with a moderate profit, he could sell at a low price. If he was thriftless and wasteful he charged high prices and usually went out of business. But now a new doctrine is brought forward so that the manufacturer may not only fix the price at which he will sell but the price at which the person he sells to may dispose of the goods.

Here, for instance, is an article which the manufacturer sells to the merchant for 40 cents a package. A merchant I have in mind sold that package for 53 cents. His profit was 13 cents or a little over 30 per cent on each package. He is satisfied with that profit. Now the manufacturer of that article forces him by contract to sell it for 79 cents. The point of this seems to be that it does not protect the public. The retailer now sells the package for 79 cents. He makes 39 cents on the package—26 cents more than before. This 26 cents goes into his own pocket, not into the consumer's or anyone else's pocket. The manufacturer doesn't get any more. The worker



"I passed!"

JAY IRVING

Your gums will be firmer—your teeth brighter with this new

DOUBLE DUTY (TRADE MARK) TOOTH BRUSH

Designed to

1. Massage Effectively
2. Clean Scientifically

TO THE DENTISTS of America goes the full credit. For the *Double Duty* brush was designed by over 1,000 dentists. Perfected to meet the "double duty" requirements of modern oral hygiene: (1) to massage the gums and (2) to clean the teeth.

It's the handle of the *Double Duty* that makes the scientific difference. Set with a "twist" it practically compels you to grip it correctly so that the "rotary motion" so many dentists recommend becomes *simple, easy, natural.* You massage your gums as you clean your teeth—with such ease that the massage is almost automatic.

Today when soft foods deprive your gums of needed exercise—when many dental authorities stress the need of gum massage—give your gums and teeth the healthful benefits of the *Double Duty*. Take this very sensible step and help yourself towards better-looking teeth, firmer gums and a more winning smile!

It's the Twist

that makes you easily—almost automatically

1 MASSAGE THE GUMS
2 CLEAN THE TEETH

No skimming over the surface for the *Double Duty*. Its firm and fine-quality bristles are set just right to clean every tooth surface—those hidden crevices where troubles lurk.

Modern dental science teaches that gums robbed of exercise by modern soft foods should have regular stimulation. You get this stimulating, healthful massage, as you clean your teeth with the *Double Duty* Tooth Brush—made by the world-famous Rubberset Co., Newark, N. J., your guarantee of quality.

RUBBERSET'S DOUBLE DUTY (TRADE MARK) TOOTH BRUSH

Gentlemen we give you THE MOST MODERN

Under the new beauty of Buick, modern engineering makes history, co-starring the DYNAFLASH ENGINE and TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING

YOU may not care about engine design or know a shackle from a cylinder-head. But you have, no less than the engineer, a stake in any truly basic advance in automotive design. For that reason you will not lightly pass over the most important news-story of the 1938 new-car season: the double-barreled story of Buick's new DYNAFLASH engine and TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING, which we've written here as briefly as we dare.

★ ★ ★

WHAT HAPPENS inside the 1938 Buick engine happens nowhere else in the world.

That is not advertising language, it is cold-steel engineering fact.

Right now there is no other engine anywhere on earth that has the same source of brilliant behavior or which extracts usable power from gasoline in the same way as the new Buick DYNAFLASH *valve-in-head Straight-Eight.*

★ ★ ★

WHAT happens in this engine begins with the fuel mixture.

Speeding through the raceways of the intake manifold, this explosive vapor hurricanes into the cylinders at speeds around 250 miles an hour.

As it sweeps past streamline valve contours it smacks into sudden obstruction.

A scientifically designed Turbulator, built into the profile of the piston face, flings the hurtling mixture into airswirls of terrific turbulence.

Then occurs something more than high-compression—literally cyclompression*—in the split-second that twisting, writhing charge is compacted about the spark plug.*

And the spark that leaps through that compact storm-center sets off a flashing cyclone of power, exploding with tornadic force!

EVERY five inches your new Buick travels, one of these fist-size hurricanes lets go.

Every down power-push of the piston gains nearly ten per cent in drive from an even tinier rationing of gas.

Sitting in the driver's seat you are thrillingly aware of more power of a livelier and more brilliant kind, of an engine that is turbine-like in the smooth quiet surety of its action.

Gasoline—that magic fluid six times more potentially powerful than dynamite—is giving up to you more performance than it ever gave up to motorists before.

★ ★ ★

TO MATCH this incomparable stride, Buick engineers have found a way to provide an equally incomparable ride.

They give you now, on all four wheels, the safety and steadiness of a kind of springing you will likewise find on no other car in the world.

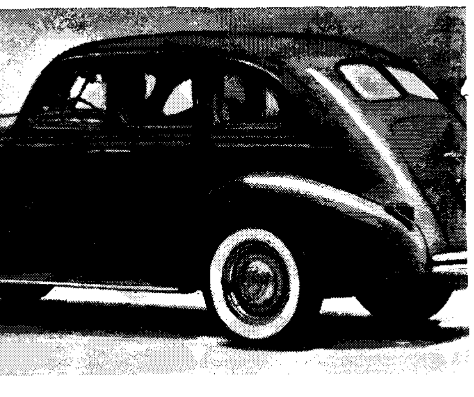
Poised on jarless *coils* of easy-flexing steel, the Buick carriage

NOW ON DISPLAY

at BUICK Showrooms Everywhere

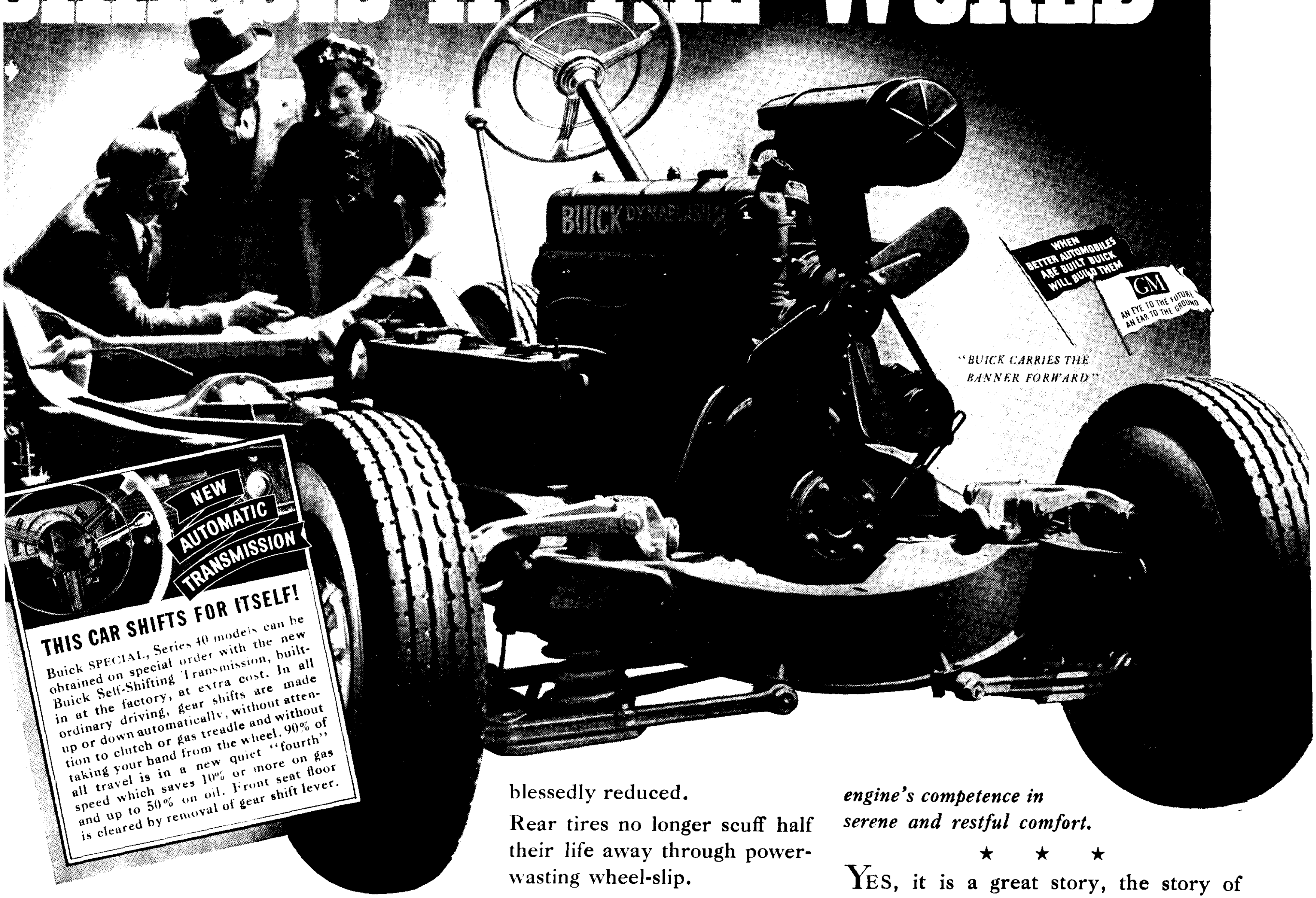
FOUR SERIES—*the 107-horsepower Special, the 141-horsepower Century, Roadmaster and Limited—21 body styles in all.*

EVERY MODEL IN EVERY SERIES *distinguished by the new* DYNAFLASH *engine and* TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING.



Every Buick in the 1938 line has more horsepower, more room, more luxury and more performance—on top of the finest quality and value that General Motors science and Buick workmanship can provide

CHASSIS IN THE WORLD



"BUICK CARRIES THE BANNER FORWARD"

THIS CAR SHIFTS FOR ITSELF!

Buick SPECIAL, Series 40 models can be obtained on special order with the new Buick Self-Shifting Transmission, built-in at the factory, at extra cost. In all ordinary driving, gear shifts are made up or down automatically, without attention to clutch or gas treadle and without taking your hand from the wheel. 90% of all travel is in a new quiet "fourth" speed which saves 10% or more on gas and up to 50% on oil. Front seat floor is cleared by removal of gear shift lever.

ats free of bobble, jar, chatter, jounce.

o matter how wheels dip and curtsy the dy rides true as an arrow in flight.

omfort is so serene you could serve tea sixty and never clink china.

he car will not over-steer or under-steer skidding, even on icy highways, is blessedly reduced.

Rear tires no longer scuff half their life away through power-wasting wheel-slip.

Through winter and summer, without need of grease and without "seize" from rust, dirt, water or ice, springs keep their gentle, even cushioning for the life of the car.

The newly amplified ability of the ablest engine of its size in the world is now realized to the full through a ride that permits you to enjoy the complete range of the engine's competence in serene and restful comfort.

★ ★ ★

YES, it is a great story, the story of these twin engineering triumphs in the 1938 Buick.

It is so great a story that it obscures half a score of other advances, themselves enough to make any car a wonderful buy.

From the great DYNAFLASH engine, the white-hot heart of its merit, to the final, perfect touch of its styling, Buick is a car so magnificently filled with new satisfactions you cannot afford to miss it.

We invite you to see it this week at Buick showrooms everywhere.

FOR A GREAT 1938 EIGHT

"Better buy Buick!"

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

This week's installment..

THERE is a continued story running that many modern-minded men and women describe as the most stirring story being written today.

It is an action story, with unpredictable twists to its plot. It is a character story too, full of courage and meanness, of all the savagery and gentleness of the world. It is a story of high adventure, peopled with the world's powerful and famous, its unknowns and drabs.

And it is a story so tightly and tellingly written that it strikes hot into your mind, not easily to be forgotten.

This engrossing serial is the dramatic story of our times. You can begin it now in TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine.

● You've heard of the authors

At the movies, on the radio—in THE MARCH OF TIME—you've heard of the authors of this stranger-than-fiction story. They are a unique group of writers who for fourteen years have pooled their knowledge and their reputations as: The Editors of TIME.

Unlike most authors, they do not work alone and unaided. They get their plots from the world Press, from the world-wide news-organizations, A.P. and U.P., from TIME's own branch offices, correspondents and specialists.

But the ceaseless stream of news from these sources doesn't all flood into TIME's pages. Everything that gets into TIME gets in by design and not by accident. From Thursday afternoon till dawn Tuesday the Editors of TIME examine every bit of the week's news, discussing what is vital and what trivial, what to write and what ignore.

Every word they finally write is minutely checked by TIME-trained researchers. Dealing in things that *matter*, the Editors of TIME spare no time, no effort, no money to make every paragraph of TIME not only newsworthy but trustworthy. That's why you feel in your bones that you can trust TIME.

● Begin the story now...

This week's TIME will be read by 700,000 of the most alert, well-informed families in America. Just by going to your newsstand today, tonight, you can join that group and share its understanding, its familiarity with the great names and personalities of the world's politics and art, its science and business . . .

Or join them by taking up your pen. Be TIME's guest for three weeks—write today and the next three issues of TIME will be sent, free. Address TIME, Dept. C-3, 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

doesn't get any more because the retailer will now sell a good many less.

One department store made up for me a statement of the price increases in that store attributable directly and exclusively to the price-maintenance law in its state. Here are the retail price increases:

Cosmetics	8.5 per cent
Drugs	16.0 per cent
Liquors	12.4 per cent
Books	15.4 per cent
Miscellaneous items	20.5 per cent

I asked this merchant to make up for me a small list, chosen at random, of particular items with the prices charged by him before the "fair-price law" and the prices charged after its adoption. I leave out the names of the articles and designate them by number. Here they are given with the price before price-fixing and after price-fixing:

	Before	After
Item 1	$ .53	$ .79
Item 2	1.69	2.75
Item 3	1.66	2.50
Item 4	.99	1.29
Item 5	.69	.89
Item 6	74.50	89.50
Item 7	2.89	3.79

These were selected at random from among more than a thousand articles which had been raised in price. And I was careful to pick only articles which had not been sold, before price-fixing, at loss prices.

These laws will, of course, benefit *some—comparatively few—*small merchants, but they will take hundreds of millions in purchasing power out of the pockets of the American housewives. However, I am not concerned with the wisdom or folly of these laws. I am merely trying to supply information for those who want to know what is causing our high prices.

The Effect on Building

One of the last things Congress did before winding up its profitless session in August was to pass what is called the Miller-Tydings Bill. This bill applies to interstate commerce the price-fixing plan I have been describing but which up to now was limited to the states. Its effect, of course, will be to extend enormously the areas and influence of the whole price-maintenance practice.

The President denounced this. But it must be confessed that the government, *of late*, has given all sorts of encouragement to groups bent on crippling competition.

In the days of the NRA there was a good deal of direct and indirect price-fixing and price-raising. But since that has gone to pieces the price-raising and fixing by trade agreements has been even worse.

For many months complaints have been flooding into the Federal Trade Commission about rising prices due to agreements among dealers and manufacturers. And one industry which seemingly has been most affected by price-raising has been the building industry.

Building-material dealers have associations, conference committees, institutes, pools, central agencies through which prices are rigidly fixed. Moreover they practice all sorts of devices for eliminating competition. I can testify as a witness to the manner in which these things work.

I happen to be a member of a board which placed large building contracts in the last few years. Recently we asked for bids on some renovation work. We received four bids. The lowest was $60,000. As this was shockingly over our estimates we rejected all the bids. But we made some inquiries. There were four bids, but as a matter of fact practically all of this work was made up of plumbing operations. We discovered that each of the bidders had gone to the same plumber and it was the exorbitant figure of this plumber which made the price so high. We wondered why all had gone to the same plumber. We learned that it was because this plumber, having done the work on our building, under the custom of the trade was entitled to have all other work done by us on those buildings. We belonged to him. Knowing no other plumber would be permitted to have this work, all the other contractors went to our "proprietary plumber" and to no one else. While there were four bids, there was really only one—the plumber's. And here is the meat in this coconut. We decided to do the work ourselves—that is, we hired a foreman and some workmen, all union men, and did the work ourselves. It cost just exactly $14,000. What was that other $46,000 for?

What effect do you suppose all this is having on building? This year the building industry started off with the brightest prospects in years. Up to April, building contracts awarded showed the most promising total since the depression.

It was this which made many business observers predict a great rise in business this year. But suddenly in April the building industry hit a pause. The filing of contracts fell off and many projects already arranged for were abandoned. The reason for this was the rise in building costs.

Taxes, of course, play some part in prices. Take the case of beer. When a brewer sells a barrel of beer to a tavern he wants $9 for it. But the government also wants him to pay $6 taxes on that barrel. So he adds the $6 to the $9 for himself and sells it to the tavernkeeper for $15.

Of course the tavernkeeper adds the $6 taxes into the price of the beer when he sells it by the glass over his bar. If that were all that he does it would be serious enough. It would mean that we all pay over 60 per cent more for our beer than we would if it were not for the taxes.

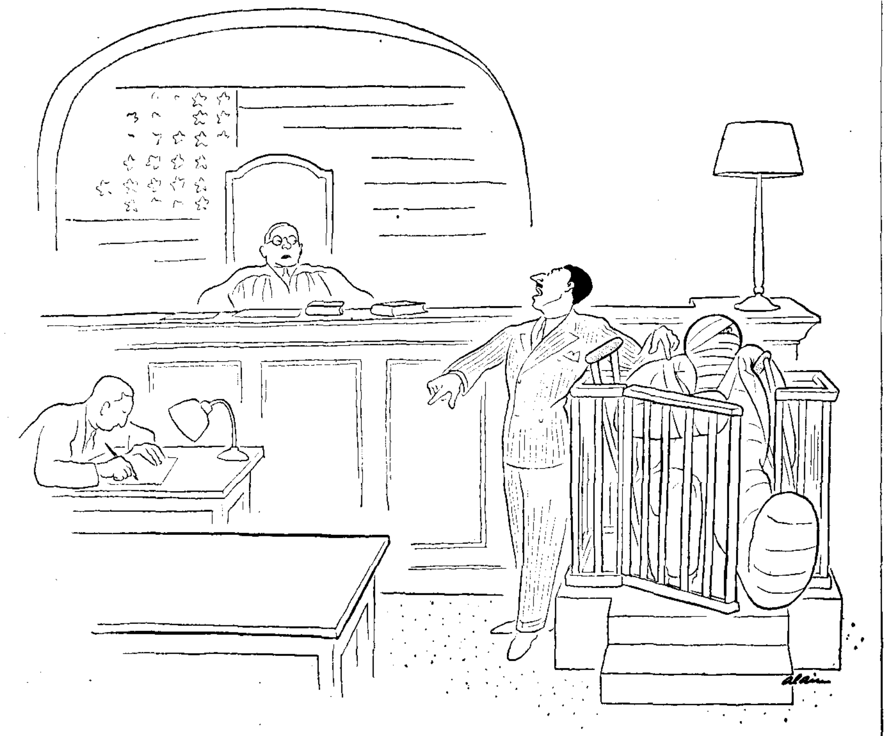
But that is not all. A tavernkeeper is a merchant. He fixes his prices as all merchants do. He takes the price he pays for his beer as the base and he adds a certain percentage to that. The price he pays for his beer is $15. And of course he marks up the price of his beer a certain percentage of $15, which is proper. Suppose he marks the price up 100 per cent—it is 100 per cent of $15, instead of 100 per cent of $9, the price of the beer without the taxes. How much we actually pay out for beer because of this tax no one can say.

What will be the end of it? Well, if prices continue to rise there is certainly going to be a strong public resistance to it. Two results will follow. There will be, from labor, new demands for higher wages. From consumers there will go up the cry for government action to curb the prices.

But beyond all this, immutable economic law will go to work. The rising prices will cut down the purchasing power of the nation. It will pay more but buy less. Less will be produced. Fewer will be required to produce it: Industries will slow up because of curtailed buying and production. This will throw people out of work. First in one place and then in another, areas of industry will drop into slow declines. The declines will spread and, presently, if we do not watch our steps, we will find ourselves in trouble.

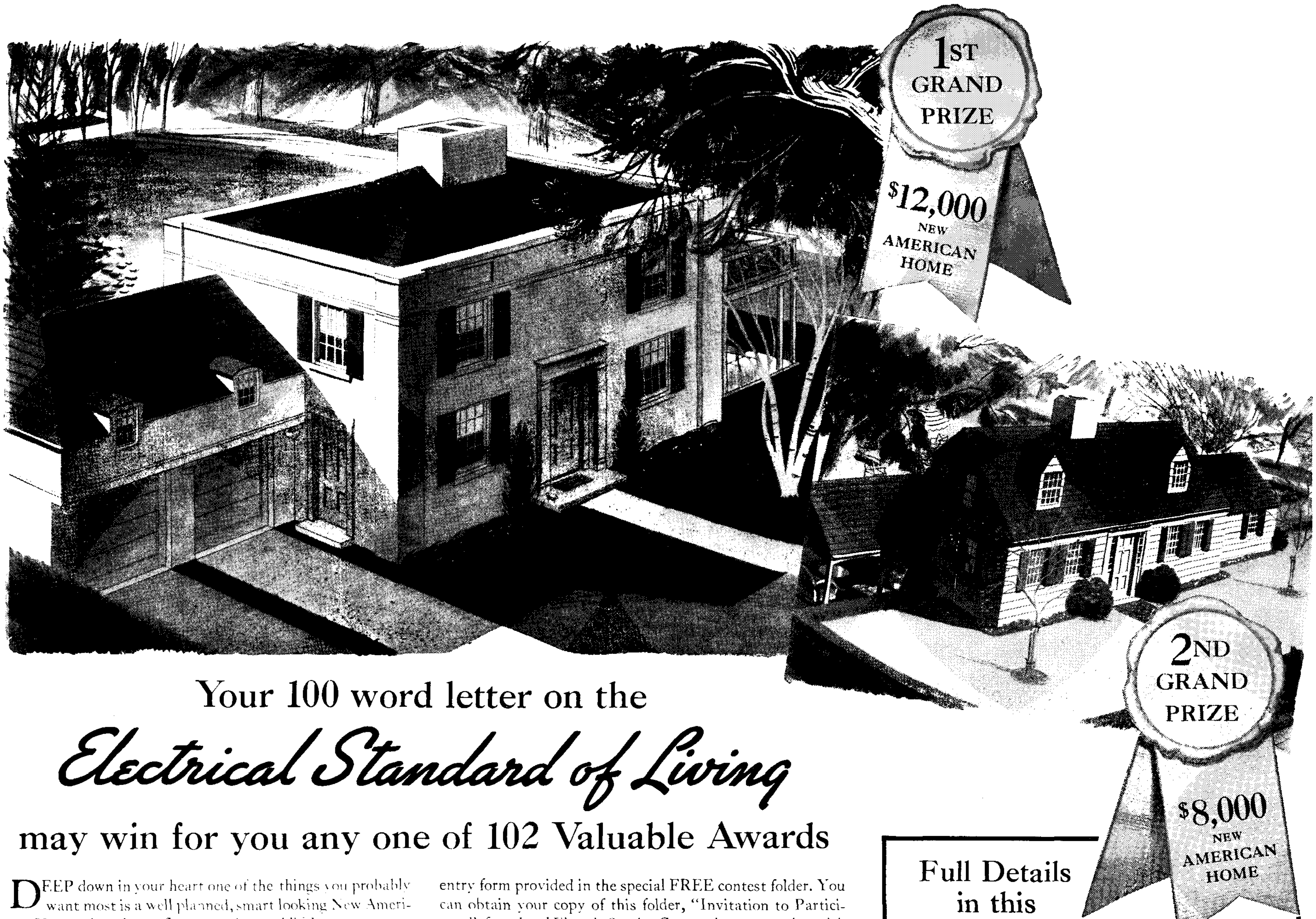
A Dangerous Plaything

The time to think about all this is now. The moral of all this is that the intelligent leaders of business should take heed of the very dangerous explosive they are playing with. They may be sacrificing a long-time advantage for a very brief short-term benefit. The government too would do well to bring to an end without delay its encouragement of price-fixing and price-boosting. In the circumstances the businessman who raises prices can say truthfully he has been encouraged to do so by the government. The government has an agency known as the Commodity Surplus Corporation which scours the country buying up surplus products of all kinds to peg the prices of those products, and the public knows very little about this. While the government is doing this for various groups of producers, what can be said to others who do their own price-raising without aid from the government? This is a situation where what may be called business statesmanship ought to assert itself.



"If you will permit, your Honor, I wish to produce this man not as a witness, but as the evidence" ALAIN

Some Fortunate Family
WILL WIN A $12,000 NEW AMERICAN HOME



Your 100 word letter on the
Electrical Standard of Living
may win for you any one of 102 Valuable Awards

DEEP down in your heart one of the things you probably want most is a well planned, smart looking New American Home where hours flow smoother and life's pretty serene—because electricity steps in and does the work.

THIS CONTEST IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO GET THAT NEW AMERICAN HOME AND ANY ONE OF THE MANY VALUABLE WEEKLY AWARDS, TOO. There is no investment required. No outlay. All you do is write 100 words or less on why the electrical way of living appeals to you. And what is the Electrical Way of Living? It's the fun of letting electricity run your home and do your work—the washing, ironing, cooking and cleaning. It's the comfort of automatic heat and the convenience of electric refrigeration. It's the wisdom of using electricity instead of your own strength and energy and the luxury of countless convenient electric servants that work for you for a few cents a day.

This contest gets under way right now. All you need is the entry form provided in the special FREE contest folder. You can obtain your copy of this folder, "Invitation to Participate", from local Electric Service Companies cooperating with the contest, or from your General Electric dealer or distributor. Read it thoroughly. Then mail your entry. Every one of these prizes is worth trying for.

1st prize . . . . **$12,000** New American Home
2nd prize . . . . **$8,000** New American Home

Plus . . . 10 prizes, each worth $200, each week for ten weeks . . . a total of 100 prizes—$20,000

A grand total of 102 prizes $40,000

First contest closes Oct. 2, 1937, and weekly thereafter until December 4, 1937. First and second grand prizes will be selected from weekly winners. • Awards will be announced over G-E "Hour of Charm", NBC Red Network, Monday, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

(This contest limited to the United States)

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE COME WITH THE ELECTRICAL STANDARD OF LIVING

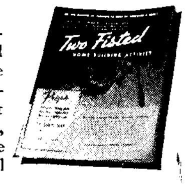
Full Details in this Folder

$40,000 PRIZE CONTEST

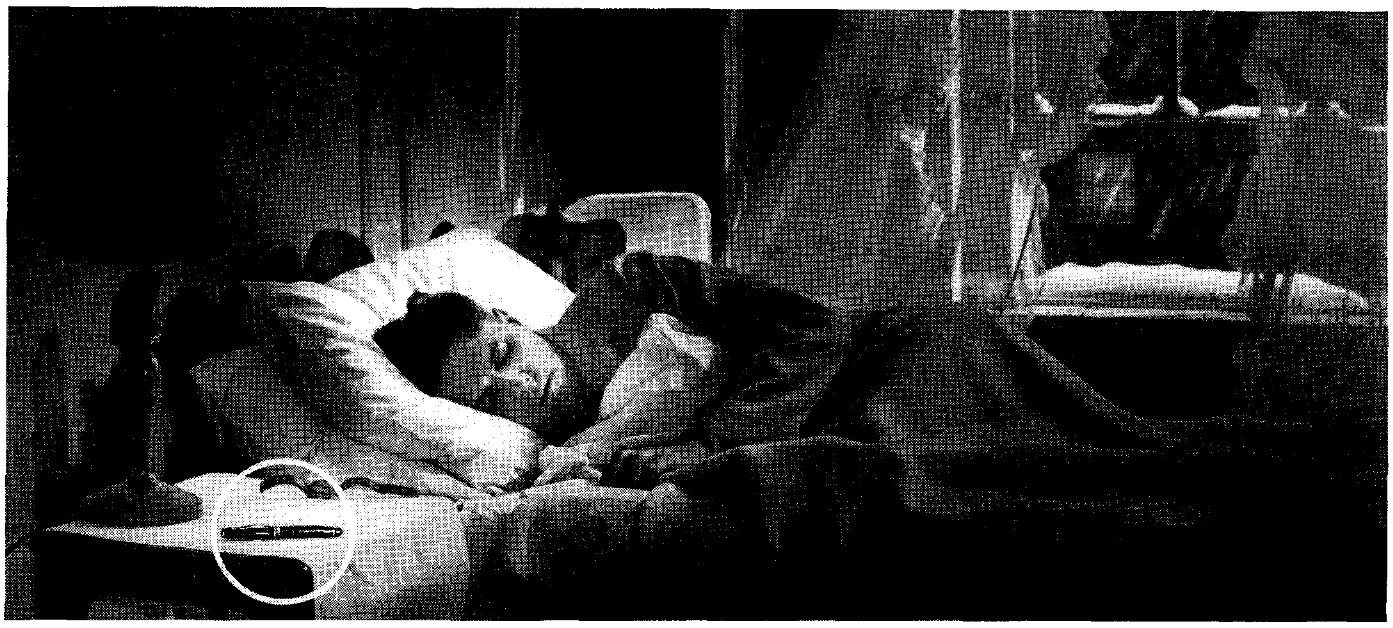
You need this folder to enter the New American Better Living Contest. And you'll want it. It's full of helpful ideas. It tells the story of the Electrical Standard of Living. It contains the rules and the official entry blank. It's free. Get a copy from Electric Service Companies cooperating with this contest, or from your local General Electric distributor or dealer. If they cannot supply you, write General Electric Home Bureau, Contest Division, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Home Builders—*Attention!*

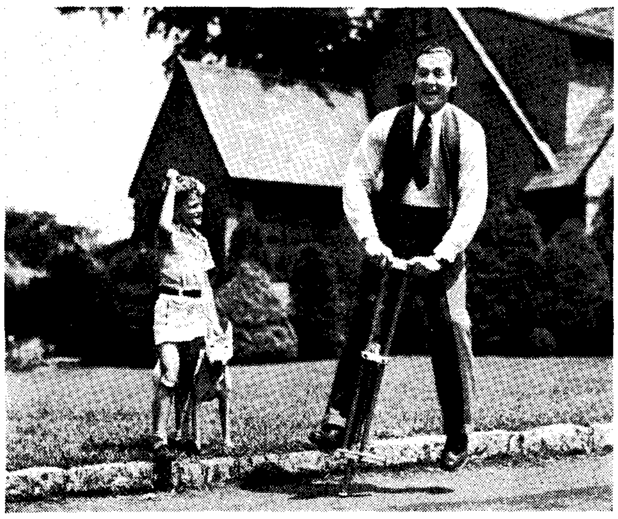
If you have started to build a home or to modernize an old one since February 1, 1937, and will be finished prior to October 31, 1938, write the General Electric Home Bureau, 570 Lexington Ave., New York City, for booklet about the "New American Home Building Contest", and give the name of your local Electric Service Company. Valuable information, additional substantial awards!



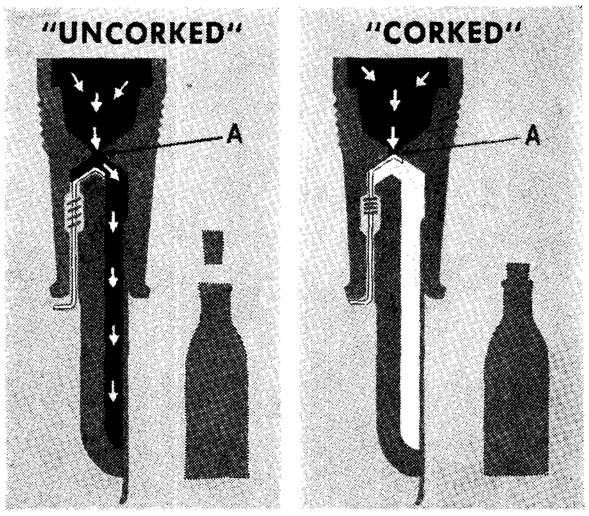
CAN YOU TRUST YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN WHILE YOU SLEEP?



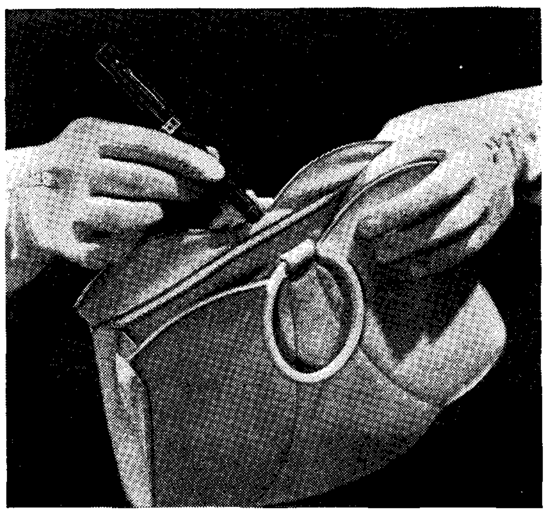
1 Did you ever?—Did you ever lay your fountain pen on the table, and in the morning find ink in the cap? Do you know what causes this? Inky vapors leak from the pen barrel and the cool air condenses them into a messy ink blob in the pen cap. This can't happen with an Eversharp pen that has the Safety Ink Shut-Off.*



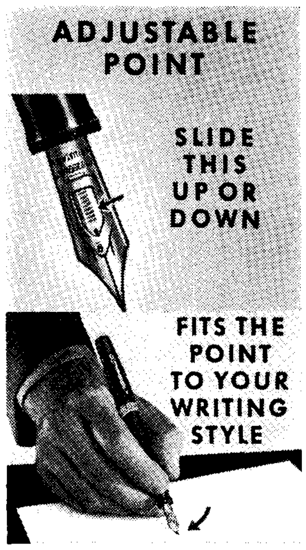
2 Jouncing doesn't faze it—With an Eversharp pen in your pocket, you can ride a pogo stick, and the jounce and jar can't flood the pen-cap with ink. If you run for a train, or dash upstairs, the ink *can't* be jostled from the pen-barrel into the cap—thanks to Eversharp's Safety Ink Shut-Off.

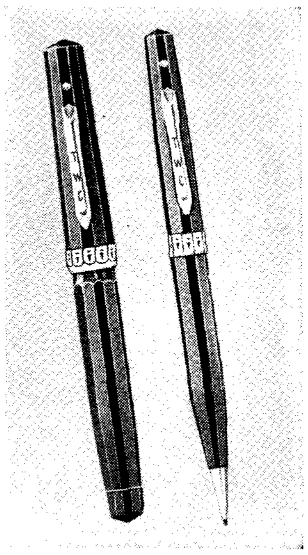


3 Like a cork in a bottle—Eversharp's Safety Ink Shut-Off seals the ink in the barrel the minute you screw the cap firmly into place. Only while you're writing does the ink flow from barrel to point. And remember—only Eversharp has this feature.



4 Get one for your wife, too—A fountain pen in a handbag takes an awful lot of punishment! So get her an Eversharp pen with the Safety Ink Shut-Off—and then whether she swings her bag—drops it—or turns it upside down—*the ink just can't leak into the cap of the pen.*





5 The safest pen to give—As a gift, give an Eversharp pen with the adjustable point (slight additional cost). The person who receives it can adjust the point to suit his or her own stroke, pressure, and writing style. All Eversharp pens come in one-stroke vacuum or lever filler and...*they show when to refill!* You'll find, too, that Eversharp's pens have greater ink capacity. Gold Seal Eversharps, $7.50 and up—unconditionally guaranteed during the life of the owner except against loss, theft or wilful damage, and subject only to a 35c servicing charge to cover handling cost, postage and insurance. Other models, $2.75 and up. Pencils to match, $1.25 to $5. Prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

*U. S. patent applied for

EVERSHARP

THE ONLY PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF

Little Giant

Continued from page 17

bought me a pair of low-cut shoes and I asked the clerk to throw me in a pair of socks. He didn't like to do it but he did. I took the other dollar and bought me one of the prettiest little gray felt hats you ever put your peepers on. I got on the mule and rode fourteen miles back to Izzy's.

Well, I went in the room and I come out all trigged up. I called Sugarfoot out to see me. And that little lovey-dovey of a honey-baby sleepy-eyed doll come out to see me. And Sugarfoot says: "Your pants are a little short and got a lot of peg in the legs. Looks like they've been measured in the water." And I says: "What do you mean by peg, Sugarfoot?" And she says: "See how they blouse out at the hips?"

And Mattie says: "Why, Ma, I think Lizard looks real nice in his new clothes. He's a good-looking boy!" I believe I was the happiest man in the world. I just run in my room and took my clothes off and hung them on a peg in the corner. I went right out and went to work.

I thought that Mattie cast sheep eyes at me two or three times, but when I tried to catch them I saw she hadn't. She was just nice to me because I was her pap's lackey boy. Once Sugarfoot says to me: "You've come nigher being one of our family than any lackey boy we've ever had around this place." And that made my heart thump like a tired mule.

It was along in early September when Mattie started packing for college. I remember the morning Izzy told me to harness the mules and take Mattie to the train. Lord, it tickled me to death to get to do something for her—like help her in the surrey and lift her trunk and her suitcases and boxes at the depot. I run out and geared up the mules. I shined all the brass on the harness. I fixed them right good and swept the surrey out and greased the wheels so there wouldn't be no screaking.

THE place wasn't the same without Mattie. I saw it was Mattie that made me like Izzy's place so. It was that what made me work the way I did. I guess that's what made the stud terrapin come out in me, the lizard, the waterdog, the bulldog and all the other varmints. It was that beautiful doll of Izzy's. I wanted Mattie. It looked like too that I'd never get her. Yet I used to hear Pa say: "Long as there's life there's hopes." And, "Long as there's a will there's a way." So I just put up new courage and started work hard as ever. It was crop-gathering time. We had to cut the terbacker and the corn. We had to make the sorghum. Lord, it was a busy time. And when Mattie sent home letters—why, Sugarfoot would read parts of them to us around the table. It made my heart ache. Lots of times I'd have to get up and leave the table. It hurt me so. Izzy would say: "When did she say she's a-coming home?" Sugarfoot would say: "She didn't say." "I'd like to see her," Izzy would say.

One day when we come in from the terbacker patch, hungry as a bunch o' hounds, Sugarfoot come up and she says: "Got good news for you, Izzy. Mattie is coming home Thanksgiving and she's bringing Leonard home with her."

Well, it wasn't good news to me. It was like a bullet through my heart. I just hated to see him come. I wanted to see Mattie.

Day before Thanksgiving I had to gear the mules and go to the station after them. I'll never forget it. Off stepped sweet little Mattie with that dood. Lord o' mercy, I wished you could have seen him. Collar so stiff a fly couldn't 'a' specked it. Clothes fit him to a T. That little mustache all right in place. A big tie all coiled right below his chin.

I walked up and I says: "Howdy, Mattie." And she says: "Howdy, Lizard. I want you to meet Leonard Pratt." And I says: "I'm glad to know you, Leonard." I reach out my hand. He didn't reach me his. Like my hand was dirty. He bowed a little and says: "Glad to know you, Lizard." And smiled a little and showed his big white horse-teeth. He says: "Get my bags over there, Lizard. They all belong to me and Mattie."

Well, I carried them over and put them in the front seat of the surrey. Leonard helped Mattie in the back seat of the surrey and before I had them heavy grips carried over they were under the heavy lap-robe. I says: "Smoothing irons in there, Mattie, for you to put your feet agin if they get cold." And she says: "Good old Lizard, to think that much of me." Leonard reached over the seat and says: "Here, Lizard, take this." I says: "What is it?" He says: "A quarter for your trouble." I says: "I get paid for doing this. No trouble to me. Just keep your damn' quarter." It made my blood bile. I couldn't keep from saying it. I never looked back. Kept my hands on the reins and my eye on the mudholes. I knew that that Leonard was holding Mattie's hands under the lap-robe. I was Stubblefield's lackey boy but I'll be damned if I was that glue-eyed Leonard's lackey boy. He never dreamed that I loved the same woman he loved. And over the roads till we got to Stubblefield's house.

Mattie went in while I carried the grips to the house. I didn't know what the family thought about Leonard. I would see that later.

We's a-setting before the fire that night and he said the wrong thing. He says: "Mr. Stubblefield, how do you vote?" Izzy says: "My son, I've been a lifelong Democrat. I barely ever scratched my ticket." And he puffed his cigar. Leonard puffed his cigarette. He says: "That's the wrong ticket, Mr. Stubblefield. I've been a Republican all my life."

WELL, what he said got Izzy riled. It got us all riled. "Well," he says, "I just want to tell you all right now that this family's got a Republican in it. It's got two. It's got two now, and it'll soon have three. I'll soon have my little wifey here seeing it my way."

"Your wife?" says Izzy.

"Yes, my wife," says Leonard. "She's my lawfully wedded wife. I can show you the certificate. It's in there in one of my bags. You are my Poopy-deck Pappie. I'm your son-in-law. We got hitched last month."

I thought I was going to faint. I never had anything to hurt me like that. Izzy just sat there. He didn't say anything. And Mattie says: "I got me a school to teach down at Leonard's home. He's going to review up on his law books and start practicing law."

I got up and left the table. I walked out in the yard and pretty soon Izzy come out.

I says: "Izzy, I think I'll be leaving you. Me and that Leonard can't stay under the same roof. If it warn't in your house and Mattie's lawful husband I'd ask him out behind the house and it would be man for man."

"You can't leave me in the time o' trouble," says Izzy. "Now is the time I need you. I ain't going to be able to do much work for a while. She's my girl. He's her husband. I got to treat him right. Just got to accept him."

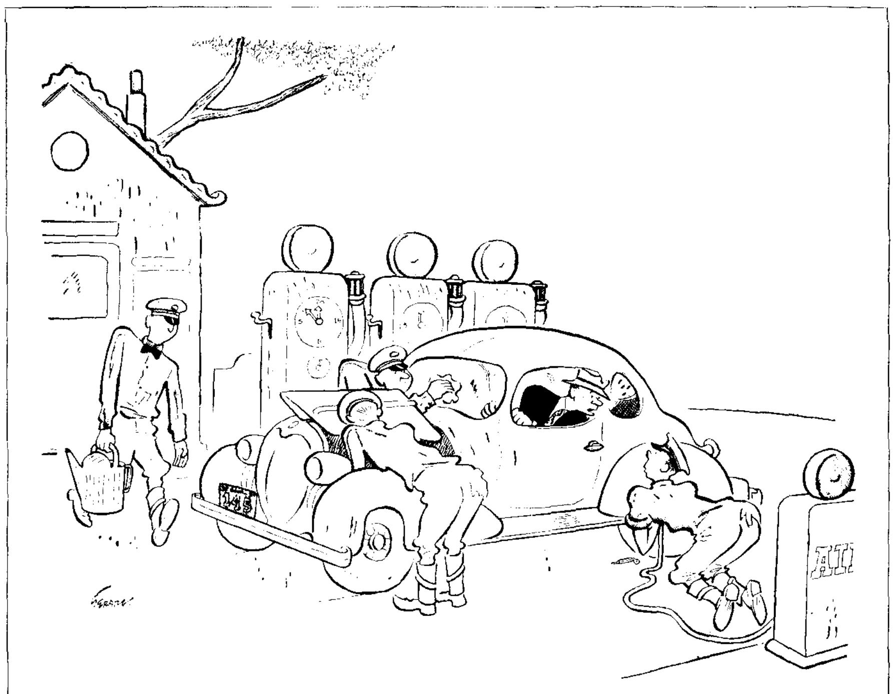
I overheard Izzy and Sugarfoot talking. And Sugarfoot says: "I don't believe he's much on the work either. Just won't move. All the time a-talking about the course of time and politics. Them boys ain't saying much but they are mad as hornets. They'll just crack his skull with a club or knife him in a minute if he don't shut up around here about politics. They are all riled."

"You can have him for a son-in-law," says Izzy. "I don't want him. And I just double-dare him to call me Poopy-deck Pappie again too. I won't take that off'n no son-in-law."

That made me feel good. I just thought: "I'm not so bad fooled. I see how they feel about him. They are in great trouble. I'll stay on with Izzy for another year."

"I believe poor Mattie's driv her ducks to a bad market," says Izzy.

"She loves him," says Sugarfoot. "She told me she worshiped the ground he walked on."



"Later on maybe I can have some gas, huh?" DAVE GERARD

After the Ball is Over

DRIVE HOME IN AN ARVIN-HEATED CAR

DEFROSTS THE WINDSHIELD

Cyclonic-Power Defroster System spreads a blast of warm air over windshield to keep it free of ice, snow, steam.

CIRCULATES MORE HEAT

New high-heat-wave radiator and powerful motor-fan unit circulates over 50% more heat throughout the car.

WARMS THE FEET

Foot-warmer outlets drive a portion of heat downward in opposite directions for extra comfort.

The new Triple-Duty Arvin does more than merely keep you warm. It is a 3-way heat distributing system for defrosting, foot-warming *and* circulating more heat in your car. Winter comfort *plus* protection. Special Duo-Flow model for Ford V-8, Tailor-Fit models for General Motors and Chrysler-built cars. Model shown $15.95, with two defroster and two foot-warmer outlets. Defroster fittings slightly extra. *Genuine Arvins for all cars as low as* $9.95

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, Inc., Columbus, Indiana
Makers of Arvin Phantom Filter Radios for Car and Home

Dole Thermostats Assure Maximum Heater Efficiency

Triple Duty ARVIN

CAR HEATING SYSTEM
with Cyclonic-Power Defroster

"REVOLUTION

NASH
AMBASSADOR EIGHT

IMAGINE IF YOU CAN—

- Driving in your shirt sleeves...in complete comfort . . . when it's 'way below zero!
- Going through a dust-storm . . . and keeping your clothes clean!
- A ride so smooth that you can cross car tracks . . . and scarcely know it!
- A new kind of engine . . . useless parts eliminated . . . that delivers 10% more power . . . 12% more mileage . . . on the same amount of gasoline!
- An engine unaffected by temperature and humidity . . . no balky days, no prima donna performance.
- A car so big and roomy that it can be quickly turned into a sleeping car with a big double bed!
- Gears that are shifted for you... steering so effortless that finger-tip pressure controls the wheel.

GET OUT OF THE "ALL THREE" CLASS

New Nash prices make it easier than ever to own a really big, fine car. Don't be content with a small car . . . very few dollars more buys you a thrilling Nash-LaFayette.

ARY

Says
BOAKE CARTER

Radio's famous Reporter and Commentator recently witnessed engineering tests on the new Nash cars . . . reports here what he's seen.

That's my word for the NEW 938 NASH"

BOAKE CARTER SPEAKING: "This week I have personally checked some startling engineering rumors about the new 1938 Nash.

"I can vouch for everything I say. I have driven these cars . . . witnessed tests . . . and can safely prophesy that Nash will be a revolutionary car this year.

"I have seen the first car with a 'Conditioned Air-System' for winter driving . . . it conquers sub-zero temperatures, dust-storms, and window-steaming. Here, finally, is the often-promised 'living-room comfort' for motoring . . . independent of cold and outside conditions.

"I have seen a new kind of engine . . . of simplified design. Conservative estimates credit it with 10% more power, 12% more mileage on gasoline. I can vouch for its terrific get-away and driving power.

"In this new Nash 'Super-Thrift' Engine, weather can't cut capers with performance. It runs at top efficiency 365 days a year.

"I have had the unique experience of sailing down an appallingly rough road, and imagining I was on a smooth highway. I have carried on a conversation in whispers at sixty miles an hour . . . so perfect is the sound-proofing in the new Nash.

"I have taken curves that made my hair stand on end . . . without the least sway. Nash has something new . . . 'Sea-leg' shock absorbers!

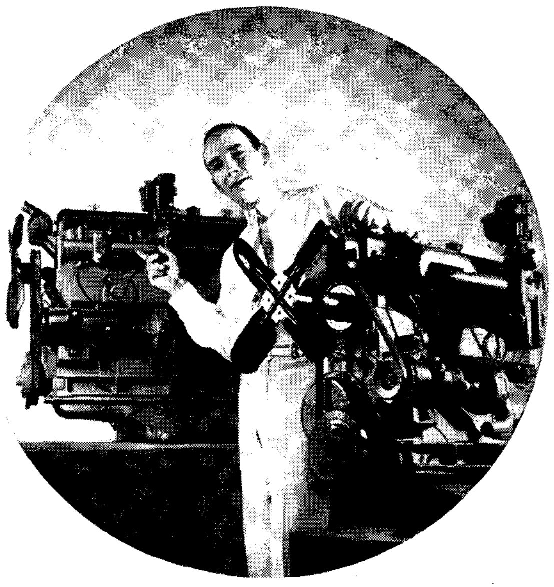
"I have seen automatic gear-shifting brought to perfection . . . felt a new thrill in an Automatic Cruising Gear. Even 'room' is news; I understand these will be the largest cars in the industry, at their price.

"A new Double Automatic Spark Control . . . New Engine Cushions . . . New Steering . . . everything has a story in the new Nash.

"These cars are beautiful . . . excitingly streamlined, without an ugly line in them.

"I believe Nash has scooped the industry. I do know that you will get a real thrill in seeing and driving the New Nash. It's a history-writing car!"—NASH MOTORS DIVISION, *Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Kenosha, Wis.*

FIRST car with a Conditioned Air System for winter driving. No more icy drafts, stuffy air, dirt, dust, or window-steaming. 400 cubic feet of filtered, heated air every minute. You need no wraps, even in zero weather!



SEE the new SUPER-THRIFT engine . . . greatest advance in 20 years: intake and exhaust manifolds sealed inside. Tested by owners over 500,000,000 miles . . . lowest maintenance on record! Exclusive with Nash!

HEAR a whisper in the most silent car on the road. New discovery shuts out road noises 25% more efficiently than any previous known methods. Lets you relax in restful silence as you ride. Exclusive with Nash!

SATURDAY NIGHTS—hear *"Prof. Quiz"*—Columbia Broadcasting System . . . see local papers for hour

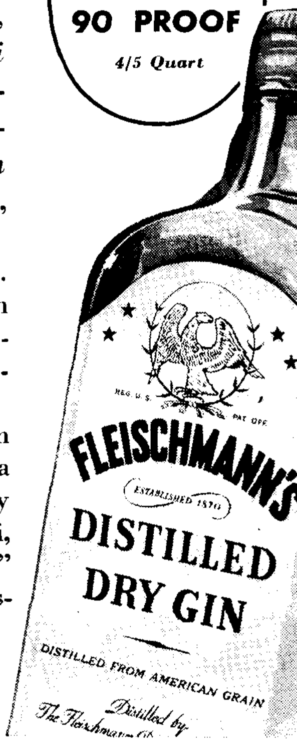
[illegible] NAS[illegible]

To make a Martini that's sure to win,
You must balance Vermouth with a mixing gin

Does it mix?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think, when you neither **smell** nor **taste** it in the finished drink

THE REAL AMERICAN MIXER 90 PROOF
4/5 Quart



AS SMOOTHLY AS *tightrope walkers, gin and Vermouth in a Martini cocktail must blend together in perfect harmony—neither flavor overbalancing the other. If a heavy gin smell or taste weighs down the drink, your gin is not a mixer.*

Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the American taste for smooth mixed drinks, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for *mixing*—from American grain.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, established 1870. Our secret formula makes it the real American Mixer. Buy a bottle. And when you order a Martini, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's." (Copr., 1937, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N.Y.)

Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin, 65 Proof

"Love, hell," says Izzy. "A feller with his fingernails painted and his hair all curled—how can she love a man like that? How can a Stubblefield take a man like that?"

Now let me tell you what happened before Mattie and that Leonard left. He even asked Ma Sugarfoot to fetch him a drink o' water. Wouldn't put his feet on the ground. Had to wait on him like a baby. And I just thought: "You low-down good-for-nothing doll of a man you. One thing you will do. You won't be too lazy to get a family of children for Mattie to take care of." I hauled them back to the train. Took all Mattie's clothes. I just barely spoke to that Leonard. I felt for his wife. I says to myself: "Mattie, there'll come the time when you'll look to old Lizard-lip." And when they got on the train I waved goodby.

JUST to tell you the truth, Mattie made the living until before the baby come. Leonard would get her checks. He done the spending. I know all about it. Bert Springer's wife, Cat, is from right down there at Big Rock and she told me all about it. He'd buy his clothes, beer and just anything he wanted out of her check. And after the baby come—why, he said he was down with his back. He couldn't work. And he wouldn't turn his hand. Mattie had to pack in the water, coal, and carry him water to drink. I'll tell you, when Izzy heard about it he was a riled man. He says: "I'm going after my girl. I'm not going to stand this. I can't help it if she did burn herself. I'm going after my youngin. She's my girl yet."

I saw old Izzy was riled. And I says: "Izzy, just let me gear up the mules and take the surrey after her. I can make that trip down there and back today." And Sugarfoot says: "Yes, Izzy, let Lizard go after her." Izzy was riled and Sugarfoot saw he was riled. "Go ahead," says Izzy, "but be damned sure you bring her home."

I never felt happier in my life. It was one time I put the harness on the mules and felt like I was going to heaven—going after Mattie.

Now you talk about spinning over the road. It was falltime again, and the dust fairly flew. When I got there—I just hate to tell you. But Big Rock—if it's a town worth living in I'm a suck-egg mule. I says to a big long-haired devil by one of the houses: "Can you tell me where Leonard Pratt lives?" And the feller went: "Ha—ha—ha—that pretty boy. That lazy good-for-nothing that lays in bed and lets a poor wife with a little young baby carry up the water—carry in the kindling and coal and make the living. The laziest, orneriest white man that ever breathed a breath of air and I know it—lives right over there. I heard she's going home."

"Bet your happy life she's a-going home if these mules are able to pull us in the surrey back them twenty miles we just come."

I driv over to the house—hitched to the fence post. I walked in: "Honey, come on," I says. "Izzy wants you to come home."

Well, the tears streamed from her eyes. Had her baby in her arms. There laid that Leonard in the bed. He says: "She's not going home."

I says: "Who said she wasn't going home, pretty boy? Now if you don't want to get hurt, keep your pants on."

He took me at my word. He kept his pants on. Mattie got her duds packed and I put them in the back seat o' the surrey. Mules just a-prancing to get started back. I got Mattie's little baby in my arms and I took her by the arm. I says: "Come on, let's get out'n this hole."

And Leonard says: "You'll be sorry someday. In the course of time I'll be the biggest lawyer that ever hit these parts. You must remember the women fall for old Leonard."

"Women and be damned," says Mattie. "All I ask of you is a divorce. I've stood all this I can to make a go of it. Waited on you long enough. I'm going back to my people. You can do just as you please. Goodby."

I led her out to the surrey. I helped her up with one hand and held the baby with the other. Then I jumped in the surrey and took the reins. This was one time Mattie sat right up in the front seat with old lackey boy Lizard. She sat right by me with the baby in her lap. And I patted the mules a little with the lines. And they started twenty miles away toward their barn—just at a high trot.

Mattie says: "Lizard, I'll always love you, honey, for doing this."

And it run through my veins, them words did, like sap in a spring tree.

I says: "I've always loved you. That's why I've stayed with Izzy and worked the way I have. I loved you the first time I ever saw you. But you was a girl in college and I was a lackey boy working for your pa—working for the Stubblefields."

Mattie says: "Well, my life is hurt. Nearly spent. Look at all this. Look—a baby. It will be hard for me to marry again if I ever want to, don't you think?"

And I says: "No. You can get married just as soon as you get your divorce. You'll at least get a man that can work and that will work and make you a living. You'll get one that don't speak proper words and ain't been to no college. Been to a college of dirt, cornfields, terbacker fields and rocks. Through the college of hard knocks. He's part stud terrapin and part water-dog, bulldog, and lot of other varmints, but he loves you."

I just never looked around at Mattie. She used to have such pretty bloom on her face. Now all that's gone—she's lean and poor as a winter snake. I just hated to look at her and her pretty eyes.

WELL, the moon come out on the pretty brown falltime hills. Mattie got a little cold. She got over close to me. I just pretended I didn't notice. But I just eased over to her. Moon so pretty in the sky. And I had to say it: "When are you going to get that divorce?" And she says: "Before farming time this coming spring." And I says: "It's a long time to wait, but if you can't do no better I can wait that long. I've waited longer than this already for this time to come. I'll wait the rest of the fall and winter while the sap is dead in the trees."

And the mules just kept going toward home. A mule knows the road when he's going home. No one else on the road this time o' day. I hooked my lines over the dashboard and I pulled Mattie up beside me. I kissed her right there in the moonlight. And all that lovey-dovey look come back to her eyes. Prettiest woman in the world. Pretty as a big sleepy-eyed doll. I kissed her again. And then she says:

"Pa's got that big farm above the house and nobody on it."

And I says: "I'm not a free man yet. I'm still a lackey boy."

She says: "Don't worry about that, Lizard."

And it just seemed to me like I could hear water a-beating on a rock. Maybe it was my heart. I pulled Mattie right over in my arms and the mules kept going. It was heaven to me to ride through that pretty moonlight. And I says:

"I know one thing. Izzy will like my politics. He'll like that about me. Might hold it agin me being a lackey boy. But he can tell you that I can run a farm. And just to think, I'll be running one for you and me soon as the sap gets up in the spring and all life starts over again."

The Magnificent Beetlepuss

Continued from page 25

half to her—she was a child of three—and half to her mother, since dead. It all turned out quite badly, and a few years ago they sold the mother's lot for what they could get. Around a hundred dollars. The lot that was in her name they kept for a souvenir. You see, Jeremiah really made his pile after the war—"

"And lost it—well, go on." I was really interested.

"Well," said Beetlepuss, "I thought she needed a bit of cash, what with funeral expenses and all, so I said I would give a hundred for the lot. She had showed them to me, and I figured I could work off these Wallaby Diamond Syndicate shares for a tenner, to a collector I know. And the engraving on one of the others shows a rare picture of a certain famous Cornish pump that would interest a museum recently started by some mining men. And here and there I might get back most of it. May take a bit of time, of course."

"So you paid one hundred good dollars for this bunch of antique printing!" I shook my head and grinned. "Soft heart—soft head."

MY PHONE rang and they said Bill Rayburn was outside. He came in and I saw him look at Beetlepuss the way a bull terrier looks at a rat.

"Oh, hello—I've been looking for you," he said. "I hear you got charitable with Sylvia."

"I wouldn't call it that," said Beetlepuss warily.

"Well, I would," said Bill, who seems to be no diplomat. "You can't afford to do that, Mr. Partington. Here's a hundred—" He pulled out money. "I'll take the stuff off your hands."

His manner not only rubbed Beetlepuss the wrong way, but seemed to arouse his suspicions.

"I won't sell," he said. "I wouldn't think of selling!"

Fortunately I managed to catch Bill's eyes, and a look warned him off.

"Oh, all right—have it your own way." Bill thrust the money back into his pocket. "I—er—I'll see you later." He backed awkwardly to the door and departed, oddly confused.

Beetlepuss waited until the door had closed after him.

"That is very strange, Terry—he must know something. Let's look these up right away—perhaps there is a hidden value."

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Partington," I told him. "We'll get the manuals out at once. But it may be just a lover's jealousy."

It took us three hours to determine that of the entire lot all companies were extinct except two, of which one was a natural gas company in bankruptcy and facing drastic reorganization, shares 3/16 bid and asked ¼, and the other was some insurance company that no one had ever heard of. It was unlisted, of course, but my own insurance broker had heard the name—Overage Insurance Company—and thought it was local. We found an address for it in the phone book and Beetlepuss said he would go over and find out what he could about it.

MY SISTER Martha is noted for three things: She is a very comely young woman, she lives alone, and she has developed the art of late afternoon entertaining to a high peak of perfection.

When the party is over it is over, and the guests depart en masse. So, that same afternoon, Bill was fumbling for his coat alongside of me in Martha's vestibule when he reverted suddenly to the morning's visit in my office.

"Can you get him to fork over that stock, Terry?"

"Who, Beetlepuss?" I grinned. "Say, he thinks he's got a gold mine, thanks to you."

"He's a fool," said Bill. "Dammit, I offered him what he paid—"

"Listen, Bill—if you want to carry the load, get Sylvia to ask him to sell the stuff back. For sentimental reasons. Savvy? He'll be only too glad to kick back, I think—"

"Oh, no—no—I couldn't do that," Bill said hastily. "You don't understand. Sylvia is not to know anything about it. Not about my wanting to help. She's prouder than hell, you know."

The elevator came and we popped in. But I was thinking things over. There was something a bit fishy about all this, it seemed to me. I began to wonder if I was wrong and Beetlepuss had hit it right.

So I proposed that Bill dine at my club, and while the English mutton chops were on the grill I did a bit of grilling on my own.

"So you're interested in Sylvia," I said a bit dourly.

"Yep—always was—always will be."

"I've heard people say it was Jeremiah's bank roll."

"That's hitting below the belt, Terry."

"Unless the blow lands, it doesn't hurt," I answered, looking him straight in the eye. "I don't know a hell of a lot about you, and the Clarks are old friends of mine."

Bill flushed. "There isn't a hell of a lot to know. My father was a country doctor in Ohio. He had some real estate on the side and left me about fifty thousand all told, and lots of ambition. I came to New York to find a rich girl and marry her. And by rich I mean rich. Tops. My mark was millions."

"So you picked on Sylvia," I said, choking slightly. His honesty startled me.

Bill gave me that frank, open stare. "That's the hell of it. I fell in love with her."

WHICH was all very interesting but didn't explain why Bill wanted to buy the stock from Beetlepuss, and I said as much.

Bill looked at me, blank surprise in his face. "Oh, I thought you knew. Didn't I tell you? Shucks, that old Partington meant well, but he hasn't enough imagination. His mind is too limited. Sylvia's only asset, apart from her clothes, is this bum stock. Now, my idea was to discover a valuable market for some of it. You see? Say the Mojave Bonanza lot. Say about forty grand."

"You mean you intended to provide a fictitious market—a forty-thousand-dollar market, for Mojave Bonanza?"

"Sure," said Bill. "That's the idea."

"Let me get this straight. You have fifty thousand dollars. You want to hand over four fifths of this to Sylvia—to kiss it goodby forever?"

"Well," he said. "It wouldn't be like that exactly. You see, I think she'd marry me afterward, so it would all be in the family."

"But suppose she wouldn't, afterward," I said quietly. "You'd squeal."

"No, I wouldn't," he said firmly. "I've thought it all out. I wouldn't squeal. Now—can I count on your help?"

Next day I managed to get hold of Beetlepuss.

"What do you think, Terry?" He was rubbing his flippers together and his eyes glowed with inner satisfaction. "I

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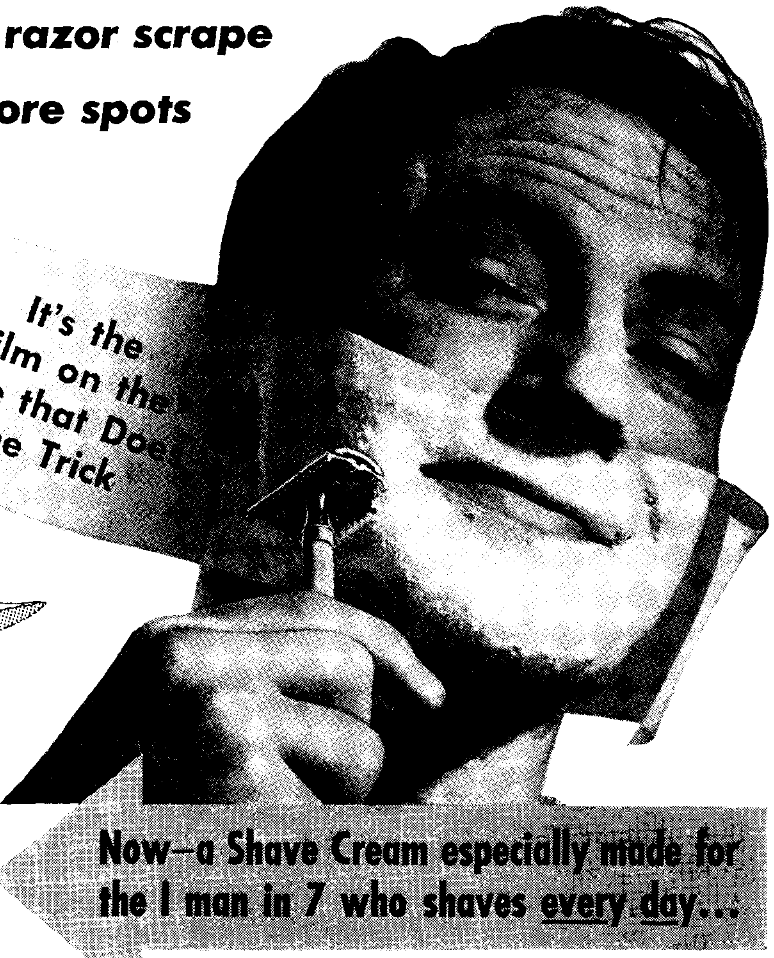
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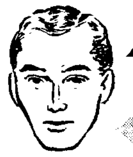

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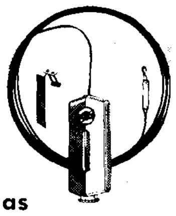

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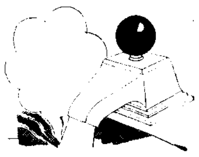

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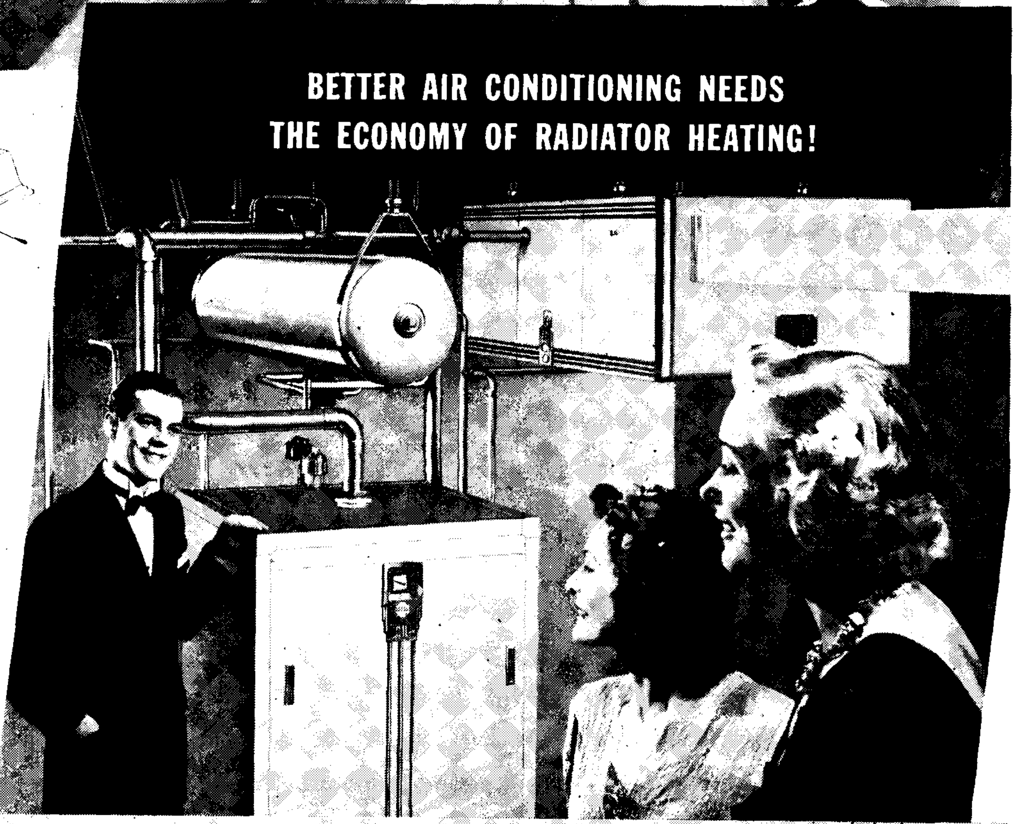
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spoke to the people yesterday at the Overage Insurance office, and the treasurer offered to buy my stock at what he called a nominal figure. He offered me," Beetlepuss wrinkled his face until his expression was positively voluptuous, "fifteen dollars a share!"

"You sold?"

"Well, no," said Beetlepuss. "I wasn't satisfied. Why should he offer me fifteen dollars a share? I asked him about that. He explained that this issue is small—only one thousand shares in all. Their junior issue is the larger one and is traded over the counter at infrequent intervals. The company is very close—can't find out much about it. What they call a reinsurance company—they take pieces from the regular companies."

"In other words, just as a favor, he'd buy it for the treasury?"

"That's what he said."

Then I brought up the matter of the remaining stock, suggesting that he unload it back on Bill Rayburn, but he didn't seem pleased with the idea. So I let the matter rest, temporarily.

But that night, as I was getting ready for bed, my bell rang, and out in the hall I found Beetlepuss, fairly prancing. I brought him in, put him before the fire with a highball, and lit a cigarette.

He saw I was anxious to hear what he had to say, and therefore went into a long preamble, very roundabout.

"Have you ever thought, Terry, what a man's outlook is at my age? To peer ahead into the last brief stage of life's journey, without hope, without the means to comfort, to any of the little luxuries, to any certain independence?

"In the quiet darkness of the night, alone in my shabby little room—oh, yes—it is shabby—how often have I prayed, not for the power, the riches, that once were mine. No, not for those. Just for the means to walk down the last corridor in that dignity to which age should be entitled. To know the quiet joy of the best in life, in modest quantity. Not the pop and sparkle of proud wine, Terry, but the soft mellowness of earth's fine old Burgundies. To feast my eyes again upon the seas—the blue waters of the Riviera. Those things, yes—but even more, the genial friendship of a few with whom to enjoy those things. Yes, to move in dignity and kindness from the stage, until the last echo is lost in the wings, instead of scuttling like a shoddy pawnbroker to exit amid scorn and laughter."

He became silent, staring into the fire, and I felt damnably uncomfortable.

"I never knew you felt that way, Mr. Partington—"

"Call me Pauncefote, Terry, won't you? Yes, I have felt that way. But things are—will be—perhaps different now. The bread upon the waters has returned—mightily increased. Yes, mightily increased."

"How is that?" I asked, leaning forward.

"The Overage Insurance stock," said Beetlepuss, putting his head forward like a snapping turtle. "They offered me twenty thousand dollars for it!"

I SAT up very stiff and stared at him. The cigarette burned my fingers, and I threw it at the fireplace.

"You sold?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm not committed in any way." He shook his head, chuckling.

He told me the story. He had gone back in the afternoon, got hold of the treasurer, and hemmed and hawed around. The treasurer had raised his bid and Beetlepuss had held off coaxingly until he had betrayed the official into uncovering a very acute interest in getting the shares. A board meeting was scheduled at four o'clock and finally Beetlepuss had been invited in and they had wound up by topping their prices *until the twenty-thousand-dollar figure* had been reached.

"Tomorrow," announced Beetlepuss, "I am going with your accountant—you'll fix that, I hope, Terry—and as a stockholder demand access to their accounts. There is a reason for this and I'll find it out."

As soon as he had gone I rang Bill on the phone and told him.

"Why, the old swine—he can't do that!" roared Bill's voice. "That stock isn't his—it's Sylvia's. The money is hers. He's a swindler. I'll break his damn' neck!"

"The stock is his," I pointed out. "He bought it, and has an assignment in good form from Sylvia. She is of age. So what? You've missed the boat, Bill—much as I hate to say so."

"Listen," said Bill. "That stock is still registered in Sylvia's name. If you can tear up the assignment it will be okay."

"Yes, in a way. But I'll not do it. It's a dirty business and I might go to jail. Besides, the shares stand on the company's books in Sylvia's father's name. They were assigned but never re-registered."

"Well, that doesn't make any difference." Bill was like a wild man. "And you say he hasn't sold? My God, the man's a fool! Twenty grand—my God, I'd have had the cash for Sylvia by this time!"

NEXT morning I decided to go with Tregitt, our accountant, and Beetlepuss. But as we were leaving the office Bill Rayburn appeared, like a tornado *coming over the horizon.*

"Look here, Mr. Partington," he said, breathing and bristling. "I understand you've swindled Sylvia Clark out of that stock. You can't get away with it. We want it—she wants it back. She has authorized me to return your money to you."

"I bought the shares in good faith—" Beetlepuss edged away. "It was a bona fide purchase. I won't sell."

"Oh, yes, you will!" Bill doubled his fist and moved toward Beetlepuss.

"Go home and cool off," I broke in hastily, moving between them. "A scene isn't going to help anybody. Run along now—run along—or wait for me in the office. I'll be back."

At the offices we made our business known and there was a bit of confusion. After a time we were asked to step into the president's office and we found there three gray-haired men: Mr. Waldron, the president; Mr. Clay, the secretary, and Mr. Brutana, who was introduced to us as one of the directors.

The expression on their faces was collectively that of the old guard preparing to die.

"Now, gentlemen," said Waldron, smiling at us. "Let's be practical. Of course, we don't have to show the books as you demand. Mr. Jeremiah Clark is the registered holder of these shares. We don't have to show you a single thing. I understand he is dead—you represent the estate? If not—" he shrugged.

"By proper assignment," I said sharply, "the shares passed to Mr. Partington. If you insist, we'll have them re-registered here and now. You are your own transfer agents, and I think Braden Brothers' guarantee of signatures will be satisfactory."

Waldron looked pained, but what I said was reasonable enough.

"Well, Mr. Braden, I guess it won't be necessary. We'll pass the point. As a matter of fact, Mr. Brutana, one of our principal directors and shareholders, is anxious to have those shares. He owns, with our other directors, all of the remainder of that stock. Now, what is your price, Mr. Partington?"

Beetlepuss eyed me, and then eyed them.

"One hundred thousand dollars," he said, and then added quickly, "Cash—today—"

I saw Waldron's jaw drop, but Brutana never blinked an eye. He just looked at Beetlepuss casually, and shook his head.

"Now that you've stated your asking price, we can work toward an agreement. Thirty thousand?" Brutana asked, quietly.

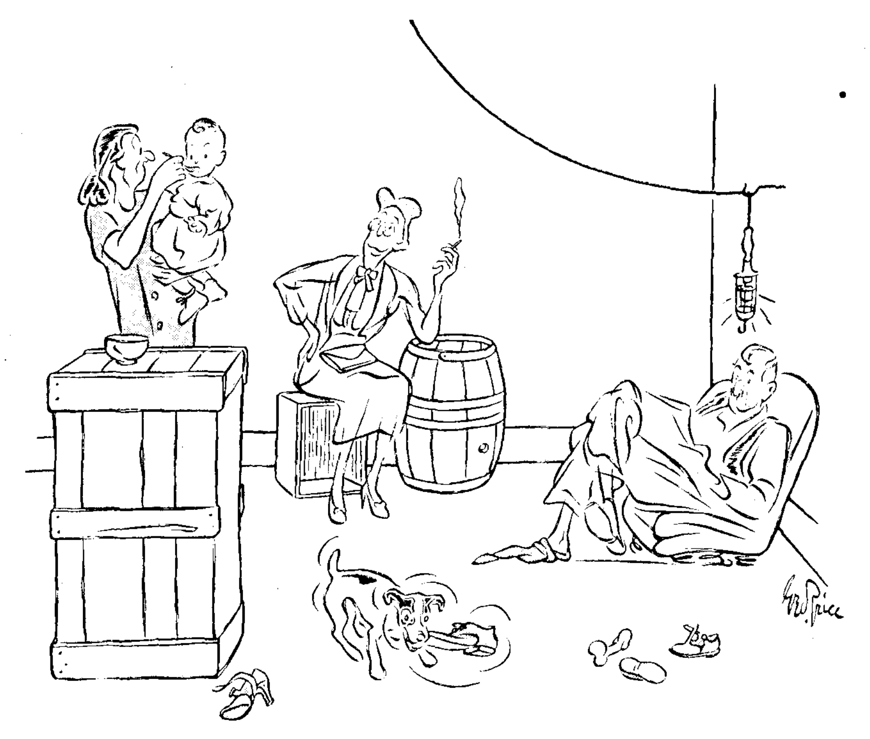
Beetlepuss was firm. "No," he said. "No. I want my stock registered here and now. And we'll see the books!"

Brutana looked at the other two, and all at once he started to laugh.

Then they all laughed.

"You win," said Brutana. "You won't have to look at the books. I'll tell you the story. Here it is—"

ON OUR way back to the office I turned the situation over in my mind, trying to see the thing fairly and with justice to all. Beetlepuss was trotting beside me, his head retracted be-



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tween the worn collar lapels of his coat, and he didn't seem to be happy.

At the door of our building he stopped.

"There wasn't anything else to do, was there?" he queried.

"I suppose not," I said. "It was technically and legally your stock. You were within your rights in having it re-registered. Well, goodby, Mr. Partington—"

"Not Pauncefote?" There was an almost querulous wistfulness in his voice.

"Oh—of course," I said. "Well, anyway—goodby."

It was the next afternoon that Madame de Ram sent for me. She put me on the spot. The carpet. *En le tapis,* as the French so delightfully put it.

"Explain yourself, Terence," she went at me. "Since when have Braden Brothers specialized in swindling orphans?"

"If you mean Sylvia," I defended. "That wasn't me and it wasn't Braden Brothers. It was your friend, Pauncefote Partington. Who told you about this?"

"That young Bill What's-his-name. He's out of his mind about Sylvia. Stupid ass. Confessed to me that he wanted to marry the child for her money, and then fell in love—then wanted to give her all his money—God save us! But that's beside the point. Who's got the child's money?"

"Beetlepuss—"

"What? What's that?" Madame de Ram glared. "What'd you call me?"

"Mr. Partington. He's got it. Two hundred and ten thousand dollars."

Madame de Ram clicked her teeth together, as she does when meditating. "That's too much for Pauncefote. How'd he get it? What's he been up to?"

I traced for her, distinctly and clearly, the course of the late Jeremiah's shares from the time he assigned them in 1918 to the present. "Now it happens that the setup of this company is such that accumulated surplus, *at the discretion of the directors,* is to be paid as special dividends to the holders of this particular issue of stock. In other words, they cut a melon about every thirty years. It just happens to be melon time—which is why they wanted Jeremiah's stock. But by registering the stock in his, Partington's, name the special dividend of about $4,000 per share, payable to holders of record yesterday, is his. Was paid to him, in fact. He banked the money this morning—"

"Phone Sylvia to come over here! Get my lawyer." Madame de Ram lifted her high arrogant nose and there was a frosty glitter in her eye. "Pauncefote's an old scoundrel! I'll have him clapped into jail!"

IN DUE course the lawyer and Sylvia arrived, and forty minutes of hot debate ensued. Sylvia cried because Madame de Ram told her she was stupid. Madame de Ram lost her temper because her lawyer backed me up, saying that nothing could be done because all transactions were legal. I refused to agree to testify that Beetlepuss had previous knowledge of the stock's value, which I knew he hadn't.

It was at this point that the butler came to the door.

"Mr. Pauncefote Partington, to see Madame."

He came in, patting his flippers together and very genial.

"Oh, how fortunate," he said, rolling his eyes around the room. "They told me at your office, Terry, that you had come here. So I hoped to find you. But little Sylvia too? More than I had expected. How are you, my dear?"

"Very well, thank you," said Sylvia.

Beetlepuss looked around the room and then at Madame.

"Well, Pauncefote — why are you here?" she said sternly.

"I expect you are all saying many harsh things about me." Beetlepuss looked at us, but without scorn. "And perhaps it was to be expected. But when one is in the position of having to play another's hand at cards, one has to do one's best, hasn't one?"

"What are you getting at?" demanded Madame.

Beetlepuss reached in his pocket, and pulled out the familiar worn leather wallet. "Here is a cashier's check for two hundred and ten thousand dollars, payable to Sylvia," he said quietly. "It's the proceeds of the dividend on the stock, which I was able to collect for her."

Nobody said anything for a moment. It was the sort of thing that, well—anybody except Beetlepuss might have done. Because you couldn't imagine his doing it—he had done it.

I remembered what he had said—about the fine old Burgundies of earth. And walking into the closing years with dignity.

IN THAT one moment he was foregoing the rich Burgundies of earth. And I knew that it must have hurt.

"You understand," he went on, "if I had left the stock in Jeremiah's name, the dividends would have been payable to him, which means his estate and therefore *his creditors.* Sylvia would have gotten nothing. And if I had registered it in her name she might have found her interests endangered by interference of another party who may—or may not be—either trustworthy or, shall we say—capable? I refer to young Rayburn."

Madame de Ram's lawyer smiled appreciatively. "Not bad—not bad at all. Very acutely reasoned—"

"But—it's really your money—Mr. Partington—" protested Sylvia, faintly, but honestly.

"Technically, my dear—only technically," said Beetlepuss. "Do you recall what you said once—so beautifully? That the things which we build in our hearts are ours always?"

Sylvia nodded slowly, as though wondering whether she had ever said such words.

"Yes," said Beetlepuss. "If I took your money, there would be something in my heart which I could never free myself from. So—there it is. The stock is at Terry's office, assigned to you. He can attend to having it re-registered in your name. And now—I'll be running along."

He backed away from us, his hands twitching, a distressed and horribly undignified little figure.

And yet as he passed the distant doorway, it was as one who walks with a dignity not of the body alone, but of that other thing which is the man.

We watched him go, silently. And I remembered then that he had once been a legendary figure—one of a gay, careless and I think not unkindly company who had passed down the years before him.

Before I left, Madame de Ram called me to her.

"Terry," she said, "for the past six months Pauncefote has been trying to sell me a radium mine. It's utterly worthless, of course, and I'm damned if I'll be swindled by him. I want you to pay him some money for his interest—only don't let him know who the buyer is."

"How much shall I pay?" I asked her.

"Enough to hold him for a while. Say—about twenty thousand."

There was a twinkle in her eye. "And, Terry—when he's broke again—let me know."

I forgot to say that Madame de Ram is of that same legendary generation to which Beetlepuss belongs. A not unkindly generation, withal.

Smart Girl

Continued from page 11

held the transmitter close to her lips, and she talked in a voice that was low and husky but jubilant.

"Listen, darling," she said. "I've just stumbled on something hot for you. I'm sure it's a scoop. I just saw Zorane make a getaway from his apartment in an ambulance!"

"Oh, boy!" the man at the other end said.

"Listen, Barney. I was walking up Park Avenue, just across from his apartment, when an ambulance drove up. Zorane came out of the building dressed as an interne—a Bellevue interne. Are you taking this?"

"Yes," Barney said impatiently. "Keep coming."

"When the interne and the driver went into the building with a stretcher, Zorane jumped into the driver's seat and drove off in the ambulance."

"Are you sure it was Zorane?"

"Yes. And I'm sure I saw three of Pop Kresco's men watching the building. It was all too cute and smooth. Zorane just got in and drove off. The ambulance sideswiped a beer truck, and a traffic cop had to straighten out the jam. Off he went with the siren shrieking and the bell ringing."

"Which way?"

"West on Sixty-third. The time was three-thirty-five. I got to a phone as fast as I could. Zorane must have had the interne's suit smuggled to him. He must have phoned for an ambulance, and when it came, met the orderly in the lobby and told him it was a stretcher case, because I saw the driver and the interne go in with a stretcher, and I saw Zorane drive off. Will this help, darling?"

"Sally," Barney answered, "you're a lifesaver. You're God's gift to downtrodden reporters. Hurly will kiss my hand! I adore you!"

"Well, I think you're very sweet to adore me," the girl said. "In fact, I adore you, too. And I'll see you at dinner."

"You bet! And thanks a million, my sweet."

WHEN the redheaded girl walked into the kitchen, the two young men looked at her expectantly. The man in the chair had a drink in his hand. There was a strange, gay look in the brown eyes of the lanky young man.

He said briskly, "Do you want this wrapped up and delivered somewhere?"

"No," Miss Porter said. "No, he can go now."

"You can go now," the lanky young man said.

"That's swell," the sunburned man said. He finished his drink, put the empty glass on the table and went to the service door. He opened it. He turned and grinned at Miss Porter. He winked at the lanky man. It was a caricature of a wink, a broad comedy wink.

"Well," he said, "it's been nice meeting you folks. Hand that gun down to your grandson, pal, and tell him you won it in the Battle of Park Avenue. So long, folks."

"So long, pal," the lanky man said.

When the door was closed, he looked at the girl in the blue slicker.

"Why," she asked, "did he wink at you?"

"Well," he answered, "it's some men's nature to wink, and it's some men's nature not to wink. I am one of the men who can't wink. It was a fine point neglected in my bringing up."

HE WENT to the wall, placed his back against it, folded his arms and said, "You know, you're very lovely, with teardrops or raindrops on your eyelashes. You seem to sparkle like a diamond. And what's it all about?"

He was such a nice-looking person, with his lanky figure, his somewhat bony face, his rumpled tan colored hair, and obviously such a kind and decent person, that she hated having to lie to him. She felt guilty enough about him without having to tell lies.

She sighed and said. "It was a blackmail scheme. A friend of mine—a very foolish friend of mine named Genevieve—happens to have a penchant for the wrong kind of excitement. Genevieve's a lovely girl—but flighty. She's had four husbands. And all of them are still mad about her. But that isn't enough."

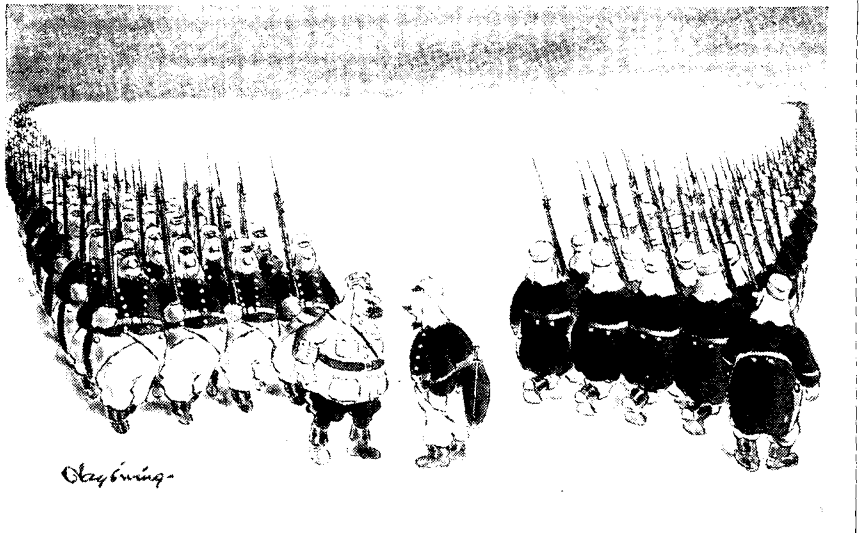
"Ah, yes," the young man said. "With a woman like Genevieve four are never enough."

"And this letter," Miss Porter went on, "this ridiculous letter said, 'Dearest Edgar, I love you,' fifty-two times."

"I love you fifty-two times? Once for every week in the year?"

"No. Fifty-two times, it said, 'I love you.' I love you. I love you, I love you. Like that. Only fifty-two times."

"If said properly just once," the lanky young man said, "there are no more poignant or thrilling words in any language. Why was Genevieve so redundant? Couldn't she convince herself, or was her love for Edgar fifty-two



"Yes, sir, it's the rear end of our own outfit. We've been marching in circles again!"

JAY IRVING

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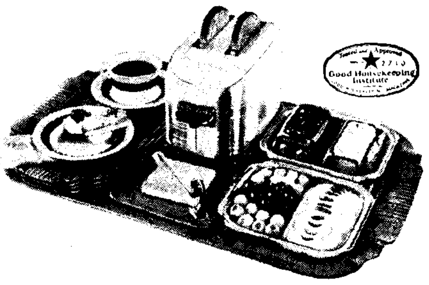

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times as intense as normal? That's a nice question, isn't it?"

"Anyway," the redheaded girl continued, "this fellow was trying to blackmail Genevieve. You see, Dearest Edgar isn't any one of her four husbands. And he isn't the kind of man who wants to be her fifth."

"And you," said the lanky young man, "were trying to get the letter back!"

"And I did."

"And he chased you up the stairs and into my life. I am very grateful to that fellow for blackmailing Genevieve."

"You've been awfully kind."

"Not at all," he said. "It's you who are kind. I was dying of boredom when you came flying into my life. I can't tell you how grateful I am. You might have been a fat girl with glasses and buck teeth!"

Miss Porter felt a little uneasy. He had the manner of a young man who intends to make the very best of a rainy afternoon. In a moment, he would be making love to her. It was in the very way he looked at her, appreciating her so frankly with his amiable brown eyes.

SHE glanced at her watch and exclaimed with dismay, "Heavens! I simply have to dash!"

"I won't listen to it for a moment," he said with even greater firmness than she had anticipated. "You know," he said, and tilted his head a little and closed his eyes a little, as if he were analyzing her, "you look to me like a girl who has had a very confusing experience. And I've just the thing for it. I call it the Double Brain-Clearing Extra Special. If you'll pardon my immodesty, it's certified to make any girl except a flaxen blonde think straight and deal only with facts."

Miss Porter looked at him soberly a moment, then laughed, because he was still analyzing her with that solemn scientific air. "Honestly, I must run. You've been terribly hospitable. I can't imagine what I'd have done if that man—"

He checked her with a lazily waggling hand. "You haven't begun to sample my hospitality. And I don't even know your name. And you don't even know mine. Are we a pair of strange ships passing in the night? Are we to let fate throw us together in this pointed and emphatic manner, and do nothing about it?"

"It will have to be an awfully quick one," Miss Porter said.

"The Double Brain-Clearing Extra Special cannot be rushed. The slightest attempt at hurrying the natural reactions would throw the entire principle of it out of gear. And you need one," he said, frowning at her. "You don't realize how badly you need one."

Miss Porter was amused, but slightly provoked at being detained. She wouldn't feel comfortable, she really wouldn't draw an easy breath, until she was out of this building.

"First," he was saying, "we take a jigger of good brown Cuban rum. We add almost a full jigger of green Curaçao, a dash of brandy to give it just that needed soupçon of verve, then the juice of half a lime. You'll love it. You'll cry for more. When you walk out of here your head will be up, your eyes will be flashing, and you won't take backchat from a mountain lion."

"Do you guarantee the mountain lion?"

Looking at her, he began to shake the mixture. His persistence was a little annoying, his frank admiration made her feel a little uneasy, and she wondered who he was. Something about his attractive, bony face was reminiscent, and his tousled tan-colored hair was somehow familiar. He must be someone she knew about, Miss Porter decided. He wasn't more than twenty-eight, but he had the ease and the manner and the look that go with being someone of importance.

"You'll notice," he said, saying other things with his brown eyes, "that I shake it in a curious clockwise direction. If I were making you one of my equally famous brain foggers, I would of course shake it in a counterclockwise direction. I only make those for girls who think too clearly." He was looking at Miss Porter analytically again. "You almost deserve a brain fogger, but not quite."

He took the cap off the shaker and filled two cocktail glasses with foaming pale green fluid. He gave her one, and said, "Now, I think it's only fair that we drink to me. After all, I'm the real victim."

He was looking into her eyes over the rim of his glass. "To me," he said.

"Yes," Miss Porter said. "To you. Ah! But who are you?"

"Haven't you guessed?" he cried. "Don't tell me you haven't guessed!"

Her eyes glowed merrily in response to the sudden glow in his.

"Not yet," she said. "I've been trying. I've been guessing."

"I," he said, "am Dearest Edgar."

Miss Porter began to laugh. She put her cocktail down.

"I am," he said, "the kind of man that women write letters to, saying they love me fifty-two times. Once for every week in the year."

The redheaded girl was laughing.

"Finish your drink," he said sternly. "I hate to tell you that you are going to draw heavily on it in a moment, but you are. Now I'm going to tell you who I really am. It's going to be a shock, I warn you."

"I'm fortified," Miss Porter said.

"Very well. I'm Elton Crystalbrain, the mind reader. It's a little unfair to my victims, but I'll promise to victimize you only within my usual limits. That's because I like you so much, and your glorious hair and your deep blue eyes. You are really the loveliest thing that has ever come into Elton Crystalbrain's spartan, cloistered life."

He shut his eyes. "You are laughing. You think I am a silly clown." He opened his eyes again. Miss Porter's expression was the expectant one of a girl about to laugh. He frowned at her, as if with intense concentration, and his elastic lower lip was jutting with severity.

He said dreamily, "The mists are clearing." He clenched his eyes shut, then peered at her through folds of skin, and his eyes were nothing but sharp points of glitter. "Your name is Sally."

THE expectant look vanished from Sally Porter's face, and the shimmering vanished from her deep blue eyes.

"You've met me somewhere," she said.

"I never saw you before in my life. I've seen blurred carbon copies of you, but I've never seen you. I've never even seen hair quite that glorious shade, or quite such marvelous eyelashes, or a mouth quite so lovely or so expressive whether opened or closed."

Sally Porter looked puzzled. His eyes were going dreamy again.

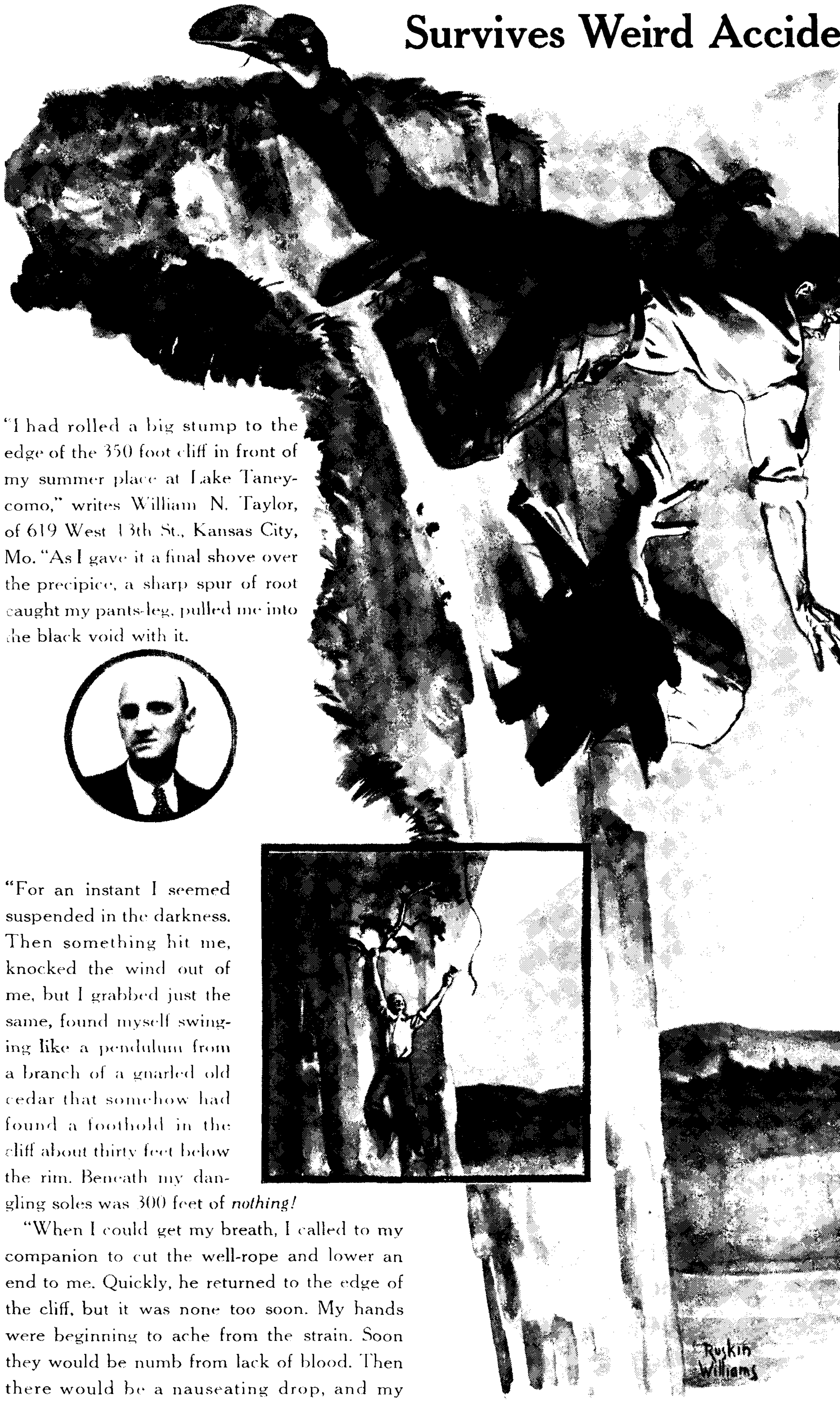
"I see a man," he went on in that entranced voice. "He is a reporter on a New York paper An afternoon paper. The name of it has not yet come out of the mists, but it will, and so will his! Wait! I see a square black cloud. Do you know what that means?"

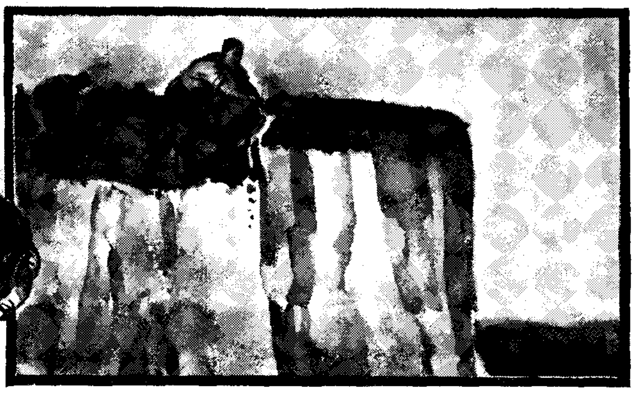
She was staring at him with round, amazed eyes.

"It means," he went on dreamily, "you aren't going to marry him. Elton Crystalbrain sees all, knows all. The stars who pour their silver magic into his brain tell him so. The stars say you

Death Waited...While I Dangled in the Dark

Tossed Over 350 Foot Cliff at Night, William N. Taylor Survives Weird Accident


Ruskin Williams



"I had rolled a big stump to the edge of the 350 foot cliff in front of my summer place at Lake Taneycomo," writes William N. Taylor, of 619 West 13th St., Kansas City, Mo. "As I gave it a final shove over the precipice, a sharp spur of root caught my pants-leg, pulled me into the black void with it.

"For an instant I seemed suspended in the darkness. Then something hit me, knocked the wind out of me, but I grabbed just the same, found myself swinging like a pendulum from a branch of a gnarled old cedar that somehow had found a foothold in the cliff about thirty feet below the rim. Beneath my dangling soles was 300 feet of *nothing!*

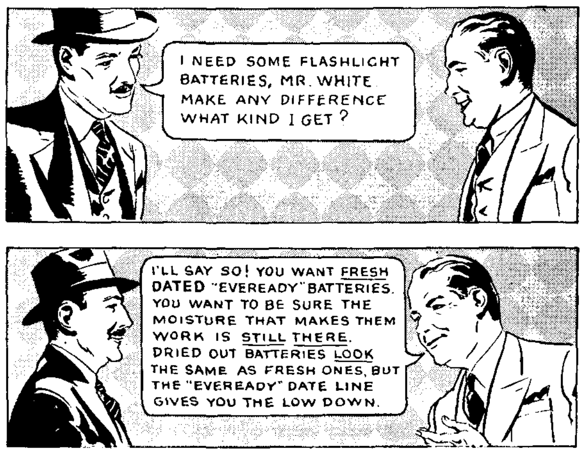
"When I could get my breath, I called to my companion to cut the well-rope and lower an end to me. Quickly, he returned to the edge of the cliff, but it was none too soon. My hands were beginning to ache from the strain. Soon they would be numb from lack of blood. Then there would be a nauseating drop, and my troubles would be over.

"'Where are you?' my friend was calling, 'I can't see a thing down there.' I answered him again and again. He cast the rope vainly into the dark...and then, in the most desperate, hopeless situation I ever hope to see...I thought of the flashlight in my hip pocket.

"There was nothing for it but to trust my life to my good right hand, fish for the flashlight with my left, and pray there was still life in those batteries. The light worked, enabling my companion to reach me with the rope. Otherwise there would have been one more of those 'omit flowers' notices in the paper. Once more *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries proved their dependability.

"Because they were *fresh* when I bought them, those batteries still had the stuff after months of hard service."

(*Signed*) Wm N. Taylor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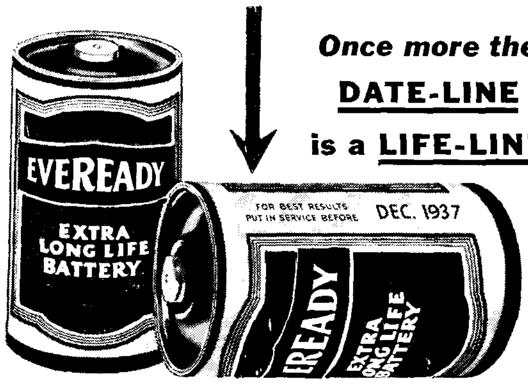
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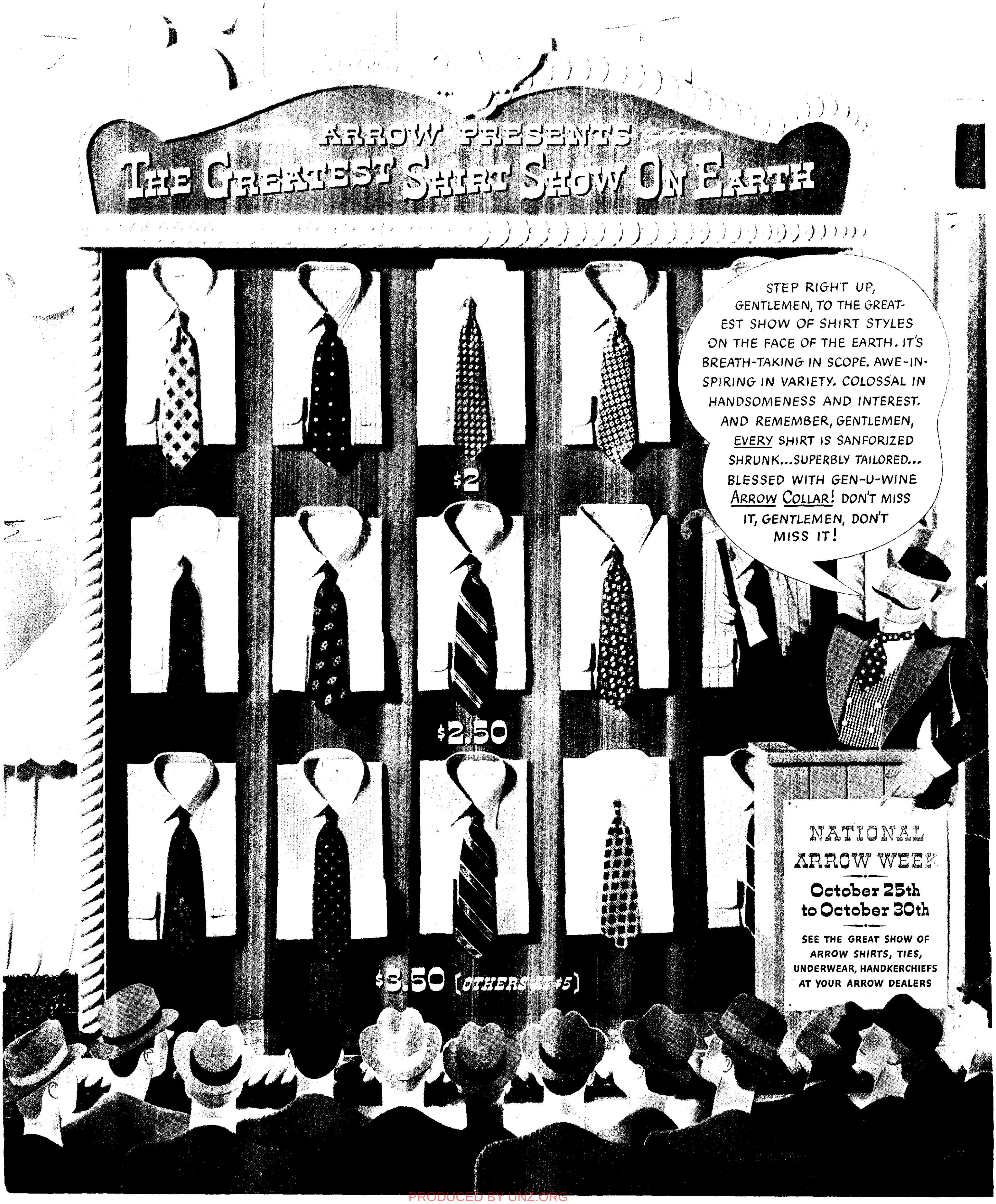
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are not to marry this man named—"

"Named what?" Miss Porter asked.

"Barney!" he answered, as if it had cost him a great effort. "The first name is Barney! Am I right?"

"Yes," she said softly.

"Don't speak," he muttered. "Don't distract me! Keep looking into my eyes or I may lose the thread. Elton Crystalbrain sees all and knows all, and on rainy afternoons the powers of magic are his slaves." He blinked. "The last name is Teel! Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Elton Crystalbrain is always right. The name is Barney Teel. It is coming clearly now. He is a reporter on the Globe. He is tall, slender, brown-eyed. He is a Princeton man. He is ambitious. Oh, he is very, very ambitious. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"I see a pattern," he went on in that hushed voice. "You are in the center of this pattern. All about you are things that look like spiders."

SALLY PORTER was pale now. Her blue eyes were busy with speculation. If there had been the least trace of humor in his face she could have laughed.

"I see danger," the dreamy voice droned on. "You have been engaged in a dangerous undertaking, having nothing to do with blackmail, or letters, or a woman named Genevieve. Actually, you have been telling many lies. You are involved in intrigue beyond your depth. I see a dark, sinister man. He is a labor agitator. His name is Stefan Zorane. Am I right?"

"Yes"—very faintly.

"Elton Crystalbrain never errs. But that is unimportant. The important thing is your being in love with this man named Teel. You are at the crossroads. You must drop him. You must get rid of him at once. He is the wrong man for you. If you should marry him, I see nothing ahead for you but a dark alley full of broken bottles and dead cats. Dead cats are the most ominous of signs, betokening disaster and great suffering. The vibrations of the stars point to an entirely different man for you. A finer man in every respect. In fact, the ideal man."

Sally Porter's lovely large mouth and her chinline had suddenly become purposeful.

"Who is this man?" she said softly.

"At this moment, he is very close to you. If you reached out your hand, you could touch him."

"If I reached out my hand," Sally Porter said, "I could slap him. Do you find that very useful in your psychic research, Mr. Crystalbrain?"

He was puzzled. "That?"

"That extension telephone. It's connected with the one in the living room, isn't it?"

"Well, it does happen to be," he admitted.

"You heard everything I said to Barney Teel."

"Now that you mention it," he admitted, "perhaps I did. I'm not much of a liar."

Sally Porter's large blue eyes were narrowed, but this was not altogether a narrowing of amusement. This provoking and preposterous young man had become a possible source of danger. He knew she had lied to him. He knew she had lied to Barney. Just how much of the truth he suspected and what he intended to do about it was the question. It all depended on what was going on behind the glowing brown eyes of this odd and mystifying young man. She already knew he was mischievous. And she already knew that his air of mildness was not to be counted on. She would have to be careful and she would have to be clever.

She said gaily, "Well, I think you're a perfectly magnificent liar."

"Well," he said, "I think you're one, too. I think we both need a Brain Fogger, don't you?"

"Perhaps you do," she said. "I'm still in a fog. The way you let me go on and on about Genevieve!"

He looked at her gravely. "It didn't matter what you were saying. Your eyes glowed and became larger and larger with the drama of Genevieve. That was what counted. That was why Elton Crystalbrain came over me. You have such wonderful expressions."

"I'm still mystified about Barney Teel."

"Oh," he said, "that's very simple. I knew you were talking to a reporter. He mentioned Hurly, and Hurly is the city editor of the Globe and a friend of mine, and I knew Barney was working there, and I happened to be a senior in Princeton when Barney Teel was a freshman."

"As for Stefan Zorane—" she began experimentally.

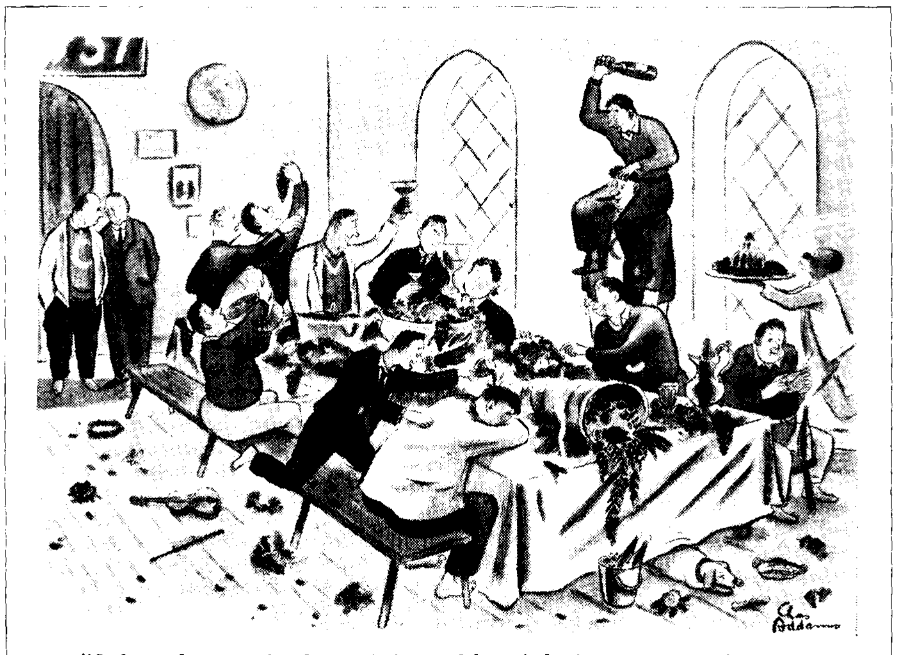
"Oh, yes. Isn't he the foreign agitator who's been causing so much labor trouble here and there?"

"Yes."

"Living right here under my very nose?"

"Yes."

"And that fellow who chased you up here—wasn't he one of Pop Kresco's men?"



"A few changes in the training table might improve our football"

CHAS. ADDAMS

"I haven't the faintest idea."

He was slyly avoiding the real issue. He wasn't going to help her. And, Sally Porter suspected, he wasn't going to let her out of this apartment.

She said, "You're Eric Larsen, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"I thought so," she said with desperate gaiety. "I've almost met you dozens of times at cocktail parties. You know, Mr. Larsen, in a way, you really have me at your mercy. You could cause me no end of embarrassment."

He nodded gravely. "Yes, I realize that."

His calm acceptance of the fact alarmed her. "Well," she said, "I can't think of anyone nicer to be at the mercy of."

"In a way," he agreed, "I have you over a barrel, haven't I?"

Her laughter was a little hysterical. "Yes! And I'm terribly lucky that you're such a decent person."

Eric Larsen considered this. "Yes," he said, as if the idea hadn't occurred to him. "Aren't you?"

THE telephone began to ring. He answered it. A man's voice said: "It's Featherly, Eric. A pretty redheaded girl named Sally Porter delivered an interne suit to Zorane and phoned for an ambulance. She's the girl we've been looking for. There's absolutely no question."

"Yes, I know."

"And there's a new development that absolutely clinches the case against her."

"Good. Can it wait?"

"Will you come here?"

"Yes. I'll see you later," Eric Larsen said, and put the phone back on its prongs.

Miss Porter was hopefully watching him. "That's a promise, isn't it?"

"Of course," he said, and smiled.

She looked steadily into his kind brown eyes. "It's just grand of you, Mr. Larsen. And it's grand of you not to want any more of an explanation. Now, I simply must fly."

She backed out of the kitchen. "The Larsen Double Brain-Clearing Extra Special was marvelous. The most amazing waves of straight thinking are rolling through my brain. You've been awfully kind."

He followed her into the dining room. "But I don't even know your name."

"It's Sally Porter."

She had maneuvered herself into the living room. She walked slowly, in a straight line, toward the front door.

"Look," he said, and her smile dimmed. "Look, Sally Porter. Would you think it too drastic if I asked for your address? I don't want to seem brash or headstrong, but I'd love to take you out for a tailor-made cocktail sometime."

Sally Porter's smile was mostly gratitude.

"And I," she said, "would love to have a cocktail with you sometime. You've really been terribly kind."

"The address?"

She weighed the advisability of giving a false address, decided it would be safer to be honest. She gave him her address.

"The telephone number?"

She laughed. "That pursued feeling is coming over me again." But she gave him her telephone number. And started briskly for the door.

"Oh, just a moment, Miss Porter."

She stopped.

"I've a great favor I want to ask. Cancel everything and have dinner with me tonight."

Sally Porter's heart began to beat a little more rapidly. He was, after all, going to take advantage of her. She had a panicky, trapped feeling.

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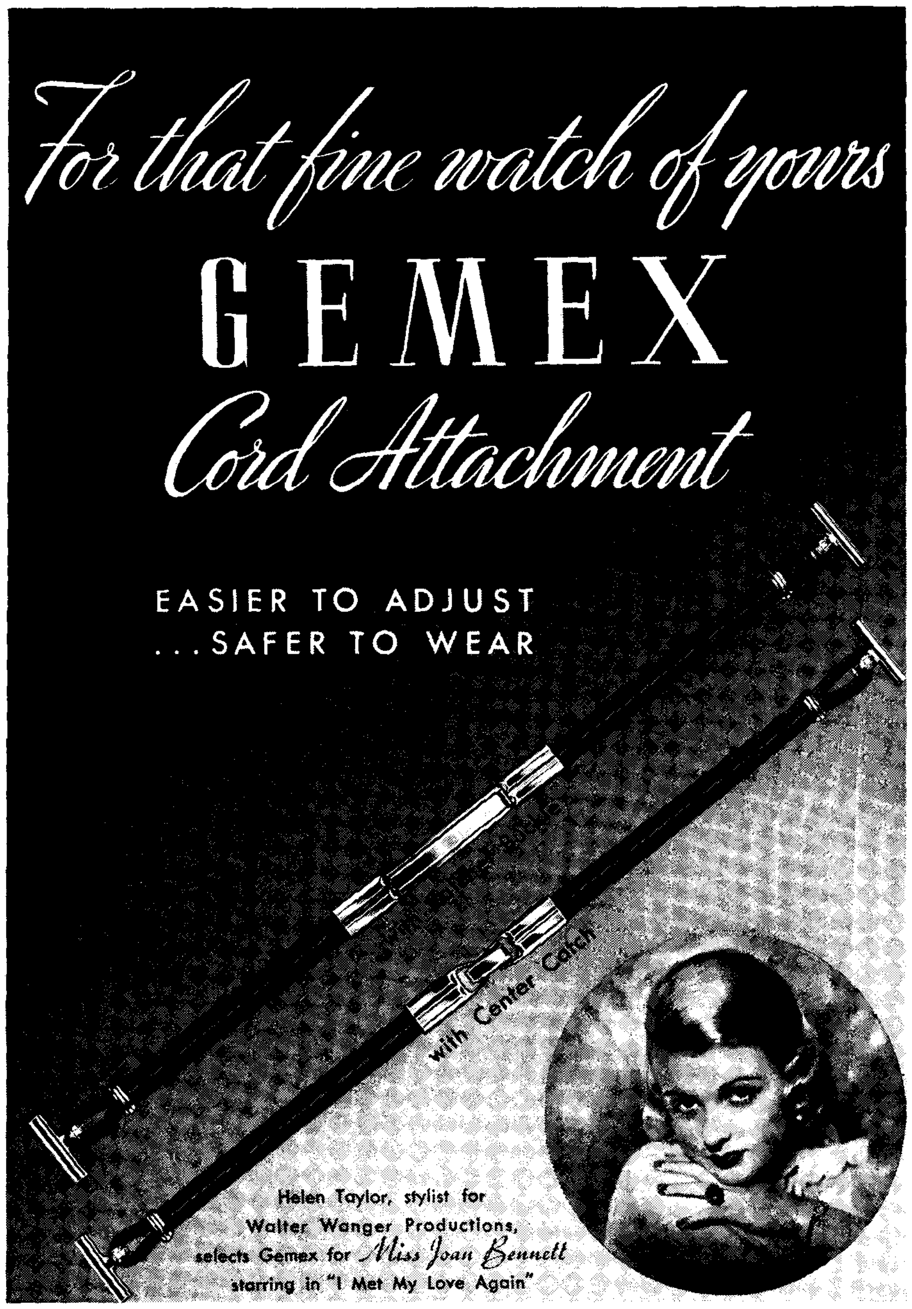
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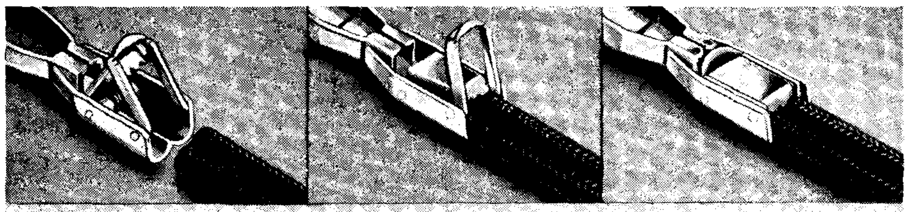


Since cords must be changed from time to time, it is a decided advantage to own a GEMEX attachment. These enlarged illustrations show how simple it is to replace the cords without forcing or fumbling. The little tooth-edged lever is pressed down to keep the cords securely in place.

"But I have a date, Mr. Larsen! Didn't you hear? Didn't you hear me tell Barney I'd meet him for dinner?"

"Cancel it," he said quietly. "I need you. It's intrigue, and you do intrigue so nicely."

He went to the door and put his back against it and languidly folded his long arms. His rumpled hair above his bony face, and his expression more than faintly that of a satyr's, dismayed her. Her eyes became round and willful, and her lovely lower lip became prominent.

"You see," he said blandly, "I need a fiancée at a moment's notice. It's vitally important for me to have a fiancée for this evening—a presentable fiancée. And I haven't one. I don't know any girl who looks the part. Obviously, any fiancée of mine must be not only charming and beautiful, but she must be a lady. That was why I was so delighted and grateful when you came dashing into my life. You were the answer to my prayers. The perfect answer."

THE telephone rang again. He said, "Please wait a moment longer." He picked up the telephone. A bass voice said rapidly: "It's Harry, Mr. Larsen. I followed the ambulance down Madison to the Steckler Building. Zorane parked on Madison, walked through the cigar store and out the other side and got into a rental limousine with a chauffeur. I followed it to Mr. Van Arden's apartment. When he got out, he was wearing a gray business suit."

"Thanks, Harry. The senator left Washington on the four-o'clock plane, and he'll be staying at the Savoy-Carlington."

He hung up.

"Mr. Larsen," Sally Porter said patiently, "please. I can't stay a moment longer, and I can't break that date. Suppose we have cocktails tomorrow afternoon."

"It's Father," he said. "If it were anyone else but Father, it wouldn't matter. Unfortunately, he's the only angel I've ever been able to sell myself to. I'm not much of a salesman, and in bad seasons, angels are so scarce—and so necessary. Last season was a very bad season—one of my worst. Did you see Wolves Gather?"

"I did. It had a wonderful run."

He unfolded his arms and spread his hands, palms up. "All paper, Miss Porter, all paper. It lost a fortune. And Dad disapproves of my career, anyway. The senator is under the misapprehension, among others, that because I'm in show business—all the girls in show business are hussies to him—that I do not know any nice girls."

Sally Porter was breathing faster.

"I want to convince him," the faunlike young man went on, "that I not only know nice girls but am engaged to a girl who is unquestionably the nicest, cleverest, most sumptuous girl he ever saw. He is very partial to slim, blue-eyed girls with hair the color of yours. It's a family trait."

The redheaded girl took a long breath. Her eyes were quite pale. Her mouth was very firm and resolute.

"Mr. Larsen, I am not going to have dinner with you and your father tonight. I am having dinner with Barney Teel. I am late for a very important four-o'clock appointment."

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, Miss Porter. I can't let you go until you've promised to break your date with Barney. It's too important to me. I need you too badly."

She said angrily, "Of course you realize you're being absolutely ridiculous."

"You're wrong. I'm desperately in need of money—a lot of money. If the senator sees that I'm engaged to a perfectly swell girl, he'll weaken."

"I won't do it!" Miss Porter cried.

"Look, Miss Porter. We agreed, didn't we, that I had you over a barrel?"

"And you promised to do nothing about it."

"That was before you startled me by refusing to co-operate with me. I assumed you'd be delighted. Must I force you to help me, Miss Porter? Must I notify the police?"

She said recklessly: "Go ahead! What can you tell them?"

"For instance, that you delivered that interne suit to Stefan Zorane, then phoned for the ambulance he stole."

The redheaded girl stared at him in dismay. "You can't prove it!" she wailed.

"I don't have to."

"I won't do it."

"Very well." He dialed SP-7-3100. And he wasn't holding the lever down.

"Hello," he said.

"Wait!" Sally Porter wailed, and grabbed for the telephone. "Not the police. I'll do it!"

"Never mind it," he said to Headquarters. He put the phone back on its prongs. "Now call up Barney and break that date."

"He won't be there! He'll be at Pop Kresco's!"

"Get busy."

Sally Porter snatched up the telephone and dialed the Globe's city room. Barney Teel had not left for Pop Kresco's; he was just leaving. His voice was exuberant.

"Hi, Toots!" he cried. "It's going to be smeared all over the front page of the Wall Street edition! You should have heard Hurly!"

"Ah, that's grand," Sally said. "You'd better plan to see me later. I'm following up another angle on Zorane. I can't have dinner with you."

There was a silence at the other end. "Who are you having dinner with?"

She said hastily, "No one, darling. I'll just have time for a bite and I'll call you as soon as I'm clear."

Barney Teel said heavily, "All right."

"You're not angry?"

"Hell, no."

"I'll call you around nine or ten."

"Where are you phoning from?"

"A drugstore."

"Okay, my sweet. Goodby."

SHE put the phone down and said coldly, "May I go now, Mr. Larsen?"

"Yes," he said. "But don't forget: we're having dinner at the Dubonnaix, Miss Porter. At eight."

"No."

The telephone rang again. He answered it. The voice of his father's secretary, in Washington, said: "This is Al. The senator left okay on the three-o'clock plane. He's bringing the alligator briefcase. Better have Harry or Jim meet him at Newark—armed. He hasn't a bodyguard."

"I'll attend to it."

"Have you found that girl yet?"

"Not yet, Al. So long."

Eric Larsen put the telephone back. The redheaded girl was standing in the doorway, with the door open. She started toward the elevators. He accompanied her.

"I don't suppose," Miss Porter said desperately, "it strikes you as a rotten trick to play on your father."

"You don't *know* Father."

"It won't work, anyway. It's absurd."

"You don't know me. Shall we settle some details? Don't forget my name is Eric. We've been engaged, say, a week. Hadn't we better have a rehearsal?"

"I'm sure," she said, "we're both clever enough to ad lib anything."

The elevator door opened. Miss Porter walked in. He followed her.

She said firmly: "You're not going down with me."

He put his lips close to her ear and murmured as the elevator started down:

"This building has a fatal fascination for you. I'm going to see you safely out of it. And there's something I forgot to say. Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you're so much in love with Barney. I love obstacles."

"Isn't that dandy, Mr. Larsen. Barney Teel and I are going to be married next week."

His brown eyes glowed. "Then I haven't much time to show you what a mistake you were about to make."

"But that's simple, Mr. Larsen! All you have to do is start over again at birth and grow up into an entirely different sort of person."

THE elevator stopped. The door opened. The redheaded girl walked out, and Eric Larsen said to the doorman, "A cab for Miss Porter."

The doorman went out and blew his whistle. A cab pulled into the curb. Eric Larsen walked to the curb with Miss Porter and said, "I'll call for you at seven-thirty."

She got in. She smiled at Eric Larsen. It was a smile of radiance, of loathing, and of challenge.

He sighed. First, he reflected, make a redheaded girl mad.

When her cab pulled out, he glanced at a tall, slender young man in a gray hat and a plaid raincoat who had paused under the canopy to light a cigarette. The young man came over.

"All right," Eric said. "Grab a cab and follow that girl."

Eric returned to his apartment. He telephoned the city editor of the Globe. Pitching his voice a little lower than usual, he said to Frank Hurly: "Mr. Hurly, this is Senator Larsen's secretary. Will you please tell Barney Teel when he comes in that the senator is having dinner at the Dubonnaix tonight and would like to have Mr. Teel drop in for coffee afterward? The senator said no one else but Mr. Teel will do."

This matter attended to, he took an elevator to the fifth floor and went to Apartment 5-B. He punched the button six times. The door was opened on the chain. John Featherly's round face in the opening was flushed and his brown eyes were sparkling.

He undid the chain, opened the door and said with exuberance, "Come in, Eric, come in."

The lanky young man walked into the living room, sniffing the air. The pungent, faintly oriental smell of Stefan Zorane's cigars lingered in the room.

Stefan Zorane's valet followed him in, lit a cigarette and tossed the match into the fireplace. He had a pleased air.

"Zorane went to Van Arden's apartment," Eric said. "Harry's keeping an eye on things."

"Good! And we've finally caught up with the carrier pigeon. She's unquestionably the girl in gray who went to Chicago for them two weeks ago, and she's unquestionably the girl in blue who delivered the money to Max Argyle. And she's a knockout, Eric. She's as pretty as a thousand-dollar bill."

"I met her," Eric said laconically.

John Featherly stopped smiling.

"One of Pop Kresco's men chased her up the service stairs and practically into my arms," Eric explained. "I got rid of him and blackmailed her into having dinner with the senator and me tonight."

The round-faced man sat down on the arm of a chair and said, "H'm. You wouldn't be ribbing me, would you, Eric?"

"No, John. I threatened to notify the police if she refused to play ball. I told her my father was my backer and I needed a respectable fiancée to woo more backing."

Featherly considered him with an air of speculation, then slowly smiled. "Pretty smooth," he said. He laughed. "I like that. Does she know what it's about?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Nice work, Eric. I think we're ready to give this girl the works."

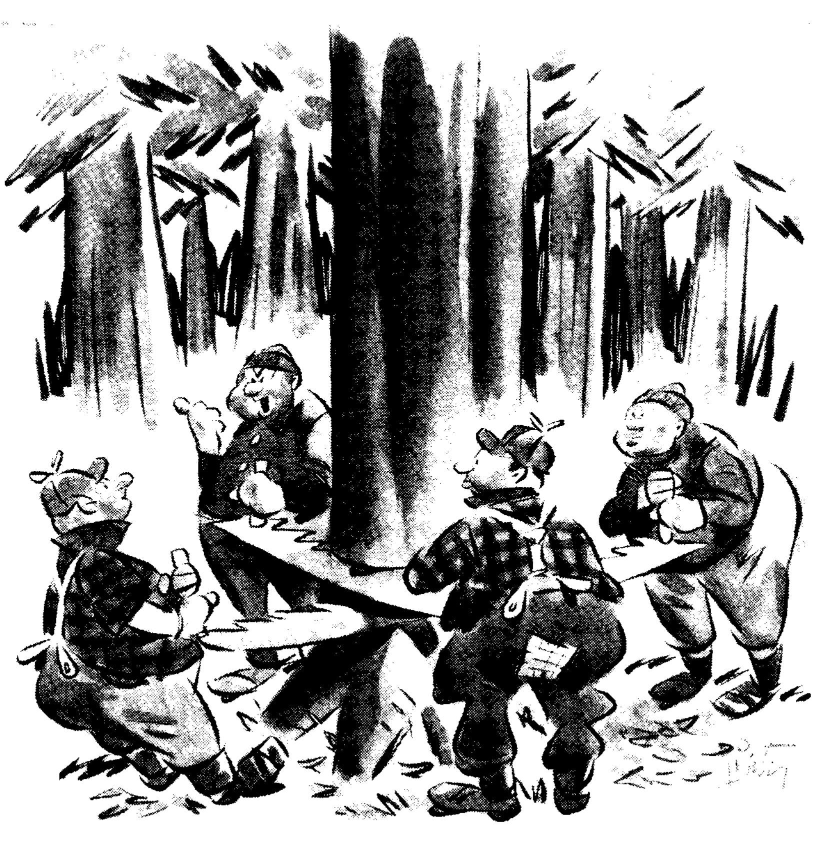
"I'm not so sure," Eric said. "That girl is on a spot, John. She's a nice girl."

"You mean, she's as pretty as a new fire engine."

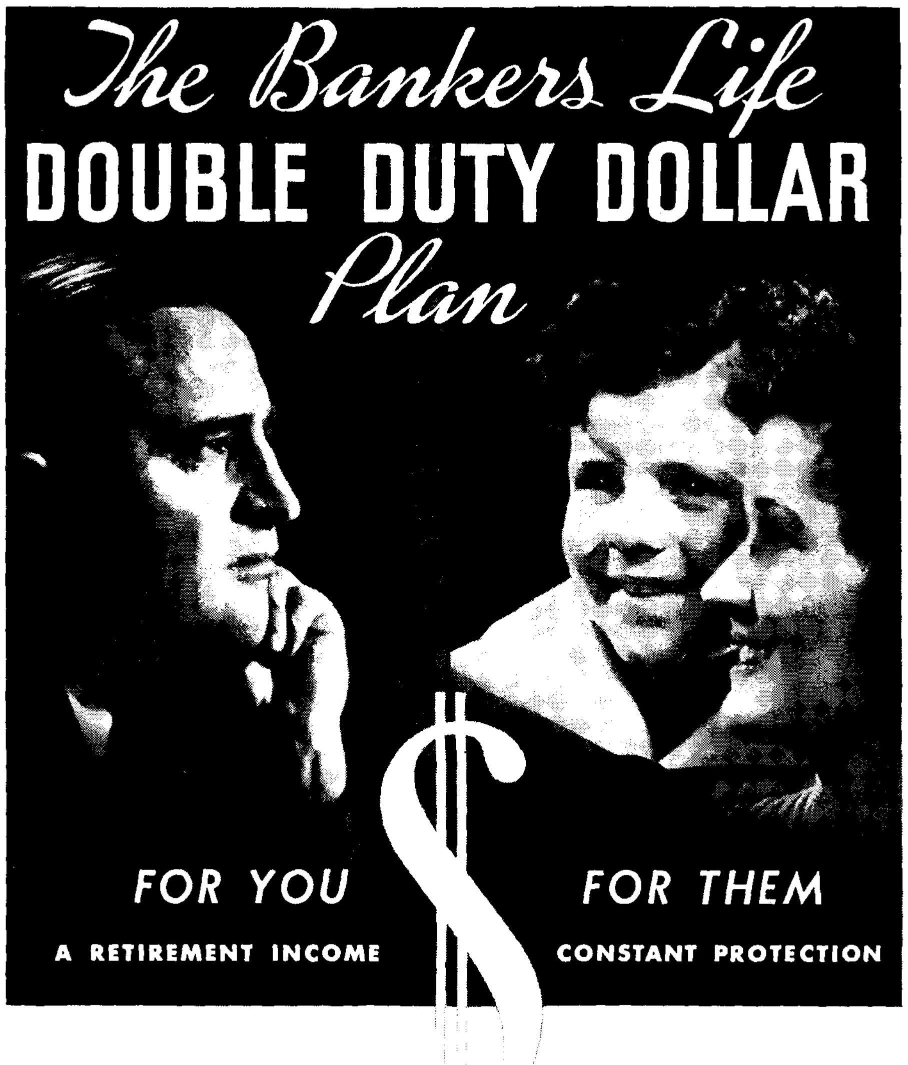
"I mean she isn't what I expected. And you know Dad. He's overanxious to make an arrest. He has to be handled. We haven't an airtight case yet."

John Featherly was grinning mysteriously. "Haven't we? Get a load of this."

He tapped a copy of the Evening



"Say! Why don't you fellows get your own tree?" GEORGE LICHTY



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Globe, Home News edition, which was lying on a table.

The young man glanced at the headlines. An ex-Follies girl was suing for divorce. Bomber crackup in Texas killed three. Fire in the Bronx left a dozen families homeless. Unidentified suicide found in Central Park lake. One Spanish faction had wiped out ten thousand of another Spanish faction.

Eric looked up.

"Do you see anything there to the effect that a new strike is starting tomorrow at the Dulcier plant in Detroit?"

"No."

"Do you see any reference to the strike at the Landsdown plant in Cleveland being called off tonight?"

"No."

"It's right there in Let's Be Smart."

Eric looked at the popular column of New York chatter called Let's Be Smart. It was signed "Silver Slippers."

"Zorane was reading it at luncheon. He made his first slip. He said, 'Ah-ha,' with a sort of chuckle. 'Ah-ha, the Dulcier strike starts tomorrow, and the Landsdown strike is off again.' He didn't realize I was in the room."

Eric was reading Let's Be Smart.

"When he finished with the paper," Featherly said, "I looked for these reports, for they were news to me, too. I looked through the entire paper. He found them, coded somehow, in that column. I know that Let's Be Smart is syndicated all over the country. It's wired, not mailed to these papers. I did some telephoning before I phoned you."

ERIC was discovering a new toenail lacquer shade for the beaches. A smart new night club was smartly reported. There were clever, telegraphic descriptions of a new cellophane evening bag which shamelessly revealed all the bag's contents; a gold cigarette case etched with a map of the United States, with rubies marking the major airports; a short evening bolero of black ermine, seen at the opening of Gargan's Wives. There was a little racy gossip about well-knowns, seen in El Morocco, the Stork Club, 21, The Persian Room, Leon & Eddie's, and the Hey-Nonny-No Club. And there were two brief items concerning an ideal restaurant that Silver Slippers hoped someone would open.

Eric sometimes read Let's Be Smart. He recalled previous references to Silver Slippers' ideal restaurant.

"Another thought for our ideal restaurant: Sharp steel knives with short blades and long strong handles for dealing with steaks."

Near the bottom of the column was another: "The ideal restaurant would serve all salads on frosted plates."

Eric looked up. "That girl?"

"Yes, Eric."

Eric picked up the telephone, dialed the Globe and asked for Benson Hodge. Benson Hodge was the Globe's dramatic critic. He said to Hodge, "Benny, this is Eric Larsen. I'm curious about Let's Be Smart."

"Your name is legion, Eric. What can I tell you?"

"Who's doing it?"

"The prettiest thing in the newspaper business. I am fifty-five and called the most cynical man on Broadway, and whenever I look into her eyes, I become romantic, irresponsible and dangerous. Her name is Sally Porter. Do you want to meet her?"

"I've met her. I'm just curious."

"It's a waste of time, sonny. Every man on the sheet is in love with Sally, and she's going to marry one of our reporters next week. She's a grand gal. She's from Roanoke, Virginia. She went to Randolph-Macon. She worked on the Herald-Tribune a while, then on the News, then she came over here."

"Has she red hair?"

"She has reddish-golden or golden-reddish hair, depending on your mood, vast blue eyes, a sumptuous sense of humor, and a figure that would make a bronze saint twist cracks in his pedestal. Or did you notice that? She is already a Park Row legend. Anything else?"

"How much does she make?"

"Ten thousand a year plus a percentage. I understand she's supporting her parents. What happened was, Let's Be Smart started on the woman's page. It was just another of those things; how to powder your nose, be fresh and dainty if you would win him. And suddenly it went to town. It was jumped to its present position a couple of months ago, and is now being syndicated to about eighty papers."

"Wired or mailed?"

"Wired. The woman angle, you know. Good stuff from the woman's angle is as scarce as a happy face backstage on opening night. And Sally's stuff is superb. It's the first woman's column of its kind that men eat up. When are you going into production again?"

"As soon as I can find a play worth producing."

Eric dropped the telephone into its cradle.

"No, John," he said, "she isn't the kind of girl you arrest. She comes from a good family, she has a fine reputation, and she's too important."

"Your father won't care. He's coming to New York especially to grab her."

"The time isn't ripe. And I don't want her grabbed. We can't prove anything against her."

"The right questions might break her down, Eric."

The lanky young man shook his head. "It isn't time. Let me handle her in my own way. I don't want the senator to know anything about her."

John Featherly threw his cigarette away. "You wouldn't be asking me to double-cross him, would you?"

"In a way," Eric said. "In another way, let's say it's for his own good. Let's say he's apt to be impetuous; upset the applecart, spill the beans, and leave the big chestnuts in the fire. You can't touch this girl. You can't prove anything."

Featherly said, "Wait a minute. Let me do my own thinking for a minute."

He went to a window and looked down at the rainswept street. John Featherly was a Department of Justice agent who had resigned and gone to work for Senator Larsen a little over a year previously at a large salary. He had conducted an investigation of one of the senator's political rivals and had remained on the senator's personal pay roll, doing odd jobs of investigation. He had learned that Senator Larsen was an ardent patriot, a pompous, rather thick-skinned, bull-headed man who politically wasn't very important, and longed for prominence.

The senator's appointment to the chairmanship of a committee to investigate the activities of alien labor racketeers in American industrial centers was in the nature of an apple to a well-behaved horse, although it was justified by his long experience as a manufacturer.

JOHN FEATHERLY knew that when this chance came the senator was napping; that Eric had flown to Washington and pointed out to him that it was a splendid opportunity to ease himself into senatorial prominence without stepping on important senatorial bunions.

And Featherly knew that the senator characteristically had seized the idea and made it his own, although the campaign was mapped out by Eric. He knew that Eric wanted the senator to make a spectacular success of the investigation, because he wanted his father to be happy, to attract national attention.

Featherly was actually in charge of the investigation, directing agents in the important industrial centers. He had secured the post of valet to Stefan Zorane, who was not only the most dangerous alien agitator in the country but also the key man to a scandalous situation.

And the key girl to the situation, the girl they had all been looking for, was Sally Porter.

It was a risk. Not only John Featherly's job, but his reputation was at stake. Yet he knew that Eric Larsen was a brilliant young man who had shown himself capable at intrigue.

Featherly turned from the window and said, "You've fallen for this tomato. You want to protect her."

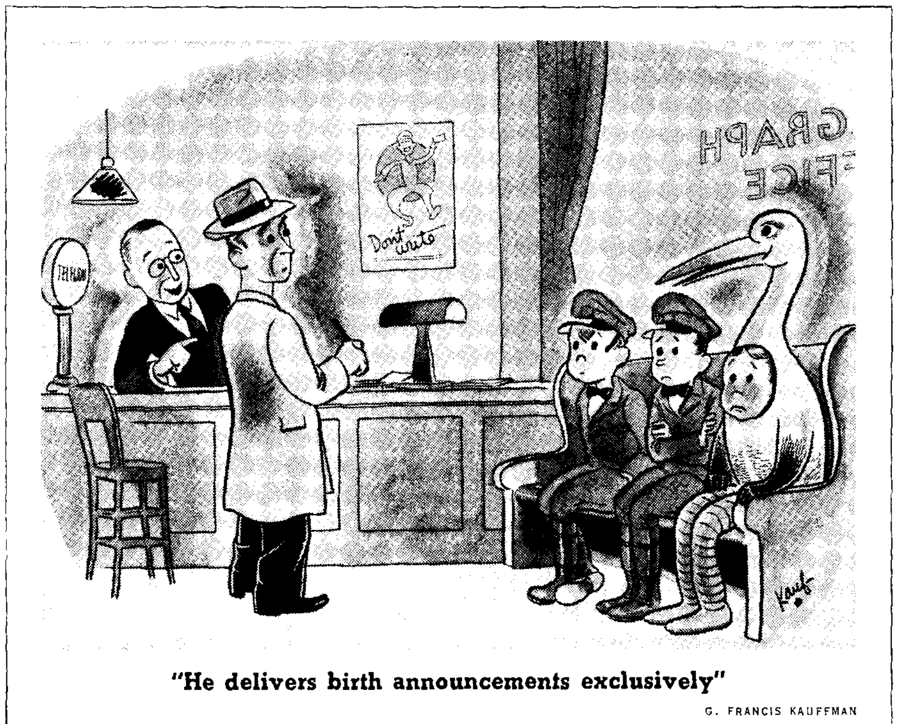
"If I protect her," Eric answered, "I'll also be protecting the senator from premature impetuousness."

John Featherly grinned wisely. "If you introduce her as your fiancée, and if you can get away with it, you figure your father won't crack down on her when he learns the truth."

"No. He's bringing the alligator briefcase. He's on the warpath."

"Like an army tank," the investigator affirmed. "You're going to travel on thin ice, Eric, but I'll let you handle it your way. Just remember this: if you fall in love with her, or if you pull a Galahad on us, the tank will be wrecked, I'll be wrecked—and you'll be wrecked."

(*To be continued next week*)



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Broken Engagement

Continued from page 14

was the plating of the ship, and on it the sun beat down ferociously. And here the smell of the cargo—which was odorous—mingled with the bottled-up personal smells of the native crew. The prisoner's cubbyhole was perhaps six feet by seven, with its open front all partly rusted iron bars. It contained only the prisoner and a pipe-iron cot and—now—a half keg of lukewarm water.

The prisoner lay upon the floor of his cell, panting. He was unshaven and unshorn. His eyes were bloodshot. As his visitors stopped, he raised his head and croaked at them. The girl gazed at him, speechless. She tried three times to utter a word, but could not. The prisoner gropingly felt for the sopping rag in the half keg. He mopped himself drearily with it. He croaked again. Then his eyes suddenly fixed upon Miss Gloria Pim, and amazement came into them. He croaked once more.

And Miss Pim, holding fast to the bars lest the motion of the Gretchen sweep her from her feet—Miss Pim sobbed. She tried again to speak, and again failed, and then knelt down before the cell and thrust her hands inside and wept heartbrokenly.

ABOVE decks, the first purposeful thread of cloud had been followed by others. Many others.

Then, in the far distance, the water abruptly ceased to be glassy. Somewhere in the vast shadow, the silvery heaving swells turned to white. Then they became invisible. Something was blotting them out; something which was of the same leaden color as the clouds. They were swallowed up in a rushing nothingness.

That racing oblivion sped toward the ship. There was a moment of a shrill thin whine, and a sudden patter of raindrops moving with the speed of bullets. Then an instant's hush. Then the deluge.

With that uproar of wind and water coming through the deck and side plating, Mynherr van der Heydn saw Miss Gloria Pim at last cry out to the prisoner, but he could not hear one syllable of it.

The prisoner shouted back to Miss Pim, and she thrust her handbag—an oddity on shipboard—through the bars to him and ran sobbing away. Mynherr van der Heydn moved after her. But he stopped after a moment, because there was a small trickle of water pouring down from the deck. Some small hole that nobody had discovered. For a time it trickled, and then it dripped, and then it jetted. Then he discovered that there were other trivial leaks. He shrugged his shoulders. The Gretchen would not sink from such small inflows of water.

Then, as he returned to the cabin, he heard the unmistakable sound of splintering wood. He heard something break, and he heard something bump very horribly somewhere—he felt the tingling impact in the soles of his feet—and then he partly heard and partly felt a monstrous scraping noise above him. It was simple enough. A cargo boom came unlashed and under the impetus of a boarding sea broke free from the Gretchen's stubby mast. Then it flailed about at the end of its hoist, smashed the bridge rail and part of the bridge, and finally punctured the chartroom roof in a homicidal sweep and providentially stuck there.

Back where the prisoner lay, the tumult was perhaps more horrible. The well deck, feet deep in pouring water, was almost over his head. There was a single unshielded electric bulb to give light for his inspection from time to time. Its glow was dim and it wavered rhythmically with the movement of the dynamos, but it showed the more than half-naked prisoner, his body glistening wet, frantically tearing Miss Gloria Pim's handbag to pieces.

In the cabin, Miss Pim wept gaspingly. Mynherr van der Heydn closed the forward door and stolidly looked at his watch. This was, of course, a typhoon. But typhoons can last only so long, and so far the Gretchen still floated. The question was simply that of whether she could last through the rest of it. It did not seem probable.

He painstakingly lighted a cigar. The Gretchen teetered in a lunatic fashion at an angle approaching the vertical. But Mynherr van der Heydn happened to be a romantic, and despite the disadvantages of that estate, one who is a romantic realizes ultimately that even dying is a high adventure. So he felt the romantic's fine unreasonable lack of fear, which is actually a sort of thrilled anticipation. He made his way to Miss Pim's side. He touched her shoulder.

And Miss Pim gasped and looked up with a look of almost incredulous, radiant joy upon her face. That expression faded almost instantly, to be replaced by a wrenching disappointment. And then she took hold of herself and smiled wanly.

The noise of the wind alone, it would have seemed, should have been foremost in her consciousness. Even the seas which flung themselves aboard the Gretchen announced their arrival by concussion rather than by noise. In the cabin, those concussions were conveyed by decks and cabin walls. But Miss Pim ignored the wind and the pounding waves. She did not seem to notice when the Gretchen swung her bows through seventy degrees of arc or better, nor when she rolled until her funnel matched the elevation of many a warship's guns. Miss Pim smiled; a fixed false smile at Mynherr van der Heydn. And she tried to talk of indifferent things.

Had he been anything but a romantic, he would have thought her scared to madness by the storm. As it was, he watched her meditatively while the fixed smile lasted and presently he rumbled inaudibly to himself. He believed he understood.

The prisoner. The handbag. Her desperate insistence on seeing the prisoner. Another man would have gone forward to the prisoner's cell at once. Another man would have felt it his duty to take measures—in the middle of a typhoon—to insure that the prisoner keep his appointment with the hangman. Mynherr van der Heydn, being a romantic, found himself a seat and smoked stolidly. But his eyes often turned speculatively toward the fore part of the ship.

WHEN he had finished his cigar, there was no change. The wind, perhaps, blew harder. But his ears were numbed and it seemed no worse. The feel of the Gretchen was less comfortable, however. There was a difference in her motion and it was not reassuring. As a matter of fact, her pumps were working at one-third capacity. There were no leaks, but because of the pounding seas there was seepage it was wise to counteract.

An hour later, there was still no change. Miss Pim was growing slowly paler. She bit at her lips, and her eyes, directed forward, showed a desperate longing.

Still later it seemed to Mynherr van der Heydn that the Gretchen rolled

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By HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

more sluggishly, and pitched with less of her first agility. The concussions of seas upon her deckhouse were more frequent and somehow more ominous.

Meanwhile Mynherr van der Heydn thought of tiny saws nibbling at rusty iron bars while the Gretchen's seams opened under her pounding. They would have to be tiny saws to have been carried in a lady's handbag. Mynherr van der Heydn envisioned the prisoner as working desperately, clinging to his cell door so that the ever more weary rollings and heavings of the ship would not tear him from his work. It made a fine, dramatic picture. But the Gretchen was very weary indeed.

SHE dived. She careened crazily down what seemed a mile-long slope of heaving green, and plunged her stubby bows into solid water at the bottom. And suddenly something crashed, and something else crashed—and then she had no more buoyancy at all. She lay supine in the troughs of monster seas. Her engines stopped.

Mynherr van der Heydn opened his mouth to speak, but Miss Pim would not have heard him. She was staring at that forward door with an expression of terrible, heartbreaking strain.

And the forward door slid open and the prisoner stood in the opening. He was half naked and unkempt and bloodstained. In one hand he held an iron club—one of the bars of his cell. In the other he held a knife, which by the look of it he had taken from a Malay sailor. And his pose, and his air, and the expression of his face all indicated a horrible desperation. He saw Mynherr van der Heydn first, and instantly gathered himself to spring. He had been condemned to death, and he was at large upon the Gretchen, and he had no choice but to kill any man who saw him.

But then, miraculously, Miss Gloria Pim was in his arms. She laughed and sobbed in one breath, and pressed herself hungrily against him, twisting her fingers even more hungrily in his hair. She kissed him, and clung close, and laughed and sobbed inaudible endearments into his ears, and patted him desperately, forgetting the storm and the sea and the motion of the ship; forgetting all danger, aware only that the prisoner was here and—however temporarily—free.

There was a crash. Something else had given way. The prisoner put Miss Pim aside and fixed his eyes upon the stout, prosaic figure of Mynherr van der Heydn, who smoked and watched him thoughtfully. And suddenly a curious, dull vibration shook the deck beneath their feet. It was the Gretchen's whistle, hooting of her despair.

But now, when she wallowed deep, there were actually lulls in the howling of the wind. Decidedly the worst was over. When towering mountains of swaying green hovered on each side of the ship, it was possible to hear men scurrying on her decks atop the cabin. They were preparing boats—those that had not been swept away. When she was atop those moving hills, all men held fast. But Mynherr van der Heydn looked out of a port long enough to see something like a manned boat sweep away from the ship and be lost in a smother of spray torn from a monster wave. He turned back.

Mincingly, holding fast to whatever solid objects offered, he advanced to the clinging, joyously sobbing, unobservant girl. The prisoner looked at him through bloodshot eyes and half raised his deadly club. Van der Heydn took one hand out of his pocket. There was a revolver in it. He shrugged his shoulders and replaced it. He bowed ceremoniously. He was a romantic. He spoke briefly; without salutation or explanation or preface, as if they should know by instinct that he was a romantic. He bowed again and turned away. With other mincing steps, clinging to handholds against the sickly, weary heavings of the Gretchen, he retraced his path. He stood by the heavy door leading to the deck. The Gretchen sank down deep between the monstrous seas. They were somehow less deadly now, since she had given up the struggle. Mynherr van der Heydn jerked open the door and moved out upon the deck, becoming soaked in an instant. He fought his way forward. Presently—hatless and streaming water, but invincibly the prosaic and prosperous businessman—he stolidly clung to ropes as the skipper's boat made ready. The skipper caught at his shoulder and bellowed something about Miss Pim, the other passenger. Mynherr van der Heydn pointed to the sea. The skipper asked no more.

They got the boat off. It was three parts a miracle. It was half swamped when it hit the water. It escaped shattering against what freeboard the Gretchen retained by another miracle. By a third intervention of Providence it was brought head to the sea before the tip of a huge, breaking comber swept under it. Then it was safe.

The seas were still monstrous and angry, to be sure. But instead of a black and featureless pall aloft, the sky now displayed markings. Cloud masses, moving very swiftly. The rain lessened. It nearly ceased. The Gretchen, even, could be seen occasionally. Mynherr van der Heydn regarded her meditatively. She floated ever lower and ever more sluggishly when vast seas brought her upward into view. She was wave-swept from end to end. She was leaking in every seam from the battering she had received. But she still floated soggily.

And presently Mynherr van der Heydn believed that he saw something detach itself from her and drift astern. It might have been wreckage, but to him it looked like a boat. It might have been empty, but it might—it might!—have contained two human beings who would prefer this desperate chance or lack of it to any other possible fate. He did not point out what he thought he saw. He pulled the collar of his coat about his neck to keep out the spray.

THE skipper swore suddenly. He had forgotten the prisoner. But the Gretchen heaved into view for the last time and it was very plain that the prisoner's steel cubbyhole had been flooded long ago. The skipper bellowed in van der Heydn's ear that the prisoner must have drowned long since. Mynherr van der Heydn nodded assent.

And then he sat patiently and stolidly in the boat while the skipper sweatingly debated a course to set for dry land. Mynherr van der Heydn wondered obscurely if he had given the prisoner good advice, in saying that the ship was to be abandoned and that he and Miss Pim could escape unseen in a boat or life-raft after the crew had reached a little distance. But he did not doubt at all that it was the most welcome advice he could have offered. And he wondered mildly what circumstances had preceded the murder for which the prisoner had been condemned, and what part Miss Gloria Pim had played in those circumstances. He was somehow sure that nobody would ever inquire for Miss Gloria Pim—and he was right. He knew that he, himself, would never institute any inquiry at all, whether into events before this happening on the Gretchen, or into what might happen to those two after it. He preferred for the matter to remain in his memory exactly as he had witnessed it. It was somehow satisfactory to think upon.

You see, Mynherr van der Heydn was a romantic.

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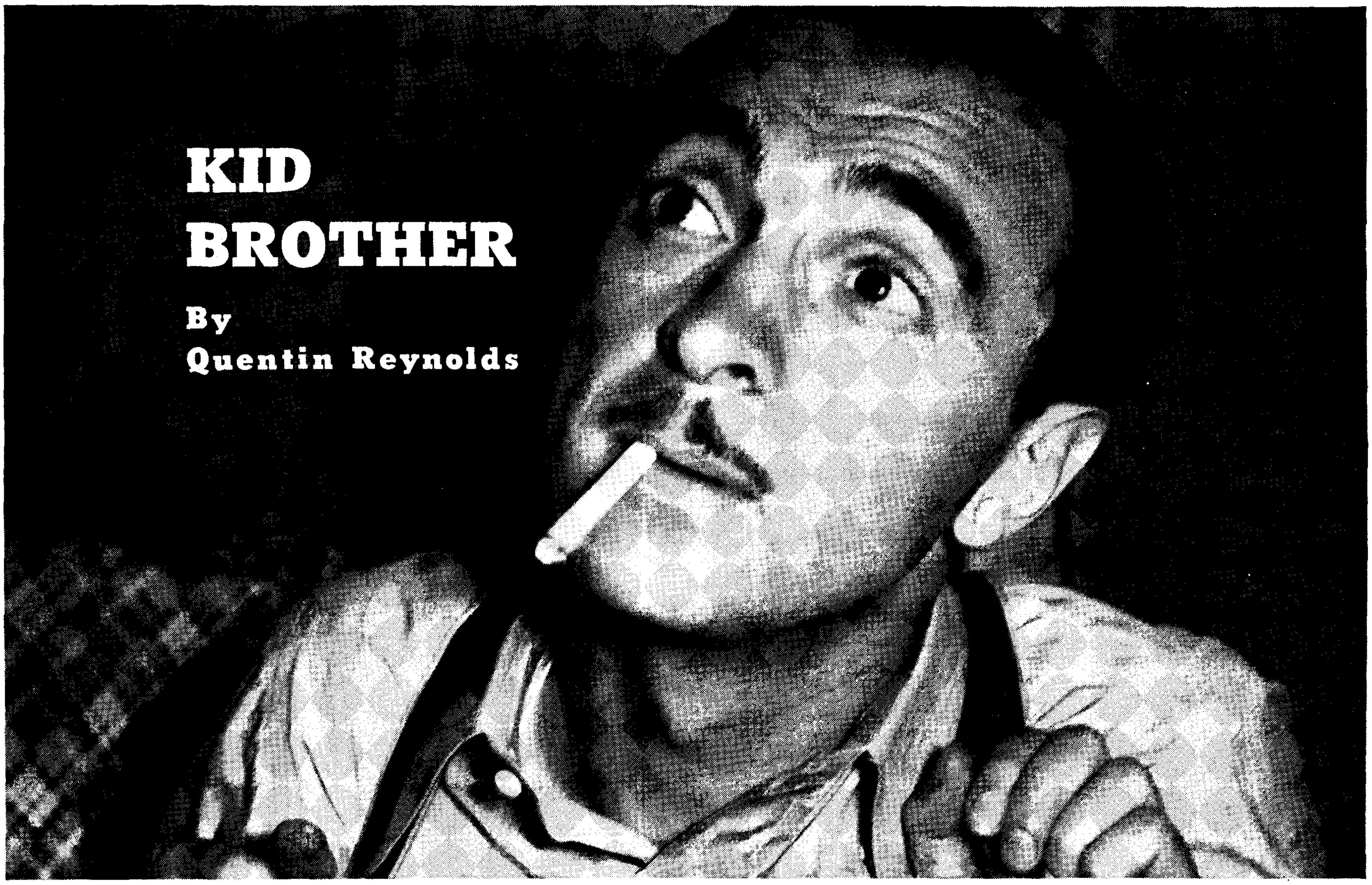
KID BROTHER

By Quentin Reynolds



IFOR THOMAS

According to his older brother, Sam Levene's homespun East Side accent was too strong for an ambitious young fellow just entering the cloak and suit business. So Sam went to school—dramatic school—and here he is bowling over the customers of the New York stage and the nation's movies. He's still bewildered

"LISTEN, Sam," George Abbott said patiently, "in this play you are a shoestring producer. You are a cheap sort of a Broadway guy and you have to look like one. I told you to buy a suit that looks flashy—the kind a shoestring producer would wear. That one you have on is much too good-looking."

"It cost $13.50." Levene shrugged his shoulders. "Can you get a cheaper suit than for $13.50? This is three times now I buy a suit and always you say, 'It is too good-looking. Get a suit that looks cheap.' "

Abbott walked away and Levene sat down disconsolate. It was during the final days of rehearsing Room Service. Everything was fine except for that suit. Sam couldn't find one that Abbott liked. The next night they held the dress rehearsal. There was Sam Levene resplendent in a light gray number with a slight bluish-green tinge.

"That's great, Sam," Abbott beamed. "That's the cheapest, flashiest-looking suit I ever saw."

"But Mr. Abbott," Sam began, a stricken look on his face.

"Not a word, my boy. That's great, it's just what I had in mind." Abbott turned his back on Levene, who stood there, his mouth open. He looked as though he were going to cry.

Teddy Hart, one of the players in Room Service, said, "What's the matter, Sam? The boss liked the suit. He said it was just what he wanted."

"Yeah, but listen, Teddy," Levene said sadly, "ask me what suit is it I'm wearing. Do you know? It's my own best suit, the suit I only wear on Sundays, the best suit I own. And Mr. Abbott, what does he say? He says it is cheap and flashy and just what a shoestring producer would wear. So how do you like that?"

Teddy Hart looked at the suit speculatively and a bit enviously. "It ain't a bad-looking frock. Who made it for you—your mother?"

With a strangled cry of despair, Sam Levene rushed away. Always it was like that with him. Not when he was on the stage. He was a good actor and even the director and the producer, yes, even the doorman, had a lot of respect for him. But once he got off the stage everyone kidded him.

Sam Levene doesn't know yet that everybody kids him because everyone likes him. I remember first meeting Sam. We were at the Yankee Stadium and the Yankees were playing Detroit. There was a gentleman with me who makes his living for the most part by betting on things like fights, that it will rain tomorrow, that it won't rain tomorrow, that Schmeling will beat Louis and that the Yankees will beat anyone. Now this day the Detroits were leading 6 to 2 in the seventh and he had made a good bet on the Yanks. So he was very unhappy.

Levene came and sat with us and he had hardly sat down before Gehrig poled one to the far bleachers. He hadn't lit a cigarette before somebody walked and Dickey had slapped another one for four bases. The gambler looked at Levene with wonder and delight in his eyes.

Levene got nervous. "What do you look at me like that for?" he asked.

"I'll tell you in a minute," the gambler said softly. Just then Lazzeri hit for two bases and Red Rolfe singled him home.

The gambler beamed at Levene. "Oh, you sweetheart you. You dream boy. You wonderful, wonderful actor. From now on you and I are such friends that you have no idea."

A Gambler's Talisman

"Hey," Levene protested, "what kind of talk is this? A sweetheart, he says, a dream boy, a wonderful actor. What are you talking about?"

"You are good luck for me," the gambler beamed. "Now I was losing a big bet when you sat down here. So what happens? So right away the Yanks start hitting all over the joint and now look, already we are two runs ahead. And I am going to win a big bet. Now every time I make a big bet on a game you must come with me. You are my lucky charm, Sam. Every day you must come and watch the Yankees play."

Levene looked dismayed. "I am here today by accident. Strictly speaking, I am a Giant fan. I do not go to eight ball games a year. I got things to do in the afternoon. I can't be going to ball games every day."

The gambler fixed a beady eye on Levene. "Oh, yes, you can," he said coldly.

So now Sam has become a confirmed baseball fan. "What else can I do?" he asks anxiously, "that guy is a nice fellow. Now if I don't go with him to the ball game he will lose a nice bet and he will blame me. Everybody on Broadway will say, 'What kind of a guy is that Levene? Is he gone high-hat? He won't even do a favor for a friend.' "

Today Sam Levene is recognized as one of the cleverest young actors on the stage. He has an explosive quality and a knack of underplaying a line that gets terrific results, especially when he is playing in the type of role he had in Three Men on a Horse or his present Room Service role.

Let's pick up young Sam when he was a kid going to high school and, just for fun, find out how people like Sam get to be actors making plenty of scratch and having people write stories about them. It took Sam four and a half years to get out of high school and then Brother Joe gave him a job. Brother Joe is the kind of older brother you read about. He was successful and he wanted his family to share his success. He would bring young Sam into the garment business with him and some day it would be Levine and Levine. All right, all right. I know I've been talking about Sam, who spells his name Levene, but the rest of his family spells it Levine. Wait two minutes and I'll tell you why Sam changed that last name.

Anyhow, Brother Joe took Sam into his establishment and tried to make a cutter out of him. Sam's native shrewdness told him that the salesmen, not the cutters, were the ones who came to work in shiny automobiles. The cutters came

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to work in the subway. So Sam told his brother he wanted to be a salesman.

"No good," Brother Joe said. "You got too much accent."

"So what?" Sam protested.

"So people in the trade won't be able to know what price you're quoting them when you try to sell them," Brother Joe said. "If you would go to school and learn to talk proper English . . ."

Sam went to the American Academy of Dramatic Art. For more than a year he spouted Shakespeare and gargled consonants and vowels and gradually he stopped talking like something Milt Gross or Arthur Kober invented. And he liked it. He liked standing up there in front of the class giving lines like "Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame and hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

One day Charles Jelinge, the director of the Academy, mentioned casually to Sam that he might make an actor. Sam stared in wonder. All along that's what he had wanted without knowing it. He would be an actor. His first part was in a play called Wall Street that lasted two weeks. Brother Joe was furious and he stopped speaking to Sam. He tried vainly to make Sam come back and work for a living but those two weeks in Wall Street instilled a fever in Sam's blood that would not be denied. He kept on.

He then appeared in eighteen successive flops, which is about six better than par on the Broadway course. Every Friday night the whole family gathered for dinner and Joe would sit there moodily, not speaking to Sam. He considered Sam a loafer. It was at this time that Sam changed his name. He thought maybe it would bring him luck.

Well, it brought him a good part in a show called Solitaire. Solitaire opened out of town and, the night before it was due to open in New York, the director called the cast together and said, "We are licked. We need $500 to open and we haven't a quarter. Have any of you $500 to invest in the show?"

Nobody had. Sam had an idea, though. He said confidently, "I'll get it from my brother Joe."

To his surprise Joe smiled amiably and said, "Sure, Sam, here it is."

Sam Was Scared Stiff

Joe was that kind of an older brother. Well, the show opened and closed in one, as the boys say. It was a real turkey without a feather on it. Sam had given his brother four tickets, though, so Joe got something for his $500. Sam was afraid that Joe would be awfully mad but he wasn't.

"Listen, kid," he told Sam. "You wanted your chance. Well, you don't think I'd let a miserable $500 stand in the way of you having your chance? What kind of a brother do you think I am? Now listen, Sam. Maybe you better come back to work for me."

Sam, saddened but unwisened, did so. He would take out his case of sample goods each morning, check it at Grand Central station, and haunt the theaters. Finally he was given a part in Dinner at Eight. To everybody's surprise, including his own, he did great in the part.

The discerning eye of George Abbott fell upon Sam about this time and when Three Men on a Horse opened Levene was there in a nice juicy part. The play was nearing the end of its run when Mervyn LeRoy walked into the theater. He was going to do the film version of the play. He chuckled at Levene all the way through and decided that he had to have him.

Sam told his family that it looked like maybe he was going to Hollywood to be a big picture star. Poppa Levine looked pityingly at his son.

"You aren't sleeping well, Sam. Maybe you better take some sleeping pills."

As a matter of fact, Sam wasn't sleeping well at night. The intense concentration demanded of him on the stage in the Three Men on a Horse role, plus the uncertainty of the Hollywood opportunity, had made him nervous. So he took sleeping pills every night.

One night the phone rang in the Levine household. A few friends of Poppa Levine were sitting around when Sam answered the phone.

"A thousand a week," they heard Sam say. "That sounds all right, but listen, $1,250 a week would sound better."

Poppa Levine shook his head sadly and whispered to his friends, "Sam has been taking too many sleeping pills. They make him delirious."

But the offers were on the level and Sam found himself Hollywood bound. He made Three Men on a Horse.

"I was scared stiff at first," Sam confesses. "I had heard all those wild tales about Hollywood. Listen, the only people I saw who were wild were directors and they were only wild when you didn't show up for work at eight A.M.

Hazing in Hollywood

Sam shook his head gloomily. "That was the hard part, getting to work at eight in the morning. For years I'd been accustomed to hitting the hay at maybe two o'clock. Now I had to get up at six so I had to get to bed at eleven. But I couldn't sleep when I did that. So I tried taking a couple of drinks to make me sleep. So what happened then? I'd sleep all right but I'd wake up with a hangover and feeling awful."

After that picture he made After the Thin Man for the incomparable W. S. Van Dyke who, in addition to being a great director, is a great ribber. Van Dyke, his casting director, Billy Grady, and his assistant, Charles Dorian, took one look at Sam and went to work. The first day Sam was on the set Grady said, "Sam, you seem like a nice feller. I'm going to give you the day off. Why not go to that big football game. The Agua Caliente Aggies are playing Tia Juana today."

"Columbia I heard of," Sam said puzzled. "The Yales and the Harvards I heard of, but I never heard of Agua Caliente or Tia Juana."

"Listen, they're the two biggest teams on the coast. I know Van Dyke has an extra pair of tickets. Ask him for them," Grady said.

Sam went into Van Dyke's office but Van Dyke had just given his last pair away. He sent him to producer Hunt Stromberg. It developed that Stromberg had just lost his last pair too but he told Sam to go to Clark Gable. Gable was out of tickets but he sent Sam to Joan Crawford. Clark was sure she had an extra pair. So he went to Joan Crawford. This kept up until five o'clock when Sam reported back to Grady.

"Mr. Grady, I didn't get any tickets," he said. "But at least I met everybody in Hollywood."

They kept kidding Sam but he took it all right and they ended up liking this Broadway boy.

Sam returned to New York after that to star in Room Service. The critics said that Room Service was the funniest play to hit New York in years. They gave most of the credit to Levene. Now he's a real star. He's kind of thrilled by it but one thing bothers him a little. His family still refuses to think of him as anyone but the kid in the house.

"I'm making good money now," Sam says sadly, "but my brother Joe won't even let me toss anything home to take care of the folks. He tells me to save my pennies, and he insists on paying all the bills. How do you like that?"

I like it. I guess Joe Levine is quite a man. He certainly did a good job in bringing up his kid brother.

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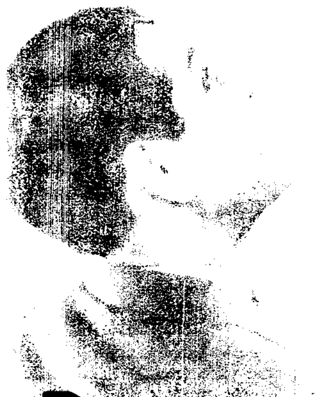

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"When she's experienced enough, she can go a step farther. She knows what the chief diseases of rooms are—and therefore what's apt to be wrong with your particular room, if you find yourself not liking it without quite knowing why.

"Perhaps this dissatisfaction starts after you've been to a really good movie. Perhaps it begins with a visit to a friend's house. Or maybe it jumps out of the pages of a decorating magazine you happen across. The rooms you see have something your rooms lack. What is it?

"Well, in my experience, what's wrong with a tremendous number of rooms, irrespective of the money spent on them, is that they're monotonous. This can be a matter of color, materials, line, arrangement, or all four. But the very worst form of monotony comes from buying your furniture in suites instead of gathering your pieces separately. Whether you chose antiques, reproductions or modern pieces, you bought too much alike. Your room wears a uniform. It's not too much to say that any room in the world can be sunk with a suite."

Perhaps it would surprise you to know how many American dining rooms are still furnished with a dining table, chairs, sideboard and serving table—all of one wood, in one color and of one period. This means that general lines and ornament are repeated faithfully for each piece.

Today's Rule

Altogether too often you'll find a bedroom containing a suite consisting of twin beds, night table, chest or chests, dressing table and possibly even chairs which are obviously sisters, cousins and aunts of one another. Even a living room is frequently given a start toward monotony with a big sofa and two big chairs which have the same lines and are upholstered alike. Here, strict matching is apt to be carried no farther, because the living room was the first to break away from Victorian tradition which demanded a solemnly matched suite in each room of the house.

Today's rule for the smart room prescribes a setup as elastic as you like, with no duplication at all unless it pleases you to use pairs of things.

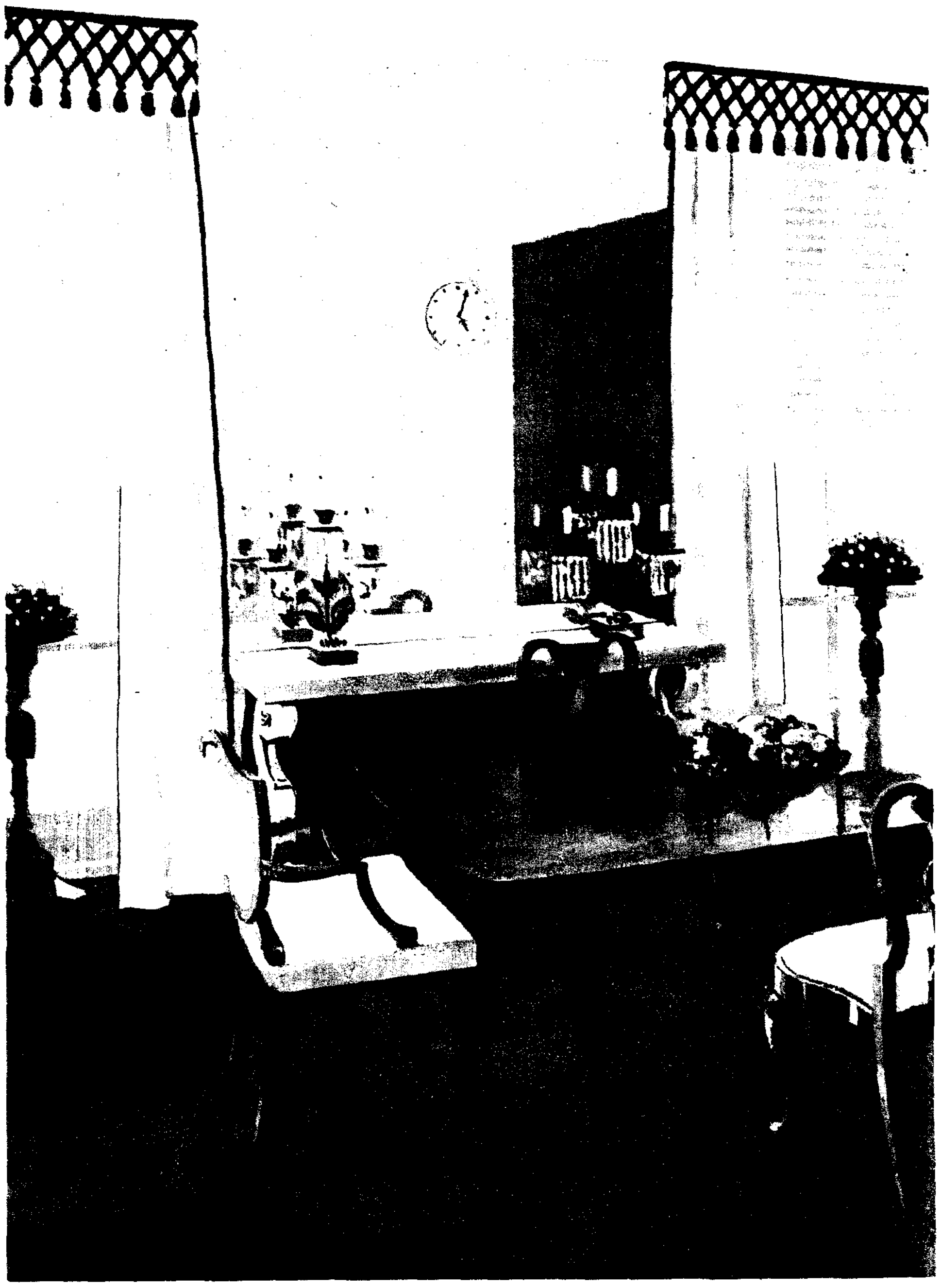
A living room done in today's fashion probably begins with the expected sofa but leaves out the two big matching chairs, which are generally oversize for the average space, and substitutes a pair that are just as comfortable but not so bulky, upholstered to match each other but not necessarily the sofa. Where wood shows in such a room—in tables, chests, cabinets or chairs—it can be as varied as you like and representative of as many periods as you please, provided the colors and general feeling don't clash.

But don't run away with the idea that such rooms aren't planned just as carefully as though each piece matched, says Mrs. Handy. Indeed much more brow-wrinkling goes into them, for skill, taste and individuality must rule if the room is to stand out as a success when finally put together.

Just as she does in selecting her clothes, the woman who furnishes in this fashion has to see which pieces go together and which don't and therefore shouldn't be chosen, no matter how attractive they may be in themselves. She wouldn't wear the whole rainbow in any one costume, therefore she won't be likely to put every color of wood in any one room. She wouldn't carry a delicate suède handbag with a rough tweed suit, so she avoids putting a slender eighteenth-century chair before a great oak desk. She wouldn't choose a printed coat over a printed dress of another design, so she naturally doesn't crowd any space in her house with too much insistent pattern. But these things, as she's long ago learned in clothes, are a matter of feeling and of practice, rather than of laborious digging into books. And she speedily finds that the new method of furnishing gives her far more scope for showing what a clever little general she is in marshaling her forces.

Instead of having only one decision for each room, you have the fun of deciding on every piece by itself. There is no set rule that says you must have this or you must have that. You get what makes functioning easy and the picture pleasing, even if this means a modern sofa between the dining-room windows facing the sideboard instead of the expected serving table—or a big flat desk to write on in your bedroom instead of the chest you don't need because you have such generous closet space.

You can combine antiques with reproductions—modern pieces with either—things copied from magazine pictures



and made by the local cabinetmaker with anything else. There is no fundamental reason why various kinds of beautiful things shouldn't go into the same room, just as you combine all sorts of personalities to make a lively party instead of inviting only relatives and in-laws.

When you ensemble your furniture in this fashion, you put the stamp of your own individuality on your decoration, as you never could do with a suite.

A New Room Any Time

Another advantage lies in the movability of what you have. Suite pieces are definitely earmarked dining room, bedroom or living room and generally can't be used elsewhere without looking like makeshifts. But pieces collected because they are useful and happen to please you can be put just as well in one room as in another. Upholstered side chairs in the living room can be moved into the dining room for a party, or vice versa. The comfortable little upholstered armchairs now used at the head and foot of so many smart tables would look just as well in a bedroom. The lacquered bedroom chest could be a hall piece or stand in the living room. And so it goes with most of what you own.

You can change your groupings with the seasons, the requirements of entertaining or your own moods. You can have a new room at any time, merely by shifting. And if you change your address, you'll find that your new-fashioned furniture is much more elastic in fitting into fresh quarters than are the old matched pieces that can't be divorced.

Your dining room, for instance, could have a plain oval walnut table on four slim tapering legs, half a dozen Queen Anne chairs with cabriole legs, in walnut or painted any color your heart desires from sky blue to black, together with a serving table which is nothing but a thick modern shelf on scrolled supports, painted like marble and backed by a big sheet of mirror.

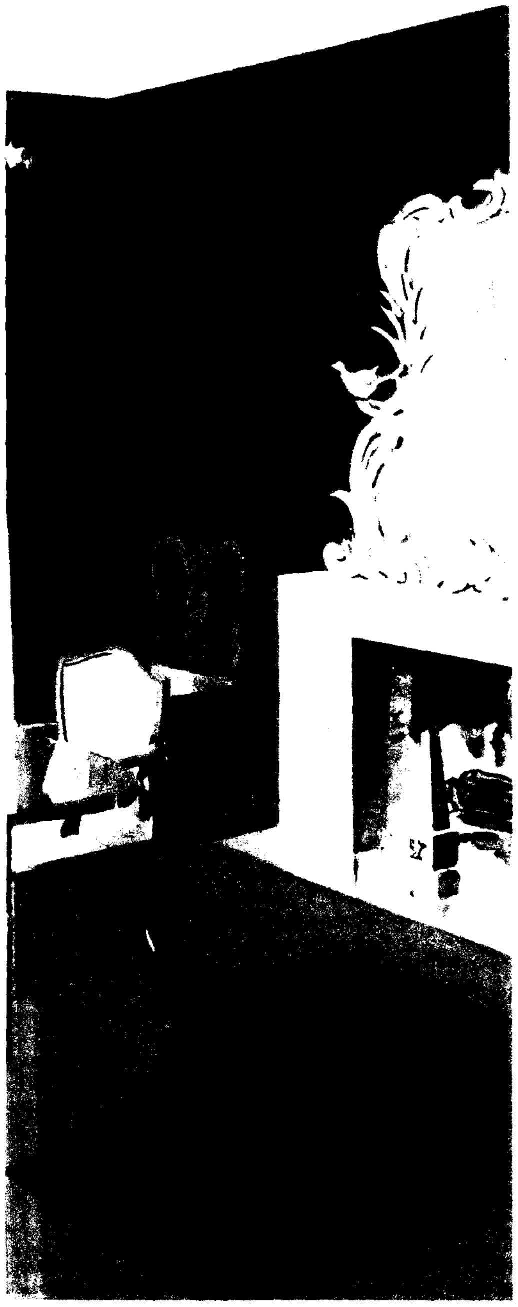
Collecting furniture for a bedroom instead of buying it as a suite can work out to something as unexpected as a big double four-post Chippendale mahogany bed hung in chintz, flanked by two little Sheraton cabinets to hold lamps, a draped dressing table where no wood shows, a big lacquered Chippendale highboy with bright brass hardware, and two comfortable modern chairs. Or twin beds can be shoved together and treated as one, with a single upholstered headboard and a single cover in chintz. Instead of the draped dressing table, a Sheraton sofa table in rosewood might be used—one of those graceful pieces with drawers and drop leaves—completed by a dressing stand or an old gilt mirror. Instead of two chairs, there might be a single chair with a footstool that pulls up to it to make a chaise longue. Or a sofa can take the place of chairs entirely, except at the dressing table. In fact, the only limits set to variety in such a room are those of your purse and your imagination.

But aside from the much greater fun and versatility you get by collecting and combining odd pieces than you used to have in merely buying suites, there is a very decided financial advantage in favor of today's procedure.

When you get a suite you spend a really serious sum, whether you pay cash down after twenty years of married life or tie up a certain fixed percentage of your post-honeymoon income for installments. You may not need both a sideboard and a serving table, but you're afraid to leave out one or the other for fear you'll need it later when you can't match up. So you do without something else at the moment and buy the lot. You may not have adequate space for all those pieces in the bedroom suite, but if you move in the fall you may require them. So you get them now and crowd them in somehow, no matter how little you like the effect or the outlay involved. Worse still, the over-all cost sometimes mounts so high that you end by choosing a less expensive suite, sacrificing quality to quantity and taking something you don't really want, in order to get those extra pieces which you could do without for a long time and perhaps forever.

No White Elephants

But it isn't only when you purchase that selecting and combining come easier on the bank balance. Fashions in decoration change, though not nearly so rapidly as those in clothes. Your financial standing goes up. The size of your family alters and you move. Any one of these factors may make you dissatisfied with your furniture. But to throw out a whole suite that no longer pleases you is a gesture few can afford. You keep your white elephant and envy the neighbors. Whereas, when your treasures don't stand or fall as a unit but have been gathered piece by piece, you can afford to weed out as gradually as you bought.



Furniture and ornament of various periods and versatile enough to be used in any part of the house, harmonize in this dining room

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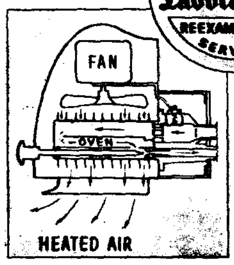

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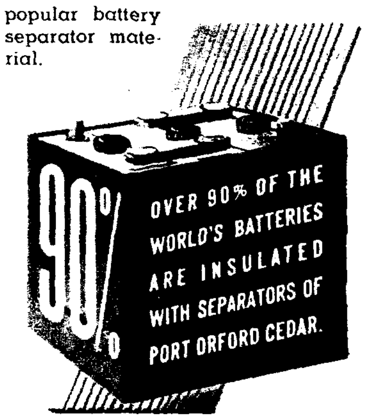

90%
OVER 90% OF THE WORLD'S BATTERIES ARE INSULATED WITH SEPARATORS OF PORT ORFORD CEDAR.

Sundown Jim

Continued from page 18

and moved toward his gun hanging beside the fireplace.

Mrs. Oldroyd sat down and folded her hands across her lap, soberly resigned, and watched him get himself together. She didn't say anything, since, long ago, she had learned there was nothing for her to say. Oldroyd came over and bent and kissed her, and paused awkwardly that way. "I'll be back rather late."

"It has been a long time since you have said that. I thought those terrible days were gone."

"Save up some coffee for me."

"It will be on the back of the stove."

He went out with a slow and definite stride; a big man who had always believed in the simplicity of black and white and could not change. Mrs. Oldroyd began to swing the rocker back and forth; and would do that until he came home.

Paused under the river willows, Matt heard his father run down the dark road toward Dobe Hyde's valley, and long after that reverberation had died out he remained there, finding discomfort in his thoughts. In the morning he would have to face his father. That would be a tough scene, for the old man still regarded him as a kid to be ordered around, and would pound at him with his even, severe voice about his duty. All the older ones had been indescribably hardened by the long war with the Barrs; it had taken reasonableness out of them and it had taken sympathy out of them. And none of that older crowd could understand that the young people growing up around Reservation had their own thoughts about this eternal warfare.

What he really wanted to do was ride into Reservation and warn Majors of the fight to come. But as much as he admired the big deputy marshal and as much as his imagination was stirred by Majors' lone-handed courage, he could not square that with his conscience. Secrecy had been drummed into him since childhood; the sin of a loose mouth was, to the people of this country, the greatest sin. Thus he stood, hating the blind rage that made his father ride to renew the old war and yet unable to carry information to Majors. The only thing he could do was drift over toward the Barr house and see what happened.

So he crossed the bridge and headed for the broken country; and as he rode he kept thinking of Tony, his conscience not clear and his emotions vaguely stirred by the remembered sound of her slow and wistful voice.

EDITH SULTAN rode directly to the deserted house in the broken country after her half-quarrel with Buff, stopping once along the way to see if she were being followed. When she reached the little clearing she had no hope of finding Dan there; and he was not there. She waited in the thorough darkness of the house for a considerable time and occasionally broke the monotony of the wait by walking around the rooms until the echoes of her steps became unbearably loud in the empty place and brought her to a stand. She had about decided to return home when she heard somebody ride rapidly over the meadow and jump down. As soon as the newcomer crossed the porch she identified his stride.

"Dan."

He came into the room, a vague shape against the lesser black. He said: "I dropped by this afternoon and didn't see you. Just figured you might be here tonight." His hand reached out and caught her hand; and they stood in this attitude, not speaking for a while. A rat's faint scratching came through the floor and the slow wind was quite cold.

She said: "It is getting no better, Dan."

"Worse." Afterward he broke out with a quick, resenting energy: "This man Majors! If he'd only left things alone."

"I've seen him, Dan. I like him. He looks so big, and so lonely. I was in the hotel tonight when everybody came in. I could look at his eyes. He knows how little chance he has here. It made me feel sorry for him."

"I heard what happened. You'd better feel sorry for us, Edie. He's raised hell. We had some sort of peace around here, but now he's set all the dogs to barkin'."

"It would have happened anyhow. Sooner or later."

"Maybe it would have just died down."

She said: "When? After you and I were old and grayheaded? We can't go on forever like this."

He said, "I know, I know," somberly. "But maybe you don't see what's coming now."

"There will be a fight."

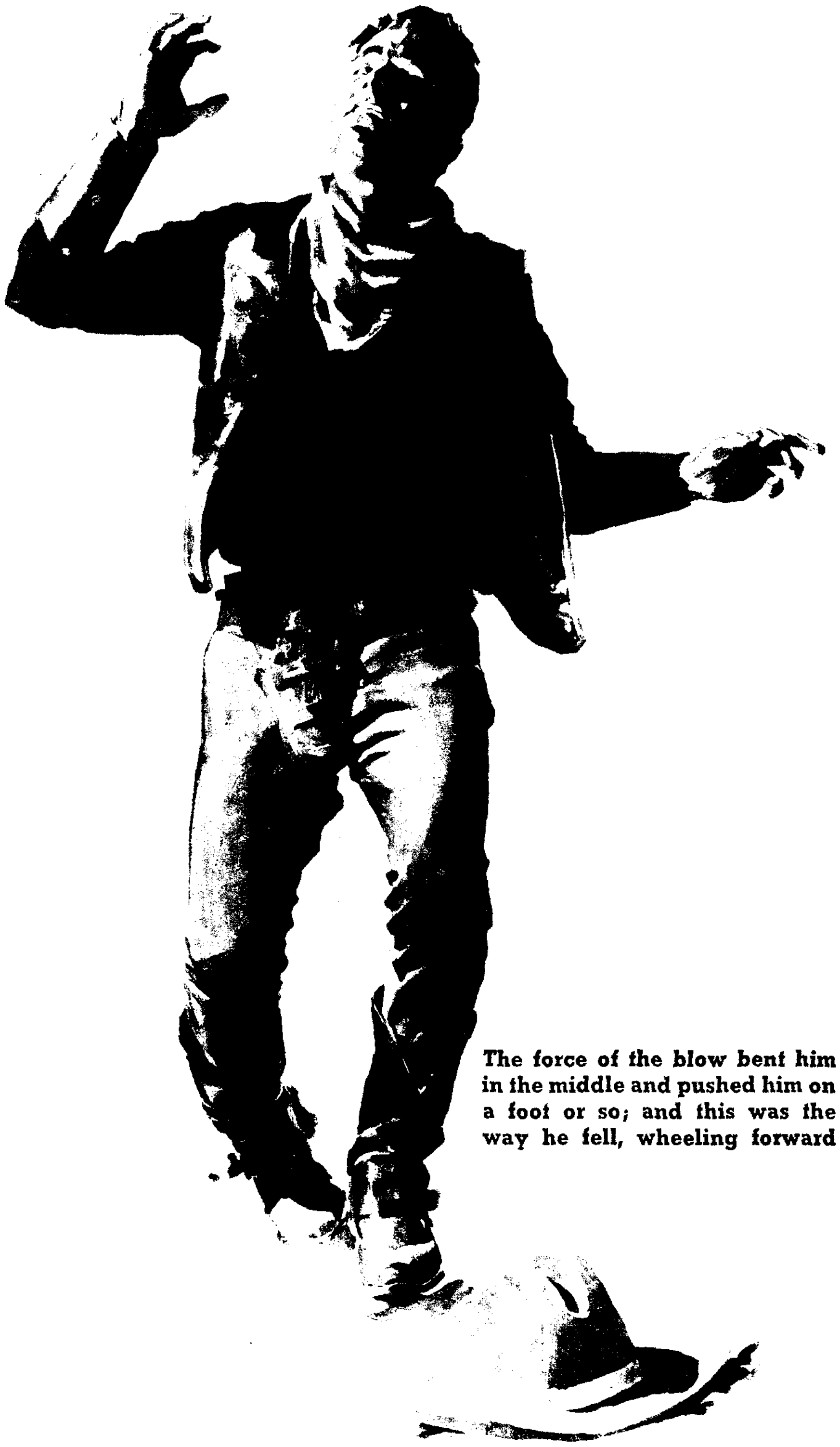
He asked his question with a sudden intensity: "What do you know?"

She delayed her answer a long while, finally saying with a soft directness: "I can't tell you anything, Dan. I can't betray my people."

HE WITHDREW his hand and she heard him walk violently around the room, and come back. He was only a shadow before her. His voice was harder than it had been, a grinding desperation in it. "Oh, my God, Edie, don't you see?"

"Yes. Yes, I see. The fence between us gets higher. But, Dan—how would you want me to be? Would you tell me what your people were doing right now?"

He said: "I've often told you I can't excuse the things my folks have done. But I can't run away from what's coming. Majors has let hell loose and your crowd plans to wipe us out. Is that what



The force of the blow bent him in the middle and pushed him on a foot or so; and this was the way he fell, wheeling forward

I've got it, Mommy!

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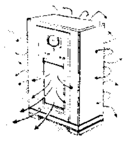
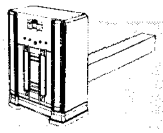
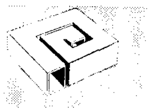
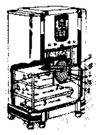
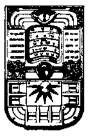

THE TROUBLE—Empty cabinet space in back of the speaker causes "boom" and distorts the pure tone from front of speaker.


THE THEORY—A long tube of sound absorbent material would absorb unwanted sounds and reinforce bass tones.


THE THEORY MADE PRACTICAL—Such a tube is out of the question. So Stromberg-Carlson folded it into a Labyrinth.


THE PATENTED ACOUSTICAL LABYRINTH—*How the Labyrinth is used in one of the new Stromberg-Carlsons is shown just above.* It is the necessary baffle wrapped up, folded over and placed within the troublesome space in the cabinet. Patents have been granted in the United States and Canada.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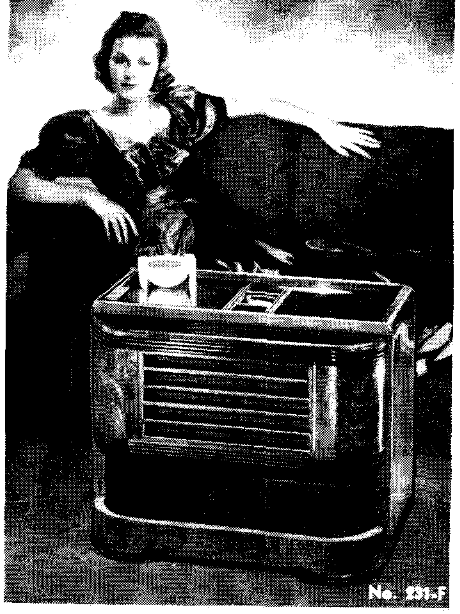

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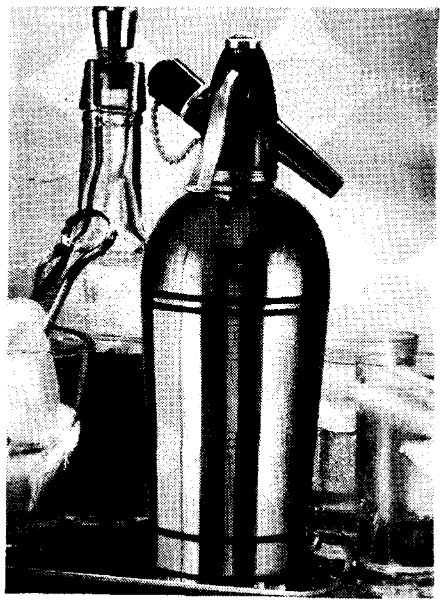

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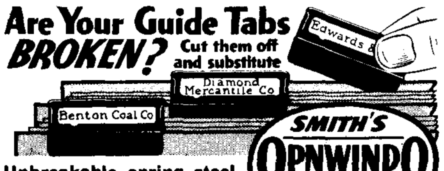

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you want, Edie—the Barrs wiped out?"

"Dan—don't."

"It's come to that," he said with the same bitter, strained conviction. "Well, we both knew it would. So here we are. We made a mistake in the first place—ever knowing each other. There ain't any way out and I guess there never will be. This damned fight goes back too far. It's like a poison that gets into everybody. Some of it is in us and we can't do anything about it."

Edith Sultan stood still and silent in her place, near tears. Dan Barr's bitterness whirled around her, leaving her helpless, leaving her without answer. All this she had long ago seen. Even while Dan remained hopeful she had known it would come to this end.

He came on and took her by the shoulders, his talk calmer. "It doesn't mean much, Edie, but I do love you."

She was in his arms, definitely crying then—she who hated tears. He kissed her; and they stood this way, locked together in the thorough darkness, like two children desperately afraid of that darkness. There was a drumming in the night and a rider slashed across the clearing, his winded horse sawing heavy echoes through the otherwise quiet. Neither of them stirred.

He said: "I guess this is the end of it, Edie."

"Someday," she heard herself saying, "people will be kinder."

IT WAS around midnight when Dobe Hyde got the valley assembled at his house. They were all crowded into his living room: his own men, Sultan, Ketchum and Ketchum's son, Hallem, and Oldroyd. There was also one more man from the country east of Dobe Hyde's—a taciturn fellow Dobe called Godry. None of the east fork people knew him; and his appearance here didn't quite square with their feelings. Ketchum distinctly showed that, impelling Dobe Hyde to say:

"Used to know Godry down the Chisholm Trail. One more man won't hurt."

Ketchum retorted: "Not accustomed to ridin' with strangers."

The taciturn Godry said nothing. Dobe Hyde spoke in his high, reedy voice:

"I'm no hand to shoot when it ain't necessary. Jett went over and had a look. Old man Barr's got his two oldest boys and a couple of relations down at the south corner of his range. In a line cabin. Most of the Barr cows are yander. We'll just ride over and about daylight scare hell out of that crew and scatter the beef. I reckon the Barrs will take the hint."

Sultan said gloomily, "Bad judgment on your part, Dobe. The Barrs don't scare."

"Maybe," Dobe piped mildly, "we can make the thing clear to 'em."

"You're still wrong."

Dobe Hyde's light eyes touched Sultan briefly. There wasn't any heat in the glance, nor any particular force. But Sultan saw something that pulled his face together. He reached over and seized Dobe's bottle and poured a good half glass of liquor—and drank it. Dobe almost winced.

"It's five hours till daylight," pointed out Ketchum.

"Two to get there and three to wait."

Oldroyd had been meanwhile studying the stranger, Godry. Oldroyd was a hard character himself, and knew another hard character when he saw one. The length and force of his deliberate stare lifted the stranger's attention and he met Oldroyd's eyes with a strict reserve; and finally looked aside. Oldroyd rubbed the back of a hand along the edge of his beard.

"Dobe," he said, "politics is a hard thing. I never trusted you and I don't now. You held out when this quarrel was toughest, years back. Now we go along with you, but it ain't for any of your profit. Ketchum runs this party tonight and you will take orders from him. That clear?"

"Gentlemen," said Dobe, "anything is agreeable to me."

"You see you stay that way," warned Oldroyd. "And I will remind you of another thing. We are dealing with dogs, whom we will destroy, God willing. But when the Barrs are gone from the south fork, that valley will not be open to you. It will be split up among the families who have borne this trouble since '65. Is that clear?"

Dobe sat loosely in the chair, his bald head somewhat bowed and a faint flush creeping across his face. The dryness grew more apparent, the thinness of his lips increased. Godry looked over at him, something in those pale eyes suddenly. Everybody was listening, and watching. Dobe's four men stood in the background; Jett's lips stretched into a surreptitious grin and he winked at the rest of the crew.

Oldroyd repeated, "Do you hear?" in a grating, intolerant voice. Dobe's eyes flickered a little when he looked back to that blackly bearded old warrior who bent to no man. Dobe said, smooth and agreeable, "I got no intentions on that valley. All I want is a piece of the broken country, which they're usin' now. No conflict, gentlemen? I wish to be agreeable."

"Part of that belonged to Tony's dad," observed Sultan.

"Who is dead," said Oldroyd. "We got no debts to dead men. And we owe nothin' to his daughter, who is no good. We will settle this. We will make a bargain, here and now. The scope you want is yours—and nothing else."

"Fine—fine," said Dobe Hyde, his voice rustling like rubbed paper.

Oldroyd and Ketchum and Sultan were all weighing him, without friendliness or trust. Oldroyd said: "It had damn' well better be. And get no ideas about that, later. You are a sly man, Dobe, which we all know. You don't fool nobody. There's ways of handling men who go balky. Now let's be about this job. It's been a long time delayed."

They turned out of the room. Dobe and the stranger were the last to go. At the doorway Dobe looked back to the stranger close behind him and winked, shrewdness like a film of oil in his eyes.

AFTER that they swung off. They crossed Dobe Hyde's small valley, followed the stage road a short distance and afterward entered the broken land. This was a roundabout way, avoiding the trail which passed the deserted house; it was a good twelve miles through a darkness solid enough almost to have body, and Ketchum set a slow pace. And so, three hours or better from Dobe Hyde's valley, they came out of the broken land and filed gently downward along a bare slope that presently ended at a kind of low rim.

Fog rolled off the heights of the Silver Lode in steady waves. Below the rim was a shallow canyon, which all of them knew to be there but which none could see; and somewhere in the canyon lay the Barr line cabin. A creek made a faint racket in the night and the idle run of the wind dragged low, washing echoes out of the solid pine mass covering the shoulders of the range.

Ketchum said, "A hundred yards, dead in front. Hallem, catch up all the horses and take 'em back a piece. We wait here."

The horses raised a muted scuffing as Hallem led them back. Ketchum spoke again, laying his talk smoothly against the black: "We'll spread out here—and we'll wait."

They were shapes dissolved against the earth while time passed. The wind

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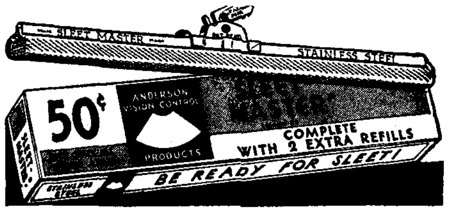

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made a down draft from the mountain, piling the raw, cold fog against them. But the patience of these men was colder still—and they waited here without sound and without motion while the last of night turned on and light began to dilute the solid dark faintly. The mountain mass heaved up gigantically through these first perceptible shadows and then the streak of low-lying fog showed the course of the canyon, hiding the line cabin completely.

Dobe Hyde permitted himself a faint whimper of discomfort and scrubbed his round belly against the earth. Light suddenly sparkled through the fog, at last placing the cabin; and later, when the world was a wool-gray color, the fog rose and showed the cabin's shape beside the creek. Sparks sprayed from the chimney and the door opened, letting out a quick rectangle of yellow glow. One of the Barr men walked through it and went to the creek, dipping up a bucket of water. This was a hundred yards away, yet the voices of the others in the cabin came plainly across the heavy air. The man with the bucket—it was the oldest of the Barr boys, Ring—straightened and ran the canyon's rim with his glance. The squeal of the bucket bail was a clear sound when he turned back to the cabin.

The stranger, Godry, rolled half on his side and brought his rifle forward—and was stopped by Ketchum's taut rumble: "Quit that." All these men were flattened at the edge of the rim, grayly blended with the earth. Day's light stepped up a full tone and the fog rolled back into the pines along the slope of the range. Wood smoke drifted up and cut across the nostrils of these men; and farther along the creek the shapes of cattle began to stir.

"Not yet," murmured Ketchum. "We'll wait till they all come out."

AT FIVE o'clock day had come, gray and still sunless. Hallem was three hundred yards behind, holding the horses in a half hollow. And farther back still the land rose up to the thick pines of the broken country. Buff Sultan, who had said no word all during this vigil, thought now to look behind him and consider the exposure of this spot should anybody come out of those rear pines. But he said nothing, for Ketchum had grunted and all the men lying along the rim stirred a little, dragging their rifles forward.

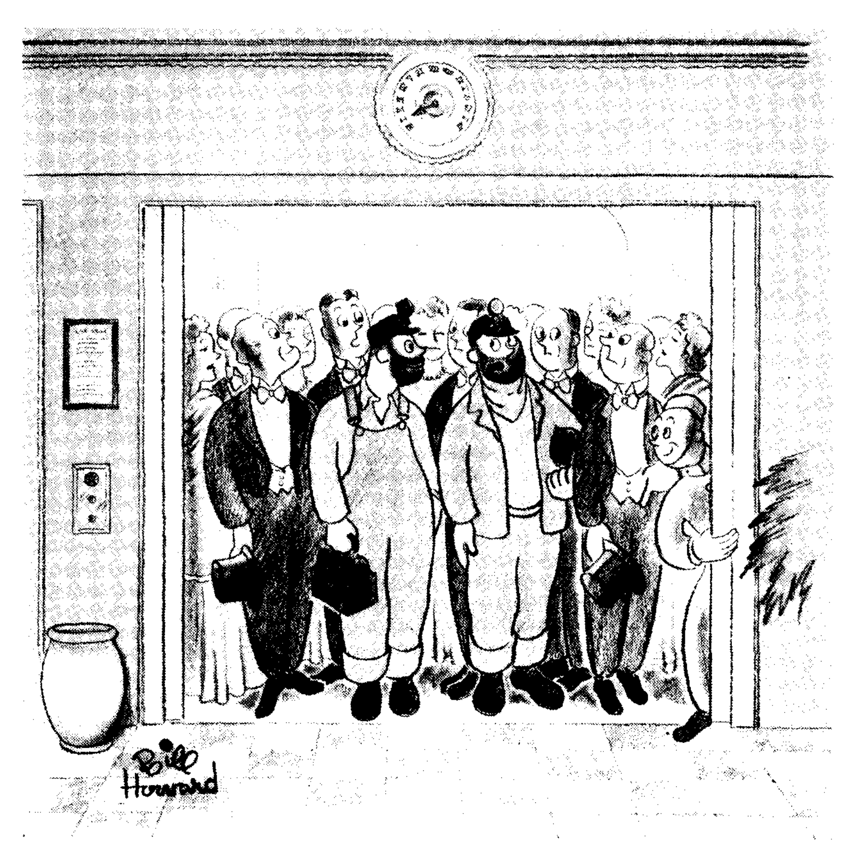
Ring Barr had stepped out of the house again.

KETCHUM murmured, "Wait," and Sultan looked toward the man, seeing how stone-set his face was, how bright the shine of his eyes. It shocked Sultan a little, this thing they were so coolly prepared to do; it was a sensation that crawled along his nerves and made his stomach muscles tight. Ketchum and the bearded Oldroyd were alike. They had been through the old fight and they remembered it too well; and all these years the memory had burned in them, tempering their hatred to a hardness nothing could break. To them the Barrs were savages, to be treated as such. It was, he realized, an honest attitude, untouched by any matter of conscience. All that they had been through made them this way. He could recall that his father, too, had been this way. But for him the moments got worse and he lay there and went down suddenly into a private hell. These Barr boys were his own generation, they were people, they were human. Only, it was too late to tell this to Ketchum. His pride wouldn't let him draw back.

He rested there, while the moments piled up, and he watched Ring Barr stroll around the cabin toward the corral. He turned his head, the strain of waiting growing too great; and saw Oldroyd's face in profile—calm and unstirred, his bony hands relaxed on the rifle stock. Dobe Hyde was at the far end of the row. And at once, for some fathomless reason, Dobe Hyde brought up his rifle and took aim.

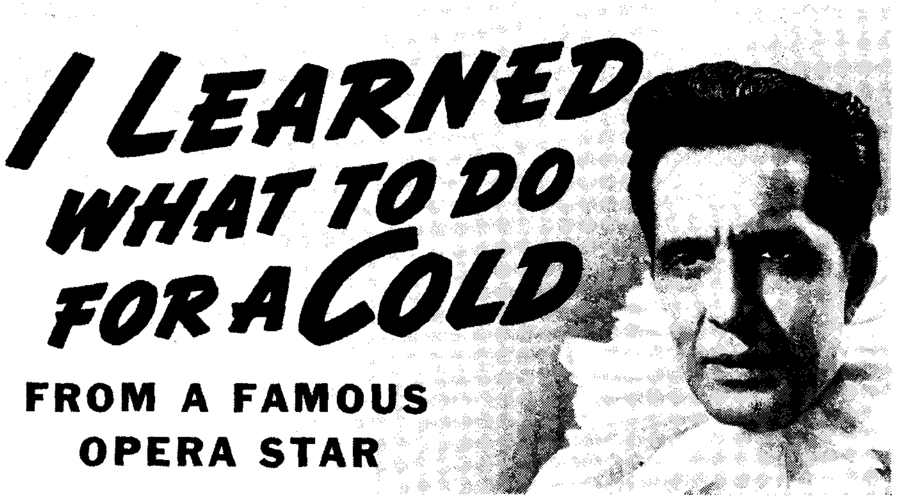
Ketchum began to speak. Ring Barr was almost around the corner of the cabin—and one of the Barr relations had come to the door. At that moment Dobe let go.

The bullet caught Ring Barr in the back, literally breaking it. The force of the blow bent him in the middle and pushed him on a foot or so; and this was the way he fell, wheeling forward and sidewise, and never moving after


Bill Howard

"Don't look now, but I think we're on the wrong elevator!"

BILL HOWARD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FROM A FAMOUS OPERA STAR

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FIVE MINUTES LATER
CHICI, YOU'RE A MAGICIAN-MY THROAT FEELS A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER
NO, MY FRIEND THE MAGIC IS IN BAYER ASPIRIN NEVER DO I ACCEPT ANY OTHER KIND

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he struck. His hat rolled along the earth.

Ketchum hauled himself on his knees, passionately cursing Dobe, and dropped flat again. The man in the cabin's door ducked back and at once one of them began firing out of the window, dusting up the soil along the edge of this rim. Ketchum, still bitterly cursing, said: "Well, let 'em have it." Afterward all of them here began to pump shots at the cabin's exposed window. All but Buff Sultan. He lay flat, rifle extended in front of him but not lifted.

There were seven guns pouring bullets at the cabin, and no shots coming back. All the glass of the window was carried away and dust boiled around the doorway. Ketchum said, "Some of you boys start workin' on those cows."

Dobe Hyde instantly complained: "Don't shoot beef. We can get that later."

Shots unexpectedly began to reach up here. Ketchum said, "They climbed out the back window," and Sultan could see a rifle's barrel projecting around the cabin corner.

Oldroyd crawled back and took another position on the rim, targeting the cattle in the lower end of the canyon. He sighted and fired quite coolly, like an old buffalo hunter; bringing down the beef farthest away so as not to stampede the herd. Meanwhile the Barrs had quit answering. There was, Sultan could see, a blind spot running back from the cabin toward the nearest timber, a distance of perhaps thirty feet that could be run in safety. Beyond that lay another few yards of exposed ground that the Barrs had to cross before they reached the timber. Dobe Hyde had already calculated that, for he called out: "Take a sight beyond the cabin. They'll make a run."

"Crawl down the rim farther," said Ketchum, "so you can get a better shot."

Dobe grunted, "Whope," and fired. One of the Barrs rushed over that exposed strip, low and fast. The bullet from Dobe's gun broke dust behind him; and suddenly all the line had let go at him; but he faded into the timber, and from this shelter began to rake the rim with a steadier fire.

Ketchum said at once: "All right. We draw out of this."

SULTAN backed up on his belly a good hundred feet before rising. The rest of them crawled up and they all walked on to the horses. Sunlight began to show over in the east and the fog had faded from the broken country. They climbed into their saddles and sat there momentarily, waiting for Ketchum to make up his mind.

"They got the idea," he said at last. "We might've done better—but they won't venture down here again. Anyhow this racket will be pullin' the rest of the family over here. So we fade. Damn you, Dobe."

Sultan considered the timber above them, not liking this exposed location. He said so. "We better get out of this meadow."

Ketchum and Oldroyd regarded him with a close, sharp interest. "Didn't get your barrel very hot, Buff," suggested Ketchum. "Buck fever, maybe?"

"Let's go," said Sultan irritably.

They wheeled and started upgrade for the trees. Oldroyd lagged back. He said, "Wait," and got off his horse to tighten up the cinch. The rest of them had gone on a little way; and afterward he straightened beside the horse, looking back toward the cabin.

They were all waiting for him, their horses fiddling restlessly, when the morning quiet was again broken, this time by the flat explosion of a gun in the pines before them. It was a blast almost in their faces. Dobe yelled at the top of his lungs and wheeled and rushed for the timber at a headlong pace, towing the others behind him in whirling confusion. The ambusher let go again and Sultan ducked low in the saddle, feeling the bullet pass near. After that they were safely in the pines, rushing along a faint trail. But Sultan, who was last, looked behind him as he reached the timber, and saw Oldroyd lying dead by his horse.

AFTER leaving Edith at the deserted house, Dan Barr started homeward through the broken land, his mind confused and his thoughts reaching no end. Somewhere in the depths of the ridge he pitched a cold camp and rolled up in the saddle blanket, staring at the cold glitter of stars so remotely above the treetops. For him, at intervals like this when his personal affairs seemed hopeless, there was a comfort in this kind of aimless, lonely wandering. The wildness of the earth flowed around him, getting into his bones and into his mind, easing the tension of his troubles. In the night was a timeless swing, a vast rhythm that caught him up and bore him away from the little things of man; in the night ran the undertone of a life that had no break and no end, while above him was a space that laid its everlasting mystery across his thoughts, humbling him and yet reaching into the farthest corners of his being and rousing there the faint immortal flame that lies in every man.

SO HE camped here, falling asleep with the half howl and half bark of the coyote in his ears, and woke before the gray dawn fully came. Thereafter taking the trail homeward, via the line-cabin canyon, he heard the firing of Dobe Hyde's party from afar, and reached the edge of the timber just as those men were rushing away. He knew the meaning of it when he looked down from this high place and saw a shape motionlessly sprawled in the dust by the cabin; all his hopes fell in ruin and he knew where his part lay, regardless of his wishing. Pulling up his gun he killed Oldroyd with a single shot.

Afterward Dobe Hyde's party had rushed on through the timber—the sound of their departure dying a little too suddenly to convince him that they actually were gone. So he galloped across the clearing and found a trail down the rim's side into the canyon, calling out to protect himself from chance fire. His brother Fay and the two other men, Cousin Creed and Uncle Will, trotted out of the trees. All of them gathered around the dead Ring.

Fay said: "They gone?"

"I guess so."

"I saw somebody fall up there."

"Oldroyd," said Dan, and looked down at Ring. The bullet had killed his brother instantly. There had been no time, he thought, for Ring to show shock or pain or fear. One minute he had been alive; the next moment he was dead.

He lifted his head and saw no expression on the other men's faces, which was their way—the Barr taciturnity covering whatever they might really feel. Coldness explained part of it; and a kind of Indian stoicism explained part of it. It was that iron quality in his family which he had most hated; which had placed Katherine and himself so much apart from the rest. There was no light and no laughter in his father nor in his brothers, and light and laughter were things he had needed.

A
B J Z O T
E G F R N B C
FRITZ WILKINSON

But he could look now at Fay, whom he had never really understood, and see in his brother's eyes the flash of a spirit that was like his own. And between them, though nothing was said, was a sudden closeness. Neither wisdom nor desire had any part in it; it was, really, the old, old pattern that made a man answer to his blood. It compelled him to say now, as laconically as his brother would have said it: "Guess we better get out of here."

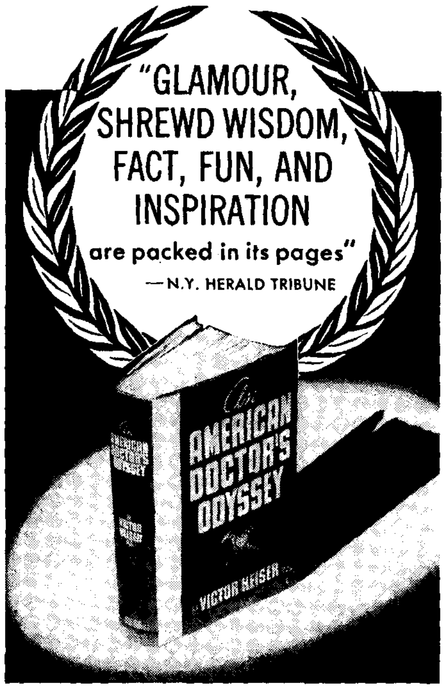
Fay said, "Yeah," and went over to Dan's horse. He drew the rifle from its boot and removed the round magazine from the gun's butt, his eyes examining the load. He replaced the gun and turned squarely on Dan: "You fired twice?"

"Second shot didn't hit anything."

"The first one counted most," said Fay gently. "I reckon you're all right, Dan."

After that they said very little more. They lashed Ring across the saddle of his horse, let out the extra stock, and turned up the canyon toward the ranch house five miles away.

"I guess," said Dan, "we won't be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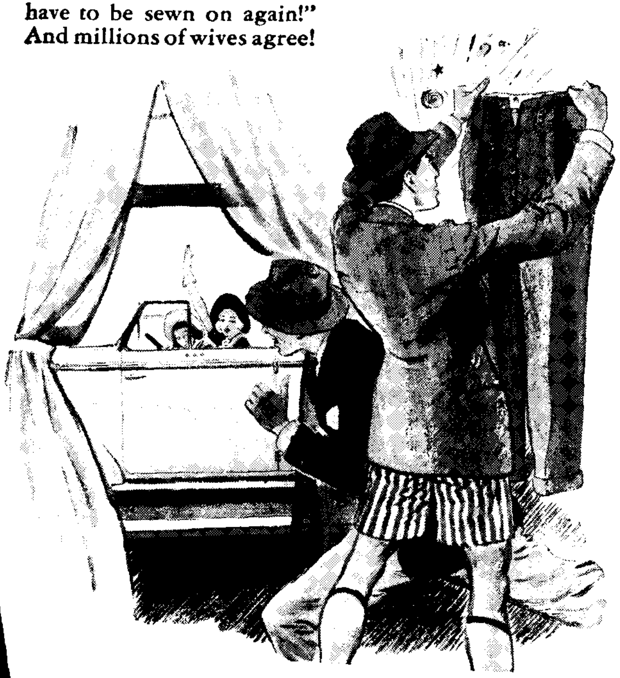

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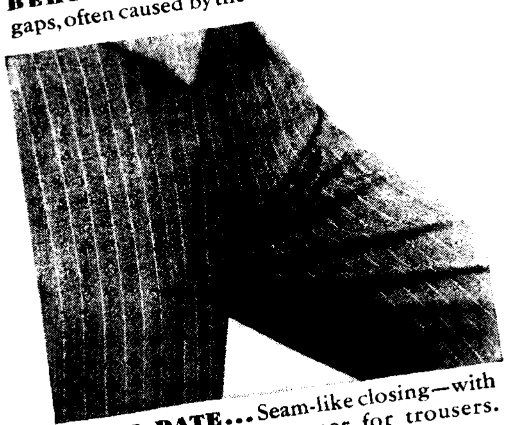

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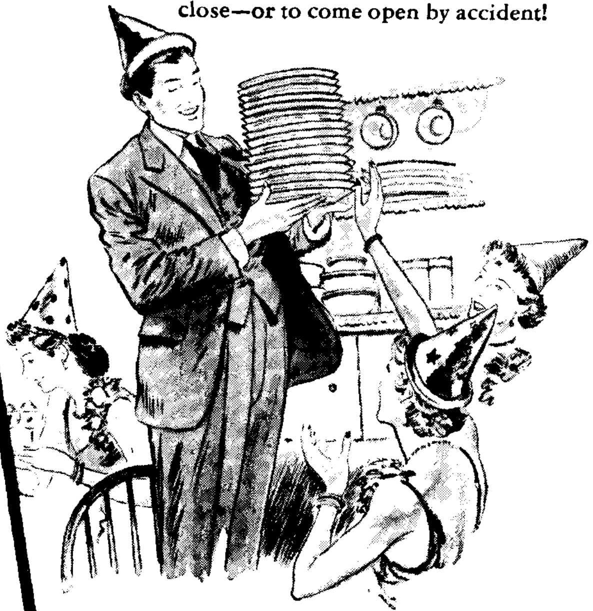

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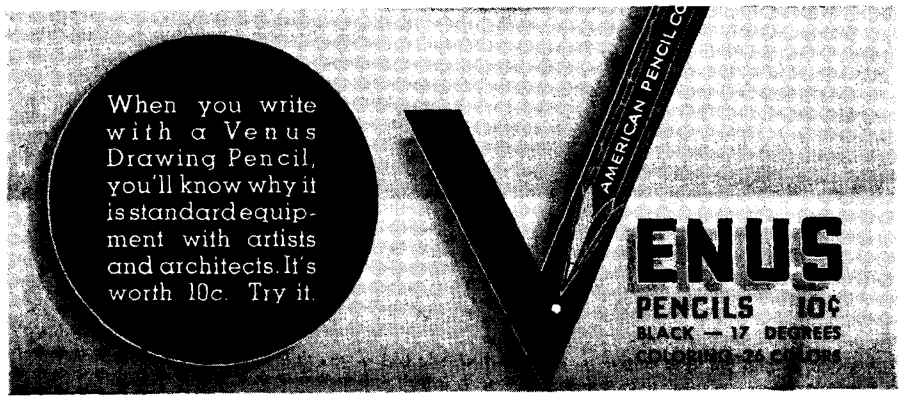
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comin' back to this canyon very soon."

Fay's lips were small and close and his lids squeezed most of the light out of his eyes. "Soon as we get Ben Maffitt down from the Pocket we'll do some visitin' of our own."

Dan murmured. "I wouldn't be too sure."

An hour later they came into the yard. Pedee and Katherine were there, waiting. Dan saw his father's frame grow higher and thinner; he saw his father's face lose all expression. Katherine cried out, "Ring!" Her face whitened under the sudden sunlight pouring out of the low east. There had never been any sympathy in Dan Barr's heart for his father, but he could feel the old man's grinding hurt; in Pedee's eyes for a moment lay something hard to watch. But it was only for a moment. Afterward Pedee's eyes were like empty windows opening into an empty room.

He said: "Bring him into the house."

Dan and Fay lifted Ring's long body from the saddle. Cousin Creed stood by and explained the fight, his slow talk not accented at all. Dan and Fay carried Ring into the front room and put him on the couch; and it was Fay who bent down, wiping the dust from Ring's pale face. They came out just as Pedee walked along the hall; he passed them, closing the living-room door as he went in. They heard his feet drag across the floor in there—and stop.

Fay muttered, "He liked Ring best," and went out of the house rapidly. Dan cut into the kitchen and sat down at the table, laying both his arms across the cloth. He was like that, struggling with his hard thoughts, when Katherine came in. She walked around the table so that she could see his face.

"We're all in it now, Dan."

He said: "I guess so."

"Nothing," she said bitterly, "nothing good will ever come to any Barr. I feel most sorry for you. You didn't want this kind of a life but you're pulled into it. And I think you've lost something else."

"Maybe you know," he countered.

"I have guessed."

HE LOOKED down at the table, shaking his head at the strange feelings slicing so painfully through him. "I have always figured the Barrs were a little more than half wrong on this thing. But right or wrong, a man can't run from his family. So I guess that's all."

She said: "Jim Majors started this."

"I guess he did. But it's funny. I can't hate the man or wish him poorly. It's a job he came here to do and he never made any bones about it. I can admire him for that."

She said with a desperate intensity: "I wish I could hate him!"

"We got enough hate in this family now. Don't add any more." . . .

The Ketchums, father and son, branched off from the party, the older man continuing on to the Oldroyds with the hard news. A few miles later, Buff Sultan left Hyde's group and cut over the ridge of his place. Edith was waiting anxiously for him; and saw the worst of the story on his face. She didn't have to ask him. He blurted it out:

"We caught part of the Barrs in the line cabin and Dobe killed Ring. Then we started back home. There was a man up in the timber—coming out of the ridge trail, I guess. We don't know who it was. He got Oldroyd." He looked at her with all this fresh and brutal in his eyes. It weighted him down. "What a hell of a thing, Edie," he groaned. "I didn't want it to be murder!"

She said: "And now Dobe has you all."

He groaned: "I shouldn't have gone with him. What am I to tell Mrs. Oldroyd?"

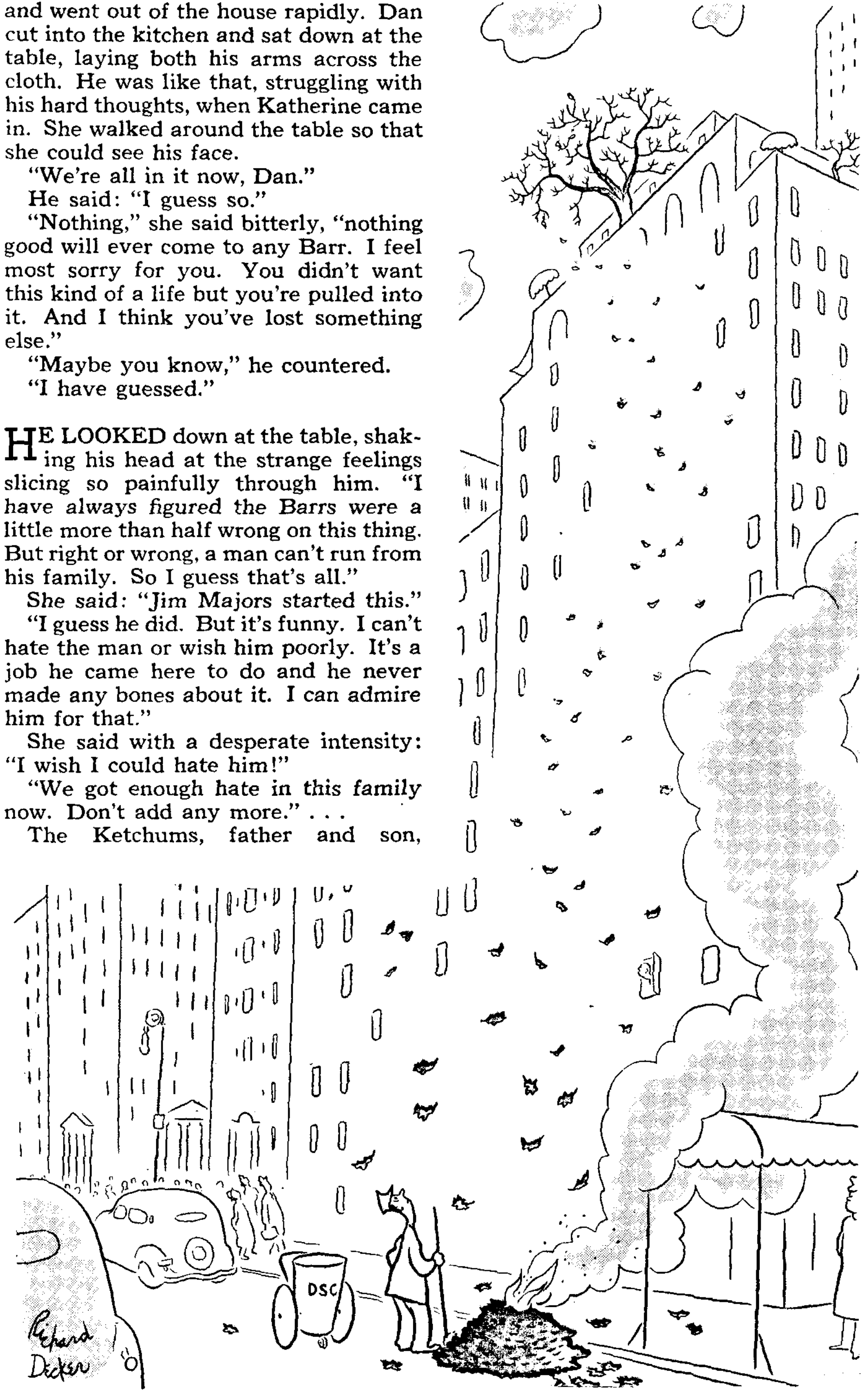
SHE was a fair girl, a full-hearted girl; her lips and her eyes showed her feelings then. "What about Ring? Ring was a human being, too."

"Well, we're in it now. If that damned Majors had only stayed out of this country—"

She stopped him, quite sharp with her words: "Don't blame the wrong man."

"Well, we were getting along all right till he came."

She shook her head. "No, we weren't.



RICHARD DECKER

But everybody will blame him—and hate him that much more." She was thinking of Majors then, remembering the sadness lying behind his smile; remembering how his eyes had mirrored so much that he knew about people. "He knew in the beginning how it would be," she murmured. "How terribly lonely it must make him. How he must hate people for their blindness. Buff—there is the only honest man in our valley. And probably he'll die for it."

He said: "I wish I knew who that was up in the timber," and went restlessly out of the room.

Edith Sultan said quietly, to herself, "I think I know—I think I know."

It was for her, as for so many others in this valley, the end of hope. The lines were drawn tight and the war was on and her own personal happiness, little as it had been, went down into the ruins. She stood quite still in the room, her expressive face sad as she thought of all this. In the end she walked from the house, saddled up her horse and left the yard. Buff called after her:

"You've got to quit riding the ridge, Edie."

She said, "I'll be back," and struck into the timber. When she reached the deserted house she wrote a single word on a scrap of paper and hammered it above the fireplace with an old nail—and looked at it with eyes blurred by tears; and then went away.

The word was: "Goodby."

MATT OLDROYD came into Reservation with a team and light wagon at nine o'clock of that morning and found Jim Majors lounging in the sunlight at the edge of the hotel. Matt stopped there. He said: "I'm going over the ridge to pick up my father. He was killed three hours ago."

The big deputy's head lifted but he didn't stir from the wall and he didn't show surprise. Matt said, "You already heard about it?"

"No," said Majors. "You're the first to tell me. I'm sorry, Matt."

It was this unbreakable calm, this capacity to resist surprise that always stirred Matt Oldroyd's wonder. There seemed to be in the big man a strange foreknowledge of things to happen, a kind of intuition regarding the acts of men. He stood there now so quietly, as though he were looking into the future and seeing other things Matt could not see.

"Dobe Hyde sent his riders over last night," said Matt, "to pick up Dad and Sultan and Ketchum. Ketchum came back early this mornin' to tell us what happened. Was eight or nine of 'em, includin' Dobe's outfit. They camped on the rim above the Barr line cabin. Dobe shot Ring Barr. This was about daylight. The rest of the Barrs got into the trees. Ketchum led the outfit back for home. Somebody in the broken country happened to be watchin'. His shot caught Dad. Nobody knows who."

"Matt," repeated Majors, "I'm sorry."

Matt looked over to the dining-room doorway and discovered Tony. She had been listening to him, her face soft and sad. He stared down at his boots, a gawky young man turned uncertain by all that had occurred. "I knew somethin' was going to happen," he murmured. "But I couldn't come and tell you last night. You understand?"

"Sure," murmured Majors. "So what now, Matt?"

"I reckon I'll ride over and get Dad."

"And what next?" said Majors in his easy voice.

Matt shook his head. "I don't know. It's kind of beyond me."

"You'll string with Dobe, maybe?"

Matt drew a long breath. "Maybe that's what I'm supposed to do. Maybe I ought to lose my head and go shootin', like everybody else. God knows. He was my old man and I reckon I ought to take up the grudge. That's the way he drilled it into me. That's the way all the old ones drilled it into us young fellows. So I ought to go kill a Barr—and then a Barr should come and hunt me. And twenty years from now my kids would be shootin' the Barr kids, if any of us grow up to have kids."

He ran out of breath. Majors' lips made a long, faintly smiling line; but it was the wistfulness of that smile which now, as before, stirred Matt's wonder. The big man was tough and he had a streak of raw courage in him that could be brutal. Matt had seen it. Yet always, behind that smile and behind the heavy gray of the man's eyes was something like profound knowledge and profound regret. It made him different; it set him apart. Maybe it was a loneliness that came of knowing too much and seeing too much. Matt thought about it, his admiration as strong as ever. And he said:

"If I pack a gun it will be to bust this whole damned thing up—if anybody knows the way to bust it up."

"You've got a head," said Majors gently, "and you think like a man. I'll remember that."

Matt suddenly lifted his hat at Tony, his cheeks distinctly red. He grabbed the reins and clucked at the horses, sending them out of town by the ridge road. There was a fullness in his heart, rising from the big man's compliment. He cleared his throat two or three times and settled the team to a steady trotting until the road began to climb the ridge's quick grade. Around eleven o'clock, having threaded the rough country by one dim trail and another, he came out upon the clearing where his father still lay.

He was in risky country and knew it, yet he stood over his father a moment and felt a quick rage at the crowd who had run on and left him here; a rage at their indifference and their lack of sympathy. Afterward he lifted the elder Oldroyd into the wagon and tucked a blanket around him and turned from the clearing, taking another set of trails which would put him out of the ridge somewhere beyond the deserted house.

HE WAS thinking then, with the regret common to all men, of the understanding he had never achieved with his father. He could go back far into his memory and recall his first boyhood impressions of a tall man looking down at him with a pair of eyes so cold, with a voice that was so impatiently blunt with him when he made his mistakes. He was a kid wanting affection from his father, but he knew now that his father, embroiled in the first war with the Barrs, had tried to drive some of the steel of his own belligerent, righteous nature into him, had tried to mature him early for other fights that were coming. His father had grown up in a dog-eat-dog world and he had wanted his son to take a proper part in that world. Maybe it was his way of showing affection, this hardening of a kid to roughness and discipline and hurts. Maybe. All he knew was that the distance between them grew always wider and now there was no way of closing it. His mother had taken Tony in as an orphan; but it was his father who had sent Tony away as soon as she was old enough to work, fearing the girl would bring out a weakness in him—in Matt.

The weakness, Matt told himself, had been there. The wildness of youth had been in him and in Tony, and something strong and bright as fire had powerfully impelled them. That too was in the past, beyond repairing now. So he thought, and so he rode, his blond head bowed and his eyes fixed on images so vivid yet so everlastingly gone.

(To be continued next week)

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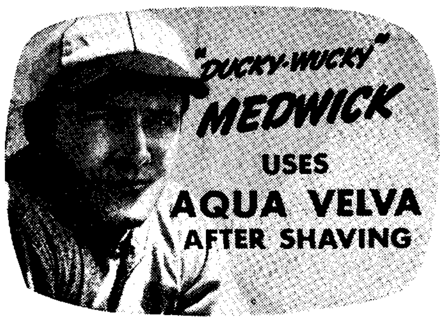

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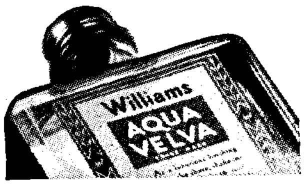

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Scout Leaders

Continued from page 15

defense, by playing the tackles and ends wide. In fact, they'd have to do that to keep little Graham from running wild. But what then of Manning? With the Georgetown line weakened by thus playing wide, Manning could romp through there for considerably more than his usual eight yards. That is, unless the Georgetown players knew when he was to take the ball. Then they could tighten up their defense.

Kopf kept his eyes on Manning. Suddenly he gasped with surprise and rubbed his eyes. No, this couldn't be. It was too good to be true. Then Manning took the ball again and now the Georgetown scout was smiling gently. He had discovered a "giveaway." He knew now how to stop Manning.

The "experts" thought the Georgetown game would be just a breather for the big Maroon team. On the first play of the game Manning gained his usual eight yards. He didn't gain another yard all afternoon and finally, battered and bruised, he had to leave the game in the third quarter with the score Georgetown 27, Fordham 0. The game ended that way and again the headlines screamed "Upset." It was no upset, however. That day Georgetown was the better team.

Spiking a Passing Barrage

The Georgetown scout had noticed that every time Manning's signal was called the big fullback unconsciously hitched one foot back a few inches to enable him to get a quicker start. He never did this when he was going to run interference or fake. He only did it, and invariably did it, when he was to carry the ball. That gave the Georgetown defense a mighty weapon. The defense was spread to stop the speedy Graham but when the Georgetown players saw Manning's foot drop back, the ends and tackles moved in; the backs crept in toward the center and eleven sturdy players kept just one thought in their minds: "Get Manning."

Meanwhile, what of Graham? Well, when Manning wasn't carrying the ball Graham was. When Manning didn't make his "giveaway" the defense, confident that this would be no line plunge, spread out and watched only Graham.

Yes, Georgetown won an important victory that year because its scouts were clever. Of course it works both ways. Another season Georgetown lost an important game because the Navy scouts were clever. This is one of the classic tales which scouts chuckle over when the hot-stove season is in progress.

Georgetown was having a great season, flying to one victory after another on the wings of the forward pass. Bobby Nork was one of the greatest passers in the country that year. He was a triple-threat man, too, and clever at faking. No one could tell when he was going to pass or when he was going to run or kick. No one, that is, but one bright-eyed Navy scout who watched Georgetown play each Saturday. His problem was, "How can we stop Nork's passes?"

The Navy scout never took his eyes away from Nork and then finally he smiled with satisfaction, yawned a bit and said to himself, "Well, we'll win that Georgetown game, anyhow."

Navy did win the Georgetown game, 10 to 7. Navy seemed to know just when to pile in and smother the hapless Nork, and the Navy players seemed to know just when to drop back to knock down Nork's passes. Nork didn't complete one single pass nor did he get away for any appreciable gains.

Lou Little was completely mystified by the amazing Navy defense. After the game he was talking to Bill Ingraham, the Navy coach.

"Listen, Bill," he said, "are your boys mind readers? How did they spot our passes the way they did? They seemed to know every time just when Nork was going to pass."

Ingraham grinned. "It was easy, Lou," he said airily. "Don't you know that every time Nork is going to pass he wets his index finger?"

Some of the best Eastern scouts I know are Captain Herbert Red Reeder of Army, Ken Fairman and Earl Martineau of Princeton, Paul Scull of the University of Pennsylvania, George McCabe of Columbia, Jack Connors of Manhattan, Bo Rowland of Cornell, Walter Levering of Yale, Harry Light of Rutgers and Gus Welsh, the famous old Indian who played for Haskell. One of the greatest of all scouts was Arthur Sampson, who scouted at various times for Tufts, Columbia and Harvard. He is now confining his scouting to newspaper work for the Boston Herald.

Now what does a scout look for? The next time you watch a game put yourself into the place of the scout; look for "giveaways" and weaknesses and you'll enjoy the game more. A scout usually gets to the game an hour or so before it is scheduled to begin. As the players enter the field he'll identify them from his program. He'll concentrate on the regular players on the team in which he is interested.

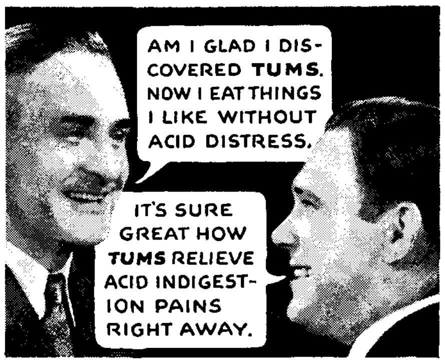
The players are down there warming up, passing, kicking, running around. Our scout will watch the kickers very carefully. Does this punter take one, two or three steps? Is he fast getting his kickoff? Do his kicks go high, rising straight up as the ball leaves his foot, or do they stay low? How about those men who are passing down there? Are they right- or left-handed passers? Do they pass a fast, hard ball or a soft lob? The scout makes perhaps a few notes on paper and a great many more mental notes. Now the teams line up for the kickoff.

Our scout is watching eagerly now. Let's say the team in which he is interested is receiving the ball. The scout will chart its receiving formation—no, all teams don't line up the same although it might look as if they did to the casual spectator. We look for their backs who are known to be dangerous.

They Learned About Kickoffs

The whistle blows and the kickoff is made. We watch our receiving team closely to see whether they return the ball by means of a wedge, by individual blocking or by cross-blocking. We try to chart mentally any plays they use in returning the kickoff. Yes, teams have formations and plays when returning the kickoff. When you see a man return the ball on the kickoff for a touchdown you aren't seeing an accident and except in rare cases you aren't seeing merely a brilliant individual ball-carrying feat. You're seeing the culmination of a perfect offensive play that was designed and practiced diligently for weeks.

Last season Columbia defeated Stanford on just such a play. Stanford kicked off; the ball came to George Furey, Columbia quarterback and blocker, who hadn't carried the ball a dozen times in his whole college career. He was standing in the center of the field on Columbia's 20-yard line. He never looked to either the right or the left. He just ran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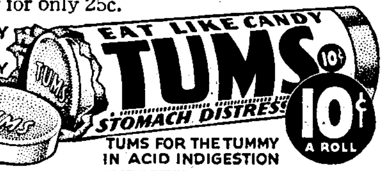

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY IN ACID INDIGESTION

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straight toward the goal line seventy yards away. Columbia players seemed to come from nowhere to block out the Stanford lads. George didn't have to stiff-arm or dodge away from a single coast player. All he had to do was run in a straight line and the other Columbia players did the rest. In practice this play had been tried fifty times.

If the kickoff went down the center the boys knew just what to do. The linemen in the middle of the field were to "double team" the Stanford players who were opposite them. That is, two Columbia players were assigned to take one each of the opponents. The Stanford ends coming down under the kickoff near the side lines were to be ignored. They were out of the play. Each man on that play had his assignment just as he had on any offensive play. On that particular play each Columbia man carried out his assignment perfectly. George Furey ran through the hole opened by his teammates just as any back would have run through any gap opened on a regular play from scrimmage.

Where does scouting enter this? Well, our scouts who had watched Stanford told us that their kickoffs usually traveled straight down the field fast and low. So we prepared for that to happen.

Well, let's get back to our game. The kickoff is over and the team we are scouting has the ball. Now we'll see what they have in the way of an offense. They line up and we see that the backs are grouped in a single-wing formation. We note their positions and later watch for variations which always give rise to "giveaways." The first play is an off-tackle smash. As the tail-back receives the ball and starts to run laterally, all eyes in the stadium are on him—all but our own. We have our eyes riveted on the blockers. From our fundamental knowledge of football we know approximately where each man is going. We don't care where the ball carrier is going; we can pick that up by reconstructing his path after the play is over. But it is highly necessary to find out where each player goes and it is necessary to learn his effectiveness. There are several ways of blocking and theoretically there is a defense for each. Next week we'll teach our boys how to defend against these particular blockers.

Planning the Counterattack

The next play perhaps is a forward pass. The tail-back, the one who is back farthest, gets the ball and fades back. As soon as we see that it's going to be a pass we take our eyes off the passer and note the positions and path taken by the offensive ends. We'll take a quick but comprehensive look at the men who are protecting the passer. If we can find a weakness there we'll be very pleased. The best defense against passes is still the old-fashioned one of "rushing the passer." To rush him our line has to get by those protecting blockers. If one seems weaker than the others we'll concentrate on him next week.

When the team we are scouting is on the defense we concentrate almost entirely on individual players. We watch the line. Does it play high or low, does it charge or wait? Does it hold its position or does it slide along with the play. Do the ends charge or wait? Are they fooled by reverse plays? If so they'll get plenty of them flung against them next Saturday.

How about the defensive backfield men? Who is the best backer-up? Do the halfbacks come up fast on running plays? In defending against forward passes do they use a zone, or a man-to-man defense? What, if any, are the weaknesses of their pass defense? These are the things we watch out for. By the end of the first half we know pretty much what we came to find. During the second half we check up on everything we have observed. As soon as the game is over we consolidate our knowledge mentally and as quickly as possible write a full written report. Our head coach will spend all day Sunday going over that report and studying any recommendations we might have made.

But alas. Scouting is only one of many factors which go toward the winning or losing of a ball game. And the best scout in the world can be fooled. Then the scouting he has done, instead of helping his team, will result in what we scouts call a boomerang. Such as happened for instance in the Army-Navy game in 1935.

Scouting the Scouts

The teams were evenly matched and the battle seemed a tossup. However, Navy was very confident because the Navy scouts had brought back what seemed to be very valuable information. Monk Meyer, the great running and passing back, had been the spearhead of the Army attack all year. If Navy could stop Meyer, Navy could stop Army, and the Navy scouts were sure that they had the answer to that one. They had noticed that when Monk was in the tail-back position and received the ball directly from center, he always either forward-passed or ran to his strong side. Not once all season had a reverse come back to the short or weak side when Meyer handled the ball.

The Navy board of strategy mapped out what looked to be a beautiful defense. It was too—on paper. The defense was this: Every time the ball went to True, the Army fullback, the Navy line charged straight in, watching for a buck, spinner or reverse. Every time it went to Meyer the whole Navy line charged toward the strong side. The short-side defensive end, knowing that there wouldn't be a reverse attempted around him, slashed in sharp, ready to pull Meyer down if he attempted to pass or hesitated on his running plays.

However, the Army staff had been doing a bit of thinking too. They anticipated just about what Navy's defense would be and they crossed the Navy boys cruelly. The game was only a few moments old when Army seemed to be in a bad spot. They had the ball but it was deep in their own territory. They lined up in left formation with Meyer back. The ball went to Monk and the Navy players smiled a bit and dashed to the strong side. This was just what Army had expected. The Navy weak side dashed in diagonally to catch Meyer from behind if possible. Meyer took three steps to the strong side and then he slipped the ball to Whitey Grove, the fine but little-heralded Army wing-back. Grove shot back to the weak side. The Navy weak-side defense men, completely fooled, were still chasing Meyer and all Grove had to do was to slip calmly around that unprotected end and amble eighty yards for a touchdown. Before Navy could collect its scattered wits Army had rolled up 28 points and the half was over.

A spectator can have a lot of fun imagining himself to be a scout. The next time you're sitting high in the stands look for "giveaways." You'll get a real kick out of finding them. And if your team is "upset" look for the real story of the victory. Look for a "giveaway" or a boomerang. That's what coaches, scouts and experienced football men look for. Of course while you're looking for these things you may miss seeing a few long runs made. But any coach will tell you that almost any player can run with the ball. It's the easiest and simplest part of the complex game called football.

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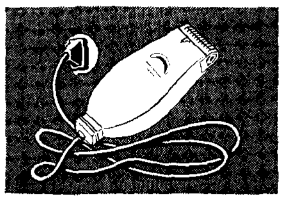

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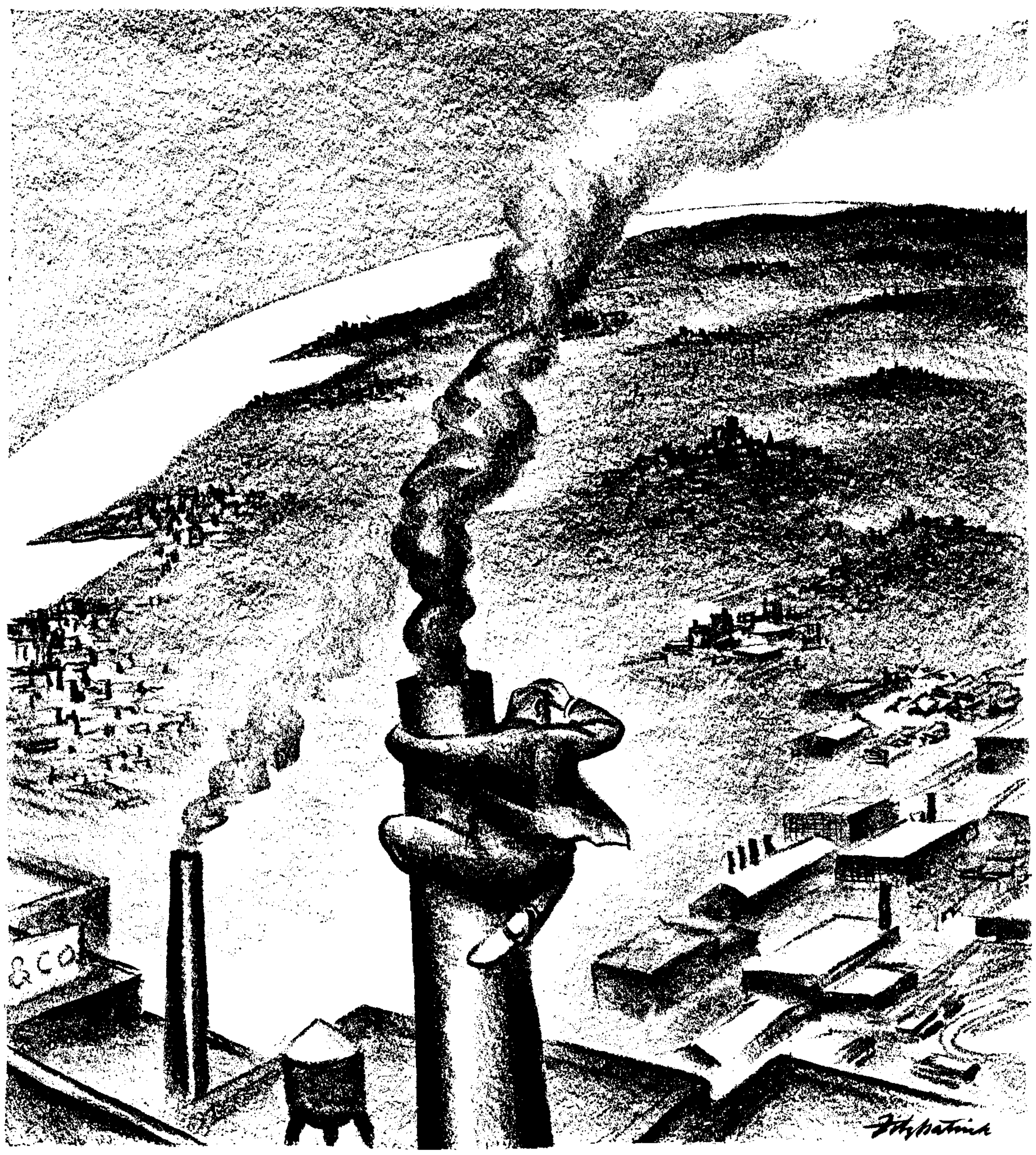


BUSINESS prospects are still good. The vagaries of the stock markets are not now evil omens for continued prosperity. The foundation of our present business structure is sound. We can reasonably look forward to abundant jobs.

Human wants are irrepressible and while people have money to spend business will thrive. The spending power of the American people is now very great.

Spending power will be greater, not less, during the months ahead. Last summer's suns and rains were immensely productive. Over most of the United States crops were abundant. Farm prices were profitable even though they were not the highest ever recorded. The consequence is that farmers have the wherewithal to satisfy their desires.

During many years farmers were not able to buy what they needed. Too many had to squeeze necessities and ignore the comforts they so naturally desired. Wants were dammed. Farmers, their wives and their children, are buying now. Clothes, machines, the thousand and one articles which together compose the American standard of living are being lavishly purchased. Prodigious activity results in workshops remote from the farm.

Most industry is proceeding at a high level of production and employment. Some unemployment continues but by every familiar test, jobs are numerous and wages are high.

Industry, furthermore, is alert and well organized. Inventors were very fertile during the lean years. Industrial research was highly productive.

It is not an exaggeration to say that American industry was never more efficiently organized than it is today. Factories are equipped to produce better and more desirable commodities than ever before.

We have only to visit stores and showrooms to feel the attraction of the new commodities created for popular use.

Compare a motorcar, a radio, a refrigerator, a hat, a baby carriage, a chair, or a house with the article you could buy five years ago. The improvement in this year's models is startling.

Money is available in the pockets and in the bank accounts of tens of millions of eager, ambitious Americans. The American domestic market is very large. Willing buyers and willing sellers are together.

In no important line have consumers or producers more than they require. In some basic industries there are shortages of needed goods. The scarcity of desirable houses is notorious in many places. In numerous small cities not a single house is available for the occupancy of renters.

A condition such as this is the natural seedbed of prosperous business. In the economic field, certainly, there are no serious threats to a continuing prosperity.

The political situation does not menace a continuance of active business.

Numerous changes and amendments in existing legislation are desirable but those revisions can be made and should be made without undue delay.

The fundamental political fact is that the vast majority of Americans of all important faiths rely on prosperous private business for their own support and welfare. The President lately announced the opinion that government ownership of the railroads was undesirable. Agitation for the nationalization of any industry is fading in this country. Fever symptoms abate with better business.

Government control, on the other hand, will continue if the declared principle of Republicans as well as Democrats correctly express the sentiments of the American people. Control, however, can readily be made less awkward and less burdensome without in any way diminishing the actual protection accorded the American people.

The laws controlling the public markets for securities and commodities can unquestionably be improved. Consideration of recent events in the security markets might well lead to a revision of some of the rules which restrict trading.

Any thoughtful consideration of the conglomeration of federal tax laws will surely lead reasonable men to numerous amendments. The actual operation of the surplus tax has shown absurdities in the present law. A revision of the tax acts could provide great stimulus to business and increase employment and wage levels.

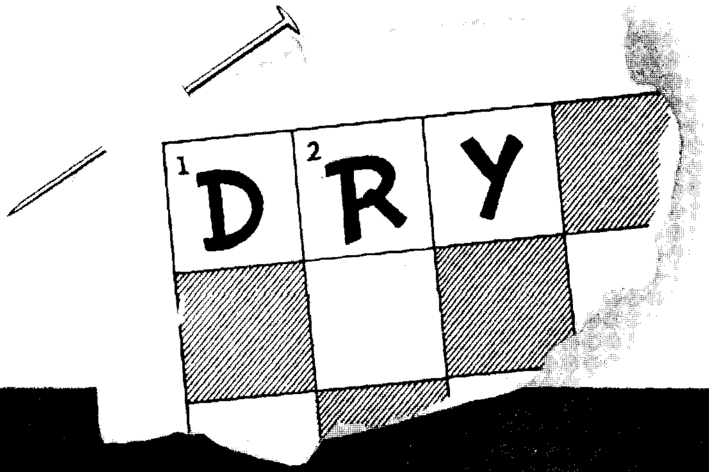
The fever of labor struggle has passed its peak. Organizations which a few months ago were seeking to accomplish their purposes by sit-down strikes are now trying to devise ways of disciplining their members so that contracts may be fulfilled. This is an auspicious sign.

Nobody can accurately forecast the effects of another great world war. We are certain, however, that the chief democratic nations will avoid war if human ingenuity can find escape from fighting. We know that without dissent Americans want to keep the peace. The chances of avoiding a great war are very favorable.

From every standpoint, national and international, we have reasonable expectations of the persistence of healthy business activity. Of course there are problems to be solved and difficulties to be overcome. Hitherto we have managed to answer the pressing questions and to move forward. As a people, we still have sense and courage. We shall do what needs to be done.

Puzzle:

What 3-letter word explains Paul Jones' growing popularity?



YES, *DRY* is the word. A little word, but mighty important to *knowing* drinkers. For *dryness* is the quality such men have always sought in fine champagne and sherry—*and in whiskey, too!*

And they find this quality of *dryness* in Paul Jones. For Paul Jones is a truly *dry* whiskey—rich and full-bodied, yet without even a suggestion of sweetness.

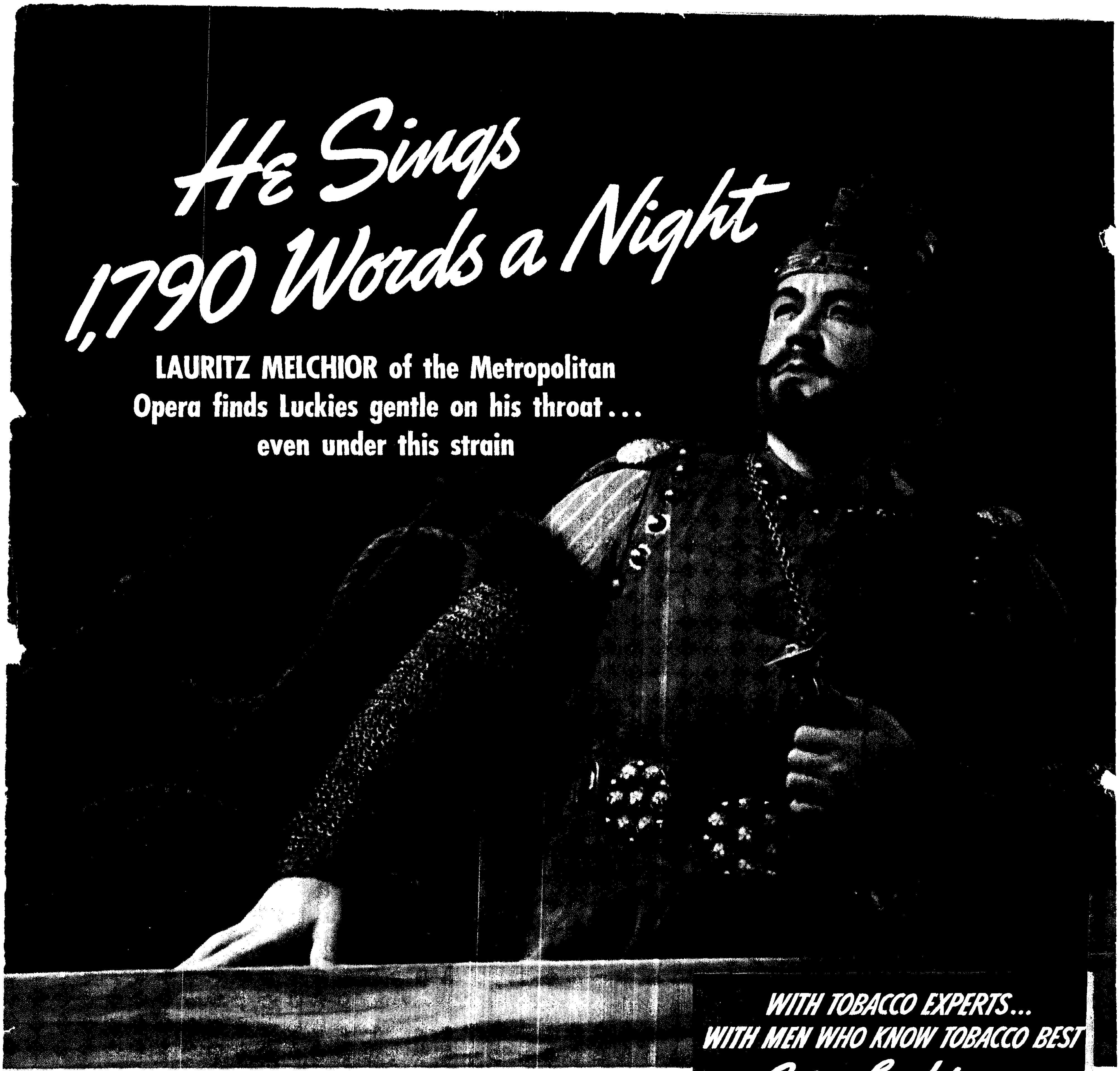
As you savor its gloriously brisk flavor, either straight or in a mixed drink, remember that this quality of *dryness* is just one of many reasons why Paul Jones has been famed as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since it was first brought forth in 1865!

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

Paul Jones
★ ★ ★ ★
A
BLEND
OF
STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC

He Sings 1,790 Words a Night

LAURITZ MELCHIOR of the Metropolitan Opera finds Luckies gentle on his throat . . . even under this strain



WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies 2 to 1

LAURITZ MELCHIOR is known as the greatest Wagnerian tenor in the world. His roles...such as "Tristan"...are among the most difficult—and hence the most throat-taxing—in opera. So it means a lot to every smoker when Mr. Melchior says: "I prefer Luckies for the sake of my throat."

Luckies are the one and only cigarette that employs the "Toasting" process, the special process that removes certain throat irritants found in *all* tobacco—even the finest. And Luckies *do* use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco . . . who know tobacco best

. . . it's Luckies—2 to 1.

CIGARETTES

Luckies—A Light Smoke

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

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